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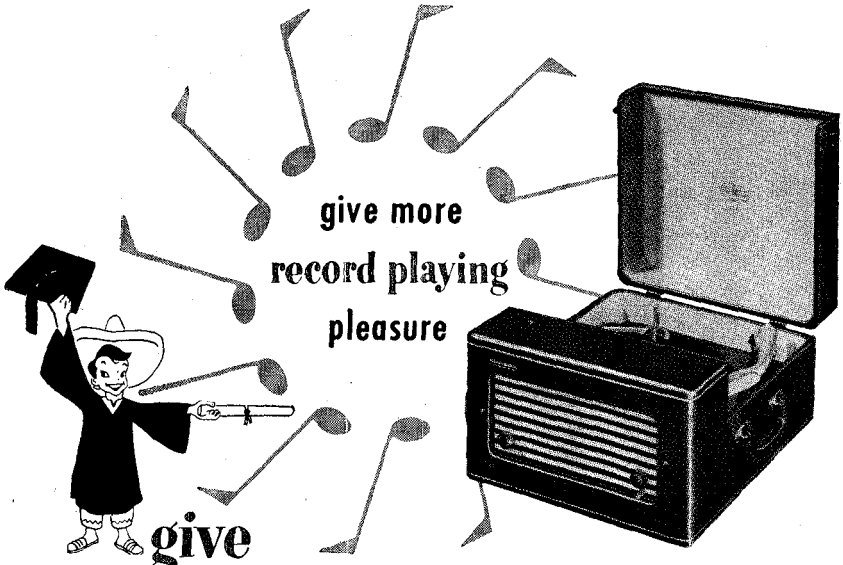

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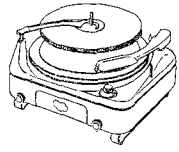

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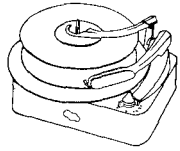

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Arbor Day . . . . . GRANT WOOD
(from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor)

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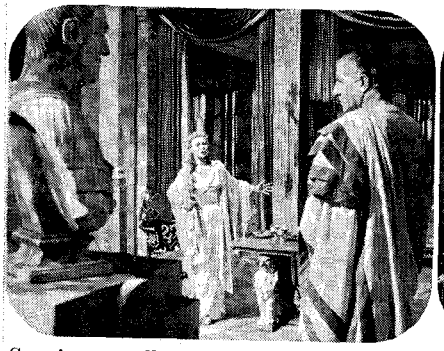
THE MONTH'S BEST...

Coronet's guest reviewer, Henry Koster (*above, with James Stewart*), came to Hollywood in 1936 to direct *Three Smart Girls*. When it was released, his days as an actor and critic were over. He was a director! With *Harvey* and *Stars and Stripes Forever*, he hit the top. His next: 20th Century-Fox's epic, *The Robe*.

JULIUS CAESAR



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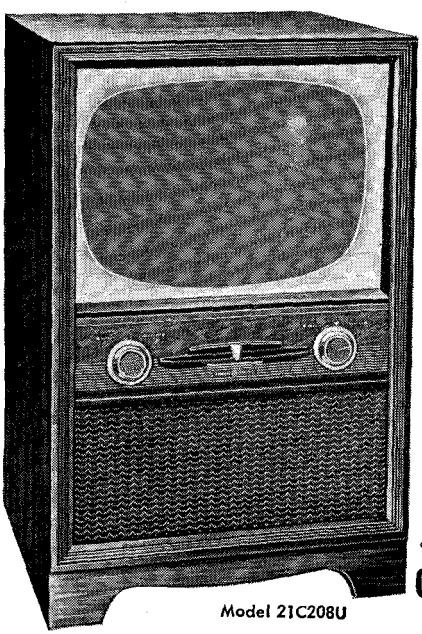

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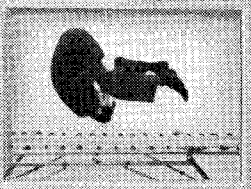

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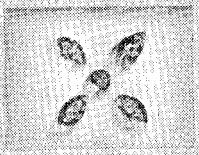

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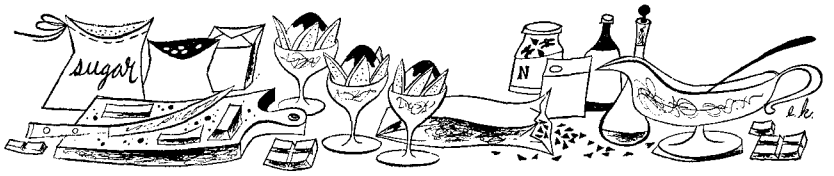
FOOD

CHOCOLATE IS CHOICE



ASK ALMOST any man what kind of cake he likes best, and nine times out of ten he'll say "chocolate," by which he usually means a two-layer, light-colored plain cake, put together and topped with plenty of rich dark chocolate frosting. And it's superb when made like this:

Combine four tablespoons butter or margarine and two squares (ounces) cooking chocolate in a double-boiler top; set over hot water and cook until melted. Remove from the water. Stir in one cup sifted confectioner's sugar, two-thirds cup light cream or undiluted evaporated milk, and one teaspoon vanilla. Beat until the icing is thick enough to spread. Refrigerate the cake an hour before serving.

With a rich chocolate sauce always on hand, you'll always be ready to dress up a simple dessert. To prepare, put in a quart saucepan four squares (ounces) cooking chocolate, and two-thirds cup very strong coffee. Add one tablespoon butter or margarine, one-half cup honey, and three-fourths cup corn syrup. Cook and stir until the chocolate melts and the sauce boils all over. Add one-fourth teaspoon vanilla.

This makes nearly a pint of delectable chocolate sauce, which will keep for weeks if refrigerated. Spoon over vanilla, mocha or butter pecan ice cream; gingerbread squares, bread pudding, rice pudding, cup custard, or hot waffles topped with whipped cream.

"Luxuro Cake" is a topflight favorite in a famous Fifth Avenue restaurant; glamorous too, for a dessert bridge or TV party. Cut plain cup cakes into quarters, not quite to the bottom; pull open on a serving plate; fill the center with a scoop of vanilla or butter pecan ice-cream, then spoon over plenty of chocolate sauce.

For a special party dish there's a fabulous chocolate whip that can be used to make three different desserts. Melt one-half package semi-sweet chocolate morsels or bits over hot water. Stir in two tablespoons sugar and remove from the heat. Separate three eggs. Beat the whites stiff; but beat the yolks one at a time, into the chocolate mixture. Add one teaspoon vanilla or one tablespoon brandy. Fold in the beaten egg whites. Spoon into sherbet glasses lined with lady fingers, dust with chopped nuts and chill.

For the other two desserts, fill tiny pie pastry tartlets with the chocolate whip. Or use as a filling for a sponge layer cake, or sponge roll. Spread with whipped cream, dust with chocolate sprinkles, and you'll become the family's pride and joy.

A touch of chocolate can be used in dozens of ways to give that luxury taste to simple foods. For instance, a half cupful of semi-sweet chocolate morsels or bits stirred into plain cookie or cake dough, or added to vanilla frozen dessert mix while freezing, gives enchanting flavor. Sprinkled over a whipped cream cake topping, they add a stylish touch.—IDA BAILEY ALLEN, *Famous Food Authority.*

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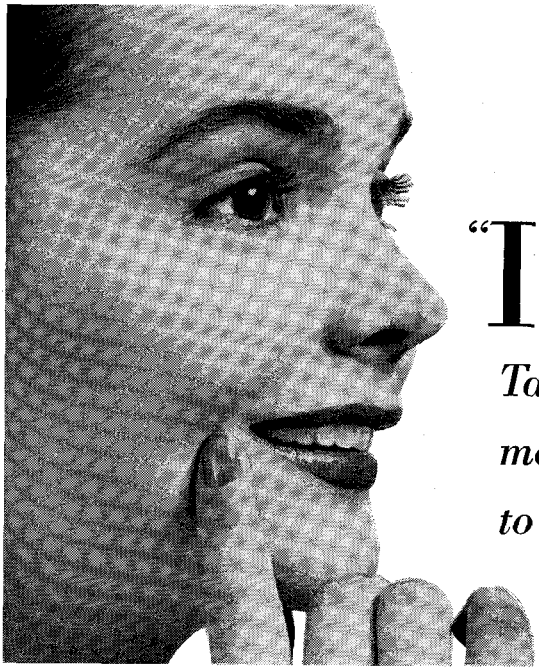

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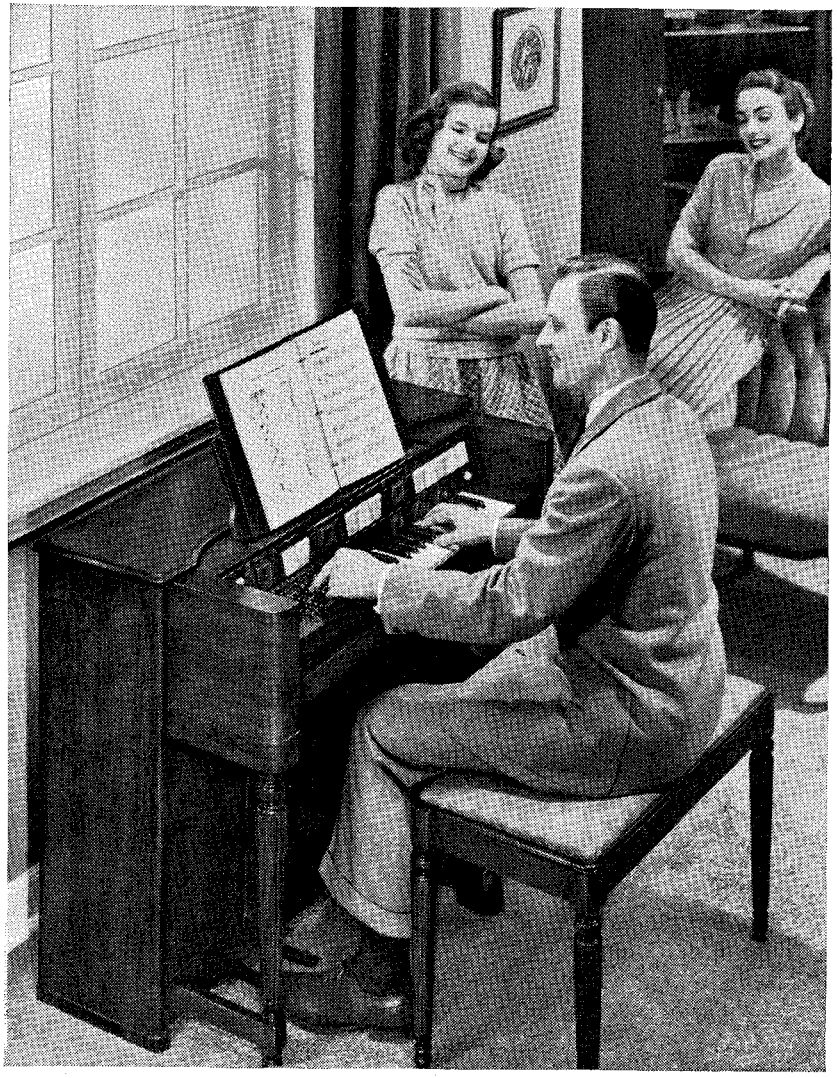

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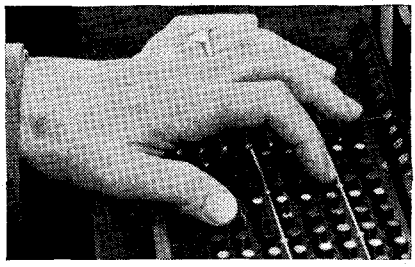

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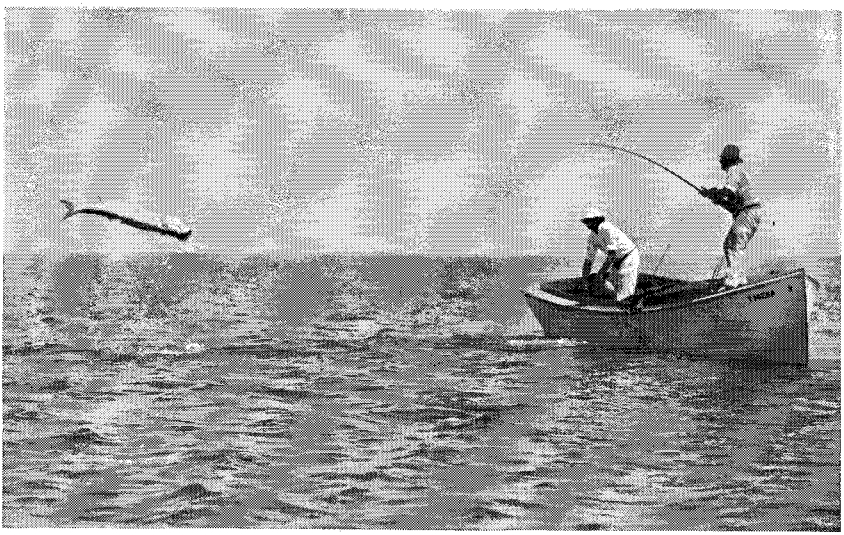
TRAVEL

Let's Go Fishing



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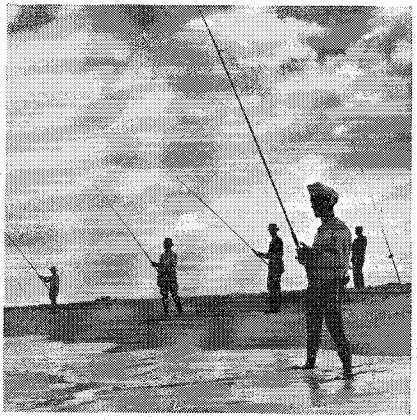

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THE MUSIC MAKERS

Mr. Szell turns some leaves

SIX YEARS ago, a tall, stern-faced, authoritative conductor named George Szell, who had whipped orchestras into shape all over Europe, and knew how to cajole and berate musicians in five languages, was urged to take up the baton of the Cleveland Orchestra. The sponsors of the orchestra, an extraordinarily devoted and ambitious group, were anxious to see their organization move along from excellent to sensational. Mr. Szell, after getting the sponsors' assurance of a free hand and an unstinting budget, took the job. He then made a memorable statement to the press. "A new leaf," said he, "will be turned over with a bang."

It is now pretty widely agreed that Mr. Szell has made good his promise. He has enlarged the orchestra from 82 to 100 players, enticed a score or so of outstanding musicians from other orchestras, and given them some rarely mellow two-hundred-year-old instruments to play on. He has given a juicier sound to the orchestra through some mysterious juggling of strings, brasses and woodwinds, and has in general managed to create a buzz of musical excitement in Cleveland that keeps Severance Hall filled for thirty weeks a year. New leaves have banged to such good purpose that critics, when they get to enumerating America's top orchestras on the fingers of one hand, now almost automatically include the Cleveland.

We're always interested in knowing what makes a maker of champions, so we looked up several people who have worked with Mr. Szell and grilled them. We learned that Szell had been a famous musical prodigy in Europe at the age of 7, and, what is more remarkable, he continues to be prodigious at the age of fifty-five. "He has the damnedest musical memory I ever saw," a woodwind man told us reverently. "Also the most terrific concentration and the sharpest ear. He knows

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everything about every instrument. We had a new clarinetist playing with us one time—a top-drawer man—and all of a sudden at a rehearsal Szell said, 'I see you are having trouble with that note. If you will try this fingering I think you will get what you want.' He was right, of course. The amazing thing is that there must have been ninety instruments blasting away at the time, yet Szell could hear one bad note on one clarinet."

In picking his instrumentalists, Szell is exacting, thorough, and unorthodox. He has none of the traditional reluctance about having women in symphonic groups (the Cleveland has three); and is not dismayed by youthfulness in a talented performer. As a result, the Cleveland personnel tends to be young, enthusiastic and ambitious. New candidates for jobs must be prepared for surprises. Szell might hum a few notes and then ask the applicant to improvise on them for five minutes. Brass players might be asked if they have played in dance orchestras. The correct answer to this is "Yes"—for, although Szell doesn't care for swing, he approves of the bold, uninhibited approach that swing players have toward their instruments. Having picked his players carefully, Szell demands—and gets—a great deal from them. "He's the why-can't-you type," said one alumnus. "He thinks you can do a lot better than you think you can. So you end up by doing it."

Szell is a dramatic man to watch on the podium, where he acts out in remarkably expressive pantomime what he wants from the orchestra. In calling for a small, pure tone, for example, he is likely to shrink down to tiny size and assume an expression of dainty and child-like innocence. In the course of an evening's program, he can be expected to act like a lion, a lamb, a storm, a mountain, a lovesick poet and a summer breeze—all without the slightest loss of his habitual grave dignity. To his musicians, Szell's visual interpretations of musical qualities are often clearer than verbal instructions would be. To the audience, it sometimes seems that Szell is quite literally "playing" the orchestra like a giant instrument.

Columbia Records had the happy foresight to start putting the Cleveland Orchestra on records as far back as 1939. The releases of the past six years offer, besides the brilliance of the orchestra and the genius of Szell, the matchless acoustics of Severance Hall, which is thought to be one of the most perfect recording chambers in the world. So, if you'd like to catch a great musical group at the peak of its natural goodness, try the Cleveland. Ask yourself when, if ever, you've heard such immaculately polished sound, such precision-with-abandon, and such a fine banging of new leaves.

These Are My Latest
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conducting the Cleveland Orchestra

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FAMILY GUIDEPOST

Children and Pets

A CHILD'S LOVE for a dog or a cat seems to come naturally. Unfortunately, however, it is just as natural for a child to treat a pet like another toy unless, by careful explanation and early supervision, he is made to understand that animals have many of the same needs and feelings as people. The difference is that an animal cannot open doors or pour itself a drink of water. Those are the things a master must do for a pet. That, you must impress upon your youngster, is why his job is so important.

From the day you bring a little animal into your home, make it clear to your son or daughter that, from the pet's point of view, it belongs only to whoever takes care of it. Explain that you will help in the beginning, but only as you would help the child learn to tie his shoelaces or button his shirt. Getting dressed is his job.

It may be that at the start, there will not be many chores that a youngster can perform for his pet without grown-up help. However, neither the number of tasks assigned to him nor their magnitude is very important. Give him all the assistance he needs—but be certain that he understands the temporary nature of your assistance, and that, eventually, you expect him to take over completely.

I have heard parents say, "I'd like to get my son a puppy, but he's only four. Certainly I can't expect him to take care of it."

The answer to that is that even a four-year-old will accept responsibility soon enough, once he is aware of an animal's real dependence on him. You will find that a child's proprietary interest in *his* pet will make him *want* to do all he can for it. Be prepared to surrender more and more responsibility as soon as your youngster shows signs of being ready to accept it.

Be certain he understands the cruelty of allowing a pet to go hungry or thirsty. No excuse should justify his neglecting to put out the pup's food or water. An apt illustration—"You won't let me forget to get your breakfast because you can talk, but Spot can't"—will drive home the point.

Many parents are concerned lest their children hurt or tease their pets, as some children do at first. However, if the pet is introduced into the home as carefully as a new baby, and if the child is made to understand that pain to a dog is just as real as pain to a boy, you need have no worries on that score.

Never say, "If you don't hurt Kitty, she won't hurt you." This promptly establishes poor Kitty as a potential menace and, at the same time, serves as a red flag to young minds. "How much can I tease Kitty before she tries to hurt me?" is an immediate subconscious response.

Instead, give your youngster permission to scold his pet for wrongdoing. This is good training for the animal, since it understands only vocal intonations, and for the child, as well, since his authority needs backing up and crystallizing.

The rewards of a warm, affectionate child-pet relationship — responsibility, kindness, understanding—make the initial training of both child and animal well worth the effort.—PATSY CAMPBELL, *star of the CBS daytime radio drama "The Second Mrs. Burton."*

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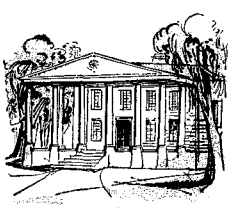
Vol. 34, No. I. May, 1953

The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

I MARRIED A SOUTHERNER

by A CONNECTICUT YANKEE



MY WIFE WAS BORN below the Mason and Dixon Line. I am not apologizing when I say this; I am not boasting. I am facing facts. For that is what you have to do if you are married to a Southerner: face facts.

I married this woman knowing she was Southern. How could anyone help knowing it? After 10 years in "the frozen North" (a Southern expression for anywhere above Kentucky), she still has not a final consonant in her vocabulary.

She is prepared at the drop of a hat to do battle for the sanctity of *you-all* as used below "The Line"—never, never, under any circumstances used to denote one person unless the remainder of the group he represents is understood to be included in the remark, says she.

My wife and I have tacitly agreed not to discuss "you-all" in the home, having each his own ideas on the subject, but of course questions of pronunciation and colloquialisms do arise from time to time no matter how carefully we try to avoid them.

Now, here is a queer thing: she thinks I am the one with the accent! She actually said to me once, "My family were quite dubious about my coming North to live, for fear I might acquire a 'Northern accent.' " I cannot seem to convince her that we speak standard English, and that the accent is hers.

I am genuinely fond of this woman, understand, and I am not apologizing for her, but I do occasionally have to interpret for her to strangers. For instance, on many occasions I have had to leap into a conversation and explain to startled listeners that when she speaks of a respected neighbor with four chil-

From *The Atlanta Journal and Constitution Magazine*, May 18, 1952.

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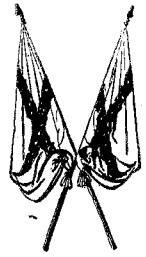

dren, and calls her "Mis' Lumpkin," she is not saying Miss but Mizz, the one-syllable Southern pronunciation of the two-syllable word Mrs.

I have to assure irate restaurant waiters that when she asks for "sweet milk," she is not insinuating that some of their milk is too old to drink, but is merely distinguishing it from "buttermilk," a popular beverage with Southerners.

She pronounces literature as literatewer, instead of literachure, which the rest of us, including a well-known Mr. Webster, prefer; John Quinsey Adams instead of Quinzey; she calls lima beans "butter beans," never says potatoes, but "Irish potatoes"; never bread, but "light bread."

There are a number of other unfamiliar words in common use with Southerners. They talk of stobs, of gulleys, of side meat. Collards is a green as popular as spinach; ambrosia is a standard party dessert of fresh grated coconut and cut-up oranges; pot likker is a clear, thin green soup often served with corn bread or egg bread for lunch. (It is the water in which turnip greens are cooked.)

If Southerners carry a thing from one place to another, they *tote* it; they *carry* a person somewhere, if they take the initiative in the expedition. For example, a young man will carry a girl to a dance. This explanation rudely wiped out one of the touching mental pictures of my childhood—a young man going along a country road, staggering under the weight of a white-haired old Negro seated piggy-back on his shoulders—"carrying him back to Ole Virginny."

Southern people say "in front of" as we do, but consider "in back of," which is the same construction, as bad grammar. "Behind," they say.

If you throw a *stone* south, it becomes a *rock*. "Those nice old rock walls you have in New England!" they say, to the horror of New England natives.

They have one word that I simply cannot translate. It is *tacky*. It does not mean the thing that it does in the dictionary. "In poor taste," "countrified," "not stylish," all have a bit of the meaning in the South, but none of them quite expresses the gentle venom of *tacky*.

Geography is a never-failing puzzle to me. Take the state of Georgia, for example. Here is a state of almost 60,000 square miles, bigger than the whole of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island and Connecticut put together, with a population of nearly 3,500,000 people, and yet it is a fact that if you get any two Georgia people together, they always have mutual friends and relatives.

Here is my wife at a Northern party: she always tries honestly to pretend that she doesn't think she is better than anybody else up here, so she never refers to her origin, but the minute she opens her mouth she is betrayed, and then a fellow-guest immediately burbles: "And what part of the Southland do you come from?"

"South Georgia." They never call it Georgia: always south Georgia, or north Georgia.

And then Burbler says: "I met a nice little girl from Georgia on my

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vacation one year. I can't remember just where she lived, but her name was Mary Sue Parker. I don't suppose you would know her?"

"She is from Savannah," says my wife instantly, "and of course I know her. Her mother was a one-M Simons from North Carolina. I have visited in Mary Sue's home, and my brother was engaged for a while to one of her older sisters."

"Engaged for a while!" Did you mark that?

It has always seemed to me that Southerners handle these matters in a very offhand manner. In the East, the announcement is made as soon as the engagement is contracted, and the newspaper account quite frequently ends with a statement something like this: "The wedding will take place at such-and-such church a year from this June."

In the South, on the other hand, engagements are never announced in the papers until about two weeks before the wedding, because, I gather, it is uncertain until the very last minute whether the parties are planning to be married, or are "just getting engaged." Every Southern girl I have met has been engaged at least six times before she married, or else she has two heads.

THE SUBJECT of Southern relations, and their visits, is another one that amazes any New Englander. One drop of blood makes the whole South kin, and "kissing kin," at that. Southerners are the kissingest people I have ever run into!

Behold my wife, turning, radiant, from the telephone. "Who do you suppose that was?" she demands of me. "Cousin James Herbert Morton, calling from Baltimore! He and a friend, and the friend's father, are driving around in New England and find they can make our house for the week end!"

The woman is actually humming as she takes down an armful of sheets from the linen shelves.

"This is the first time I have ever heard of this particular cousin," I remark. "Just where does he come in? Is he your Aunt Mary Evelyn's or your Aunt Emma Laura's son?" (Everybody in the South has two baptismal names, and is called by both of them.)

"Neither. He is Cousin Ruby May's boy. Maybe you haven't heard of her either?" My wife perches on the arm of my chair. "Well, Cousin Ruby May is my step-grandmother's second husband's daughter by his first wife. James Herbert is her son."

"And you call that a cousin?"

"Certainly. What else?"

I can't answer that one.

"Will you tell me one good reason," I ask, "why these people, who are not your cousins, can't go to a hotel?"

"Why, because I wouldn't allow it, that's why! My own flesh and blood! At a hotel! But of course, if you are going to be unpleasant . . ." My wife stalks from the room.

Her "but" doesn't mean these locusts are not descending. The snap of sheets being unfolded and flung across the beds comes immediately from the guest room.

Cousin James Herbert and his entourage arrive. And it transpires that the friend's father has a college classmate whose son has just been transferred here by his company, so my wife goes joyously to the telephone, and asks him and his wife

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and her sister (who is visiting them) over for dinner.

To be perfectly honest, I will have to admit that we have a delightful evening. These people are all charming, full of easy conversation and good stories that have the added charm of being new. Southerners don't have to read their anecdotes in the magazines; they live them! Their hilarious stories are things that actually happen to them, or their brother-in-law, or their cook, or the man they had breakfast with on the train coming from Atlanta the other day.

If anybody has to descend on my household, and understand I do not admit the necessity, let it be people from the South. They come on practically no notice. They stay indefinitely. When they leave, they overwhelm you with warm and absolutely sincere invitations to come and see them some time, any time, for a long time, and bring your friends and relations with you. And they mean every word of it.

Well, there you are. This whole North-South subject is apparently an inexhaustible one. My advice to a person with a Southern wife or friend is to take them and love them and let them be. Don't nag at them, and correct them, and try to change them. You can't, anyway. For Southerners just are—yesterday, today and forever—and the sooner you realize it the better.

After 10 unavailing years of trying to make my wife just like all the other women up here, I have at last given up. As a matter of fact, I have often wondered lately why they don't have wit enough to try to be just like her, God bless her!

Mother-In-Lawfully Speaking

A MOTHER-IN-LAW'S health is usually fair-to-meddling. —FRANCES RODMAN

A WOMAN reported the disappearance of her husband at the police station. The officer in charge glanced at the photograph handed him and asked the woman if she wished to give her husband any message if he were located.

"Yes," she replied eagerly. "Tell him mother didn't come after all."

—*Wall Street Journal*

TO PROVE HIS understanding of the Einstein theory of relativity, Detective Floyd Niswonger of Cincinnati explained it thus: "The Einstein theory has to do with time. You are on your honeymoon for two weeks. Later on, your mother-in-law comes to visit you for two weeks. They are exactly the same length of time, yet they seem different relatively."

—OLLIE JAMES (*Cincinnati Enquirer*)

THE HUSBAND and wife were arguing as husbands and wives will. "I'm going home to Mom," the wife wailed. "I shoulda listened to her 20 years ago."

He answered, "Go ahead—she's still talking!" —*Joey Adam's Joke Book* (Frederick Fell, Inc.)

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As We Remember Mother

by **RICHARD L. EVANS**

ON MOTHER'S DAY, there comes before us a long parade of memories. We remember patient lessons taught, and pride in lessons learned; we remember cupboards that always held satisfaction when we came home hungry; we remember nights when we returned too late and she was always waiting; we remember picnics and tired returnings when she who had so much more reason to be weary than we would help us with knotted laces and stubborn buttons, and see us settled in sleep, and then attend to countless household chores before she thought of sleep for herself.

We remember things she gave us which she couldn't afford for herself, and places she helped us go to which she wouldn't go. We remember cool, clean sheets and the wearisome labor of washing that it took to make them so; and clean, fresh clothes, hung out in the cutting winter wind, when the hands that hung them out would be blue and aching.

We remember arms held open for us when we were hurt, hopes held high for us when we were discouraged, and quiet comfort for our disappointment. We remember sorrows shared, and confidences that were always kept. We remember cool, quieting hands and comforting encouragement in fever and in illness; and tempting foods fixed for us, sleep lost for us, prayers said for us.

All this and much more we remember of Mother. And this we would say to you who have mothers with you yet: Do for them now and be to them now what you would wish you had done and would wish you had been if they were not now with you.

From *Topics for Our Times*, by Richard L. Evans. Copyright 1952, by the author, and published by Harper & Brothers, New York

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150,000 Science Jobs Waiting for Graduates

by BRUCE BLIVEN

They offer good pay and an opportunity to help shape the world of tomorrow

I HADN'T SEEN my old friend Jones for quite a while, so when I ran into him on the street the other day, we brought each other up to date on family happenings. He told me that Jones Junior will be graduated this June from college.

"Aha!" I said in my best honorary uncle voice. "Now begins the process of trying to get a job."

"Don't be silly," said Jones. 'Junior already has offers from five of the biggest corporations in the country. The beginning salaries average about $5,000 a year, since he has only a Bachelor of Science degree. If he were a Ph.D., he might start at about $7,500. He will also get a lot of 'fringe benefits.' He is an engineer, and engineering is one of the scientific professions that is now badly undermanned."

At the time I thought Jones was just doing a little family boasting, but some casual checking in the course of the next few days showed me that I was wrong. America is confronted by a severe shortage of engineers, scientists and technologists —so severe that anybody in any of these occupations is almost sure to have his pick of jobs, this year and every year into the indefinite future.

Two hundred of the nation's leading industrialists, engineers, scientists and government officials were called to New York not long ago for a briefing on this subject. The first speaker, a famous engineer, put the situation to them bluntly.

"This country," he said, "is facing a crisis of major dimensions because of a manpower shortage. This affects our national security, since the development of new weapons and techniques for defense is today the most important single factor in our strength. We have got to do something about it."

The list of occupations where more manpower is needed includes

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engineers, chemists, physicists, mathematicians, biologists, entomologists, geologists, meteorologists, nurses and dozens of others. A careful study indicates that by 1954, we shall be short, at a minimum, 27,000 engineers, 22,000 doctors, 49,000 nurses, 10,000 chemists, 9,000 dentists, 3,000 physicists and 10,000 other technologists.

If we add to the list the many other sciences important to our defense, ranging all the way from sanitary engineers who will defend us against biological warfare to psychologists and anthropologists to help make our propaganda activities more effective, the manpower shortage is and will be tremendously more acute.

What are the reasons for the shortage? One is that there was a decline in the birth rate when the Depression of the 1930's was at its worst. Another reason is that the G. I. Bill of Rights, which caused a big bulge in college attendance after the war, is now ending. A third reason is the draft.

Because of all these things, the number of graduates in science each year is now diminishing; it will be 40 per cent less in 1954 than it was in 1950.

Most significant of all is the fact that the country is growing, and the need for trained personnel keeps getting more acute as the machinery of living grows more complex.

"In the year 1900," says Dr. C. G. Suits, vice president of General Electric, "industry needed one engineer for every 250 employees in industry. Today, science and industry are so intermingled that we need one engineer for every sixty employees; at General Electric the ratio is up to one in twenty, and is still rising."

Most colleges today have placement bureaus which help graduates to get jobs. Every one of these reports that there is a greater demand for scientifically trained graduates than can be met.

Ruth Houghton, director of the Placement Office at Barnard College (for women) in New York City, recently declared: "Any girl trained in chemistry, geology, zoology, physics or mathematics can have her pick of several jobs today. One girl who had done exceptionally well as an undergraduate was offered a place by six firms."

The other day I was talking with a member of my own family, of high-school age, about a career in science. "I wouldn't be any good at it," he told me. "I never invented anything in my life."

This remark illustrates a common misunderstanding. Scientists do not have to be inventive geniuses; and for that matter, few outstanding discoveries are made nowadays by a single flash of inspiration. Most of today's big discoveries are the result of teams of men patiently working toward a given goal, trying hundreds of possible solutions.

There are many thousands of jobs in science, and especially for beginners, that have nothing to do with creative research. People with scientific training may work in testing laboratories. They may be librarians, or may write technical material. They may aid in applied research, or serve as an assistant in the office of a patent attorney. Among the places where science jobs are open are industry, education, research foundations, muse-

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ums, hospitals, many types of government work, engineering consulting firms, and of course, medical, testing and other laboratories.

How can you tell whether you would be happy following a career in science or technology? All you need is a reasonable amount of intelligence, and some degree of aptitude. Here are some questions prepared by a group of experts. Affirmative answers to questions such as these indicate that you have the necessary aptitude:

Do you enjoy courses in science? Do you like to work out puzzles, experiment with chemicals, take things apart to see what makes them tick? Do you like books or movies about science and scientists? Do you have science-related hobbies like developing photographs, collecting butterflies, gathering sea shells? Do you enjoy reading a detective story for the challenge of figuring out "whodunit" rather than for the violence involved?

Some people get interested in science and technology at an early age, others not until they are in high school or even in college. Among those who began in high school is the hero of the following anecdote.

Some years ago, Roxbury Latin School, in West Roxbury, Massachusetts, was having its annual high-school graduation exercises. One of the brilliant members of the class was scheduled to make a speech; but when he came from the wings, he was not carrying a manuscript but pushing a table piled high with chemical apparatus.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, in halting, diffident style, "I am supposed to make a speech here tonight, but instead, I thought I would prefer to demonstrate a little chemistry for you." He then proceeded, commenting as he went, to perform a difficult, intricate experiment, and to do so perfectly. He left the stage, pushing his table, to a round of applause.

A few years later, this young man stirred the world of chemistry when he published a profound research paper on chlorophyll—long before that green substance had been publicized. Later he was called away from his test tubes and retorts to become head of the most famous of all American universities. You have heard of him as Dr. James B. Conant, president of Harvard and U. S. High Commissioner to Germany.

Riverside, California, is an arid region where the exact amount of moisture in the soil is sometimes a matter of vital importance to the ranchers who raise citrus fruits and other high-expense, high-return crops. Not long ago, two men in Riverside were talking about this situation.

"What we need," said one, "is an instrument that will tell us quickly and accurately just how much water there is in the soil at any given point."

The conversation was overheard by 17-year-old Paul Richards, who was struck by the scientific problem

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Information about Careers in Science

TO FIND OUT about careers in science and technology, write to the following (all information free unless otherwise noted):

For all aspects of science, ask the National Association of Manufacturers for the booklet, *Your Opportunities in Science*. Address: 14 West 49th Street, New York 20, N. Y.

Chemistry. Address the American Chemical Society, 1155 16th Street, N. W., Washington 6, D. C. The Society publishes a free booklet, *Shall I Study Chemistry?* and a pamphlet, *The Chemistry Profession*, at 25 cents.

Engineering. Write to the Engineers Joint Council, Engineering Manpower Commission, 29 West 39th Street, New York 18, N. Y.

For facts about the Science Talent Search and the National Science Fair, address Science Clubs of America, 1719 N Street, N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

Science Achievement Awards of the Future Scientists of America Foundation. Address the National Science Teachers' Association, 1201 16th Street, N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

Graduate Fellowships of the National Science Foundation. Address the Fellowship Committee of the National Research Council, 2101 Constitution Avenue, N. W., Washington 25, D. C.

Scholarships to Study Medicine. Address Charles Pfizer and Company, 630 Flushing Avenue, Brooklyn 6, N. Y.

Science Scholarships for high-school Seniors. Address Radio Corporation of America, Department of Information, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

The U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics has issued a number of bulletins on the employment outlook in various aspects of science. The bulletin on engineering, No. 968, costs 55 cents, that on the earth sciences, No. 1050, costs 30 cents, and the others about the same. Address Superintendent of Documents, Washington 25, D. C.

involved. He went to work and produced a machine that may have tremendous future significance.

In the case of Nancy Durant, a student at Paul Lawrence Dunbar High School in Washington, D. C., it was also a chance remark that set her off on a voyage of discovery. She heard someone mention the need for an inexpensive, effective technique for fireproofing new fabrics. At 15, she began experimenting on this problem, and came up with a new idea for employing sodium tungstate which seems likely to have great usefulness.

Young people such as those mentioned above have been brought to public attention through the annual Science Talent Search, conducted by Science Clubs of America, an offshoot of Science Service, and the Westinghouse Educational Foundation (supported by the Westinghouse Electric Corporation).

More than 300,000 boys and girls are members of some 15,000 clubs affiliated with Science Clubs of

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America, most of them in high schools. About 15,000 young people, mostly members of these clubs, ask for Talent Search entry blanks each year, and 2,000 complete their entries. These are sifted down to 300, and finally to 40, who go to Washington for their final testing. The winner gets $2,800 to help him through the college or technical institute of his choice, and 39 other scholarships bring the cash awards up to $11,000 a year.

Winners of the Talent Search are today filling hundreds of important jobs all over the country in science and technology.

One new device to awaken scientific interest is a local Science Fair, sponsored by Science Clubs of America. Scores of cities all over the country hold these fairs annually, in the high school auditorium, the city hall, or some other convenient place; they are supported, financially and in other ways, by local newspapers. At these fairs, young scientists can display apparatus they have built, or the results of experiments they have worked on.

Awards are given for the best and most interesting displays and these are assembled at a National Science Fair, held annually in a different city. Here, the finalists get awards consisting chiefly of special scientific apparatus for further work in the field of their own interest.

Another group much concerned about the shortage of scientists is the National Science Teachers' Association, composed primarily of teachers of science in the high schools. This organization, which is aided by many of America's big corporations, is giving annual Science Achievement Awards through the Future Scientists of America Foundation.

The financial returns from a career in science are substantial—certainly above the average, and in many cases they can be very large indeed. The intangible returns are also great. Some of them were listed recently by a committee of eminent authorities, trying to interest more young people in a scientific career. Among the intangible returns, say the committee, are:

The satisfaction of helping your fellow man; the dignity and prestige that come with a learned profession; the enjoyment of doing a job that always demands your best; daily excitement and adventure; the chance for fame; and helping to shape the world of tomorrow.

Candid Contribution

WHEN A STUDENT committee at Columbia University called on their president, Dwight D. Eisenhower, with a request that he donate one of his old Army uniforms to their clothing collection for a war-devastated French town, he regretfully explained, "I'm sorry, but that is forbidden by Army regulations."

Then, after pondering the matter soberly, he added with a grin, "I think I have something that might do though."

The Eisenhower contribution proved to be the most interesting advertisement for the campaign. It was a pair of his khaki GI undershorts!

—CLIFTON CONSIDINE

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DEAF TO DISASTER

by BUD GREENSPAN

THE TIME WAS 7:30 P.M. when the *SS Californian* sighted the first berg. For the next three hours the freighter, nine days out of London, moved steadily through the clear North Atlantic night. Then Captain Stanley Lord, concerned, called his Third Officer.

"We're surrounded by ice, Mr. Groves," he said. "Heave to."

Time—11:00 P.M. On his way below, Lord stopped in the wireless room and asked if there were other ships in the vicinity. Marconi Operator Frank Evans said only one.

Groves, standing watch on the bridge of the immobile *Californian*, spotted the lights of what he took to be a large liner about five miles off the port bow. He reported to Captain Lord, who told him to contact the ship with Morse lamp.

Time—11:30. The Marconi operator switched off his transmitter and closed down for the night. Wireless was still new, and maritime laws did not require 24-hour monitoring.

On the bridge, Groves began signaling. In the middle of the message, he noticed the lights of the unknown ship suddenly dim. *The time was 11:40 P.M.*

A few minutes later, the Captain joined Groves. "That doesn't look like a liner," Lord said. "She's hardly showing any lights."

"Probably heaved to for the night, sir," answered Groves.

Time—12:03 A.M. Second Officer Stone relieved Groves on the bridge. Stone, too, sent a signal by lamp, but received no reply.

Time—12:30. A rocket arched upward and lit the sky above the unknown ship. Others followed. The Second Officer notified Lord:

"Captain, we've seen five white rockets coming from that ship."

"Keep on sending Morse signals," Lord replied.

Time—1:40. Stone sent a message to the Captain's cabin that more rockets had been observed near the liner, and that she seemed to be disappearing to the southwest. Then there was nothing further for him to do but watch the fading lights. Finally they vanished. *The time was then 2:20 A.M.*

At 5:40, the *Californian's* wireless operator switched on his set. Suddenly he heard another ship sending: "CQ . . . CQ . . . CQD!" Then came the tragic message:

"SS TITANIC SANK 2:20 THIS MORNING AFTER HITTING BERG 11:40 LAST NIGHT. 711 SURVIVORS PICKED UP. 1,590 LOST. SHE WENT DOWN 10 MILES SOUTHWEST YOUR POSITION."

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Grin and

WHILE BEING QUIZZED by Groucho Marx on his television program "You Bet Your Life," a Mexican matador remarked that he had met about 200 bulls during his career. Commented Groucho: "You must be the envy of every cow in Mexico!"

—PAUL DENIS

MY UNCLE'S HIRED MAN, a bachelor of 55, asked whether he could borrow the car on a date then about a month away.

"Sure, I guess so," my uncle agreed. "What's going on?"

"I'm gittin' married on that day," said Abel.

"Fine!" my uncle exclaimed. "Who's the lucky girl?"

"Well, I ain't gotten around to picking her out yit," Abel confessed. "I wanted to be sure of gittin' the car first."

—W. L. HUDSON (*Quote*)

A MAN APPLYING for the position of crossing watchman was being quizzed closely by the traffic superintendent.

"What would you do if you looked up one night and saw two trains coming from different directions, both on the same track?"

"I'd flag them down," said the applicant.

"But suppose it's dark?"

"I'd run in the shack and get the red lantern."

"But there isn't time."

"Well, then, I'd holler at them," the man decided.

"They can't hear you. They're both whistling for the crossing."

The man thought that over a while, then said with a shrug, "I'd run in and phone my sister."

"Why on earth would you call your sister?" demanded the superintendent.

"To tell her to hurry down here. There was going to be the dadblastedest wreck she'd ever see!"

—STEVE MARKIEWICZ

"HERE'S A LETTER from our representatives at the Sahara Desert branch," the sales manager exclaimed. "It says they're short of water again."

"They're always short of water out there," his assistant complained.

"I know," the manager agreed, "but this time it's really serious—the stamp's stuck on with a pin."

—PENNY LYNN

TWO UBANGI MAIDENS met. One put her face as close to the other's as her enormously protruding lips would permit and rapidly repeated: "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers!

"Now," she added, "you fan me a while."

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

THE 12-YEAR-OLD BOY stood patiently beside the clock counter while the druggist waited on the adult customers. Finally he got around to the youngster, who made his purchase and hurried out to the curb, where his father was impatiently waiting in the family car.

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Share It

"What took so long in there, son?" he asked.

"The man waited on everybody in the store before me," the boy replied, "but I got even."

"How?"

"I wound all the alarm clocks while I was waiting," the youngster grinned happily. "Gonna be a mighty noisy place around 8 o'clock."

—HOMER HATHAWAY

DRIVING in the country, a man was approached by a car driven by a woman who didn't seem to know the rules of the road. He did his best to avoid a collision, but she ran into him.

"Why didn't you signal what you wanted to do?" he asked.

"Because," she snapped, "there's no signal for what I wanted to do."

—*Montreal Star*

TWO COMRADES were riding a Moscow bus. Suddenly one turned to the other and said, "Tell me, my friend, is tuberculosis fatal?"

"Never mind," replied the other. "He ain't got it." —*Wall Street Journal*

"WHY DO THEY bring the pitcher his jacket when he gets on first base?" asked the pretty miss.

"To keep him from catching cold," replied her date.

"Oh," she said. "Is it colder on first base?" —*L. and N. Magazine*

A YOUNG AUTHOR'S first novel became a best-seller overnight. Asked how he accounted for it, the author gleefully explained: "Just a lucky break. A book critic on a nationwide network said it contained a knotty problem, and most of the listeners thought he said 'naughty'." —*Wall Street Journal*

A MOTHER GAVE her daughter explicit instructions to reply in the negative to everything her boy friend suggested when he took her out on a date.

"All right, honey," said the bright young fellow, "I'll put it this way . . . do you mind if I hold your hand?"

"No," said the girl without a moment's hesitation.

"Do you mind," persisted the lad, "if I steal a little kiss?"

"No," was the prompt reply.

"Honey," the boy sighed contentedly, "you and I are going to have a heck of a lot of fun if your mother is on the level about this."

—ARTHUR GODFREY (CBS TV)

"I WOULDN'T WORRY so much about that dame if I were you," a man consoled his friend. "Remember that when a woman says 'No,' she means 'Maybe.' And if she says 'Maybe,' she means 'Yes'."

"I know," replied the other, "but what does she mean when she just says 'Fooey'?" —*Seng Fellowship News*

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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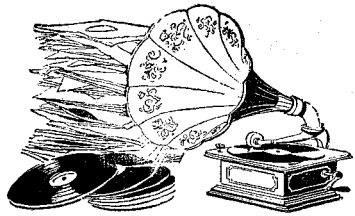
Treasure in Old Records



by HARRY KURSH

hat stack of old platters in the attic may include valuable collectors' items

ACOB S. SCHNEIDER, a busy New York lawyer, glanced at three ell-dressed men in his waiting oom and whispered to his secre-ary: "I'll be in conference with iem most of the afternoon. I don't ant to be disturbed."

His secretary nodded. A few min-tes later, a 16-year-old boy came ito his office. "May I see Mr. chneider?" he asked.

"I'm sorry," replied the secre-ary. "He's busy. You'll have to ome back tomorrow."

The boy hesitated. "Tomorrow iay be too late. I have to see him ow." Then he whispered some-ing to her, pointing to the pack-ge he carried. The secretary tip-ed into the conference room. In a ioment she was out, with Schneider ght behind her.

The lawyer talked to the teen-ger for half an hour, handed over ome money, took the package and ily then returned to his clients.

One of the nation's largest col-ctors of phonograph records, chneider was engaging in no mys-rious transaction. He merely had ought several disks to add to his easury of old and rare recordings.

Since 1945, when the disk-col-cting bug hit him and left him ith what he laughingly describes as an "infectious disease," Schneider has amassed more than 250,000 disks of popular and operatic music recorded before World War II.

So far, his collection has cost him a net $2,500 or $3,000. But experts estimate that if he sold it piece by piece, he would get at least $250,000. Yet Schneider is unable to insure his records for a fraction of that amount.

"The reason is simple," he says. "This is a peculiar hobby. Some of these records are real rarities, ranging in price from as little as 50 cents to hundreds of dollars each. But none is worth a cent until you find a collector who wants it badly.

"Take those fellows who collect nothing but Bing Crosby records. If you've got a Crosby record that you might have paid a nickel for, they'll give you $5 if they need that particular disk to round out their collection. One Crosby man gave me 50 records for one of Bing's."

A balding, sturdy man of 48, Schneider is actually disinterested in the monetary value of his records. He's preparing for the day he retires. "I love my law business. And when I quit it, I want something to take up the slack."

Schneider is not alone in his quest. In the last decade, record-

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collecting has grown immensely in popularity. The number of collectors today, estimated at two million (half of them in the U.S.), is nearly double what it was just before the war. During the war there was a shortage of shellac. Record buyers turned in their records—the shellac was recovered, but the records destroyed, and overnight hundreds of titles became rare.

Today, collectors haunt junk shops, Salvation Army depots, dingy pawnshops and second-hand music stores, turning stocks upside down like connoisseurs searching musty old Parisian attics for forgotten art masterpieces.

One collector, for instance, recently got his hands on a Mary Garden recording of the "Card Scene" for five cents in a rummage shop, and resold it for $45; another got $200 for Elena Gerhardt disks put out for the Hugo Wolf Society.

There is one record, if it actually exists, that will probably bring its lucky finder several hundred dollars. It's supposed to be the only recording made by the celebrated Jenny Lind to preserve her voice for future generations.

Nearly all collectors, however, specialize in collecting a particular favorite. Sometimes this is a formidable problem.

One New York advertising executive decided that he was going to get everything Bing Crosby had ever recorded. He started ten years ago. At a cost of $25,000, he managed to round up more than 3,500 different records. He even obtained the sound tracks from Crosby's films. He collected virtually every radio program Bing ever recorded and hundreds of records which were never put out commercially. He owned Crosby records made on Indian, Japanese, Norwegian, Australian and African labels. His prize section included records Bing made in his own home.

Collectors use the classified columns of such publications as *Billboard*, *Down Beat* and their own *The Record Changer* to post notice of what they have to sell, what they want to buy, or what they want to trade.

Mostly, Schneider gets his records by trading. It's done by correspondence, Schneider getting an average of 75 letters a week from all over the world.

Some of his correspondents offer almost anything to get certain records. A man in South Africa wanted to send him hand-strung beads in exchange for an old Al Jolson number. A collector in Belgium offered his antique glassware sets. In Italy, a Milanese suggested trade on the basis of handmade silk shawls produced by his wife.

Schneider also buys records and will fly cross-country to clinch a deal. Sometimes, he recalls sadly, his enthusiasm to get his hands on a really huge collection, perhaps discovered in a musty attic or in basement-stored trunks, can lead to bitter disappointment. A few months ago, for example, he got a letter from a man in Savannah, Georgia, who claimed that he had more than 1,000,000 old jazz records. Schneider phoned him.

"The man sounded convincing," says Schneider. "So, next thing I knew, I was on a plane headed South. When I got there, he greeted me as if I had dropped in from around the corner. Just as I got

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Have You Any Treasure in Your Home?

Thousands of Americans are storing countless old disks in attics, garages and basements. Many are undoubtedly platters that have become collector's items. The price of a record depends almost entirely on a bid-and-asked process. Here are a few typical examples which, according to the estimates of experts, might be cash-worthy if you've got any lying around gathering dust:

1. $35 for a record of Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig having an informal chat about baseball. Put out around 1927 under Perfect and Pathe labels. Once sold by the thousands for ten cents each in five-and-dime stores.

2. $50 for Hoagy Carmichael conducting his own band in his own version of *Stardust*. Under a Gennett label, around 1925.

3. $15 for a jazz number by a band led by Jimmy Durante. Sold under a Gennett label in the Twenties.

4. $50 for Ferdinand "Jelly Roll" Morton, jazz pianist, playing *Tom Cat Blues*. Put out under Autograph label, Chicago, 1924.

5. $5 for Enrico Caruso singing *Vesti la Giubba*, on a Victor Red Seal label, around 1903.

6. $15 for Leon Escalais singing on a Fonotipia label.

7. $5 for Ezio Pinza singing *Ninna-Nanna*, from "Mignon," on a Victor Red Seal, about 1925.

8. $10 for Ernestine Schumann-Heink, the great contralto, singing *Mein Herz* from *Samson et Delila* on a 1903 Columbia label.

9. $20 for Francesco Marconi singing on Victor Red Seal before 1910.

10. $100 for Enrico Caruso's version of *La Donna E Mobile*, made in Milan, Italy, around 1902 on a Zonophone label.

down to talking about buying the records, his son came out.

"What the son said then hit me like a haymaker. 'Why, pop, you can't sell any records. Don't you remember? We used them for fill when we built our house.'

"And that's just what had happened! Destroyed a treasure that probably would have been worth a small fortune."

However, on a more recent flying trip, this time to Michigan, Schneider netted an interesting collection of 15,000 records. These had been accumulating in an old farmhouse ever since the early 1900's.

Collecting records, unlike most other hobbies, has its immediate rewards. All you need to enjoy it is a phonograph and an easy chair. But Schneider—who insists that he would have to sit continuously for some 12,500 hours to listen to his entire collection just once—is rewarded in other ways.

"There is a tremendous thrill in rare-record detective work," he says. "Many of today's famous artists once performed under different names. Finding these is fun, sometimes profitable. Paul Whiteman, for instance, had to pay a collector $50 for a record he had made years ago as an unknown. He wanted the disk for a special radio program."

A few years ago, Schneider got a visitor who was looking for rec-

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ords he had made as a youth. They were five-inch disks called "Little Wonder Records" and the songs were described on the label only as "sung by a baritone." Schneider found them in a New York junk shop, recognized the voice and filed them under the singer's real name. That's why Schneider was one of the last to see Al Jolson alive in 1950. Jolson made three trips to Schneider's office and was able to pick up four of the "Little Wonder" disks that he had made in 1919 and had been unable to get.

Another of Schneider's record-collecting pleasures is the chance he frequently gets to help others. Last year he got a letter from an Englishman who had been a World War II prisoner in a Japanese camp. While there, the man wrote, for three years he had heard only one bit of music, a record the Japanese guards played continually.

The ex-soldier said he had been hunting for that record ever since he was liberated. He wanted it as a memento. He knew only that it was a number called "The Very Thought of You."

Schneider finally traced it to a Vaughn Monroe recording. After months of trading with other collectors, he got several copies and sent one to the ex-POW.

It was a luxurious phonograph he bought as a graduation gift for his son that got Schneider started as a collector. His son, a jazz fan of the New Orleans variety, was thrilled. But when Schneider covered the second-hand music shops to get some of these records for his son, prices demanded ranged from $2 to $3 for out-of-print disks.

"It was like asking $20 for an old hat," says Schneider. "Who ever heard of paying that much for records that had sold for fifteen or twenty cents when new?"

Then one day, while vacationing in New England, Schneider came across cartons of old records that were being delivered to an antique dealer. He offered to pay for carting away the load, and he got some 1,000 records for a $20 total.

"Almost overnight," Schneider recalls, "I became an addict."

As a collector, however, Schneider feels that he has a long way to go, much to learn and much to discover. Nevertheless, he hopes to avoid the typical collector's disease, extremities. A colleague he got started as a record collector began filling every nook and corner of his home with old records, finally even loading them in the bathtub. Rather than yield to his wife's complaints and dispose of his collection, he got a divorce.

"Funny thing," says Schneider, "the man was overjoyed at having extra room for his disks."

Desire among the Derbies

A POMPOUS FLOORWALKER approached a customer and said patronizingly: "Good morning, sir, and what is your desire?"

"My desire," retorted the man, "is to kiss Rita Hayworth, but what I need at the moment is a derby hat." —*Tit-Bits*

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Only an Englishman could believe that . . .

American Children Are Awful!

by C. E. M. JOAD

[From time to time, certain Englishmen of repute take it upon themselves to criticize things American. Among the latest to sound off is Professor C. E. M. Joad, scientist, essayist and contributor to the London *Sunday Dispatch*. Recently, newspapers in Britain printed photographs of children of English-born war brides, now living in the United States. The indignant Professor Joad reacted promptly by writing this article, which is reprinted from the *Sunday Dispatch*.—THE EDITORS.]

REGARDING the appearance of children of the English-born G.I. brides now living in the U.S.A., do you not think that American women dress their children abominably? Terrible, aren't they?

Little boys seven years old dressed in checked suits, long trousers and blue trilby hats; children in cowboy suits and bobby socks; children in violent tartans. One gets the impression that the children are dressed to startle, to hit the eye with their brightness and, at all costs, to be different.

This means that the taste of those who dress them is itself the taste of children, for it is children—and, may one add, savages and birds—who are always attracted by anything which is bright, startling, staring and different.

Now contrast the sartorial habits of a mature civilization, say, the French who for the most part insist on black for women and black or gray for children for ordinary public occasions. Consequently, when a splash has to be made, it is all the greater by contrast.

One gets the impression with these American children that in dress, as in everything else, they are being encouraged to grow up before their time. The Americans don't seem to have realized the truth that the more mature a creature, the longer it takes to come to maturity—for example, tortoises, elephants and boys of the English Public School class.

I applaud our English Public School system (much as I resented

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it at the time) because it puts off the coming to maturity and behaving like a man to the latest possible moment in life. I grew up to the age of 20 without ever having tasted a drink or even kissed a girl, and the same was true of most of my contemporaries.

All this seemed an awful deprivation at the time, but then, one never realized at the time what enormous tracts of life lay ahead, in which one would have unlimited opportunities and leisure for drinking, kissing and courting girls.

Now compare the little American girl who goes to high school at 14, uses lipstick, puts on adult clothing, makes dates with boy friends, and in general behaves as if she were four or five years older; or the American boy, aged 14 or 15, who drives to school at breakneck speed in a shining new car.

Children "must have fun" seems to be the slogan of American parents, which seems to mean they must never be repressed, never be denied anything they want, and be universally spoiled.

Poor little brutes! Eating their cake too early, they will get through it too quickly. They don't realize what an immense period of time lies before them in which they will be making dates and driving cars.

It is precisely this too-early maturity in manners, customs, habits and dress which makes Americans reach such an early, uninteresting and uniform middle age. What could be lovelier than an American girl at 19 or 20, alert, vivacious, healthy, beautifully dressed? What more dreadful than the American woman of 40, with her horn-rimmed spectacles, her leathery skin, her strident voice, her rushing about to lectures and committees, her general air of running the country and running culture?

And if you were to ask why is it that America is the most uncultivated of all great nations, why, in spite of its wealth and leisure, it produces no pictures, no books, no music and no statuary worth speaking of, but has to import them from poor, effete old Europe, the answer is surely because culture is the job of women, while the serious business of life, moneymaking, is left to the men.

And then this driving to school by kids in cars! What is the consequence? The kids grow up incapable of walking.

Not so many years ago an English rambling club was asked to take a party of American students for a Sunday walk in order to show them the beauties of the countryside. They turned up bright and early, I remember, at Waterloo Station in London, looking like male advertisements for walking costumes—aggressive tweeds and violently colored sweaters, horn-rimmed spectacles, great sticks.

We had planned a day's walk of not more than 15 miles with a long interval for lunch. Of the 25 who attended, ten dropped out after the first three miles, only six went on after lunch, and only one finished. If you spend your life being conveyed everywhere by automobiles, you get soft and presently lose the use of your legs.

Lack of ordinary exercise is, I take it, the reason why Americans stoop so, and are so deeply conscious of the inadequate manliness of their appearance that they in-

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crease it by having little lumps inserted in their coats and on the tops of their shoulders. But their pale, pasty faces are due to the incredibly high temperatures which, by means of central heating, they maintain in their houses.

The long and the short of it is that the people of the world's "greatest civilization" aren't really healthy. For example, I have just read that a quarter of the inhabitants of New York are at present subjecting themselves to psychoanalysis in their endeavour to cure themselves of their nervous troubles. Meanwhile, everybody knows that the drug store, with its enormous array of medicines, pills and tablets, is one of the most pervasive features of American life.

Of all this, the unsuitable clothing of American children, the unwillingness to allow them to remain children, and their too-early promotion into juveniles and then teenagers is a symptom. I am sorry that their English mothers so rapidly lost the native good taste which they took with them to America.

Lilliputian Logic

WHEN the music teacher asked Willie if he knew what EGBDF stood for, Willie said he wasn't sure, but that it sounded like some new kind of agency the government is always setting up in Washington.

A COLLEGE PROFESSOR of logic was attempting to teach his young son the principles of clear thinking and the necessity for defining all terms. He pointed to a wall clock which had just struck the hour.

"Now if I were to take a hammer and smash that clock," he said, "could I be arrested for killing time?"

"No," said the lad quickly. "It would be self-defense."

The professor frowned. "How do you figure that out?"

"Because," answered the boy, "the clock struck first."

WHEN A CERTAIN MAN was called out of town, he always made arrangements for a friend to stay with his wife and little daughter. But one day he was called away so suddenly that he had no time to secure the customary protection for his family.

The wife was very brave during the early evening but when darkness had fallen her courage began to fail. She stayed up with her little girl until there was no excuse for staying up any longer, and then they went upstairs to bed.

"Now go to sleep," she said to the little girl. "Don't be afraid. God will protect you."

"Yes, Mummy," answered the child, "that'll be all right tonight. But next time let's make better arrangements."

JUNIOR WAS constantly coming to the table with a dirty face and as constantly sent back to the bathroom to wash it. Finally his mother, losing patience, exclaimed: "Junior, why do you persist in coming to the table without washing? You know I always send you back upstairs."

"Well," was the reply, "once you forgot." —*Wall Street Journal*

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"MASCULINE" WOMEN *Are Cheating Love*

by WILLIAM G. NIEDERLAND, M. D.

A doctor discusses the problem of society's rebels—women who would deny their sex

THERE IS NO medical practitioner who at one time or another has not heard a woman patient speak somewhat as follows:

"I don't seem to be getting what I should out of life," or "I feel as if life were passing me by," or "I have a husband to whom I'm devoted, a lovely child, a home, money, all the things one would want—yet I don't know, I'm not happy."

Behind such generalizations often lies an unconscious flight from femininity. The fact is that in our modern world, many women have an aversion to being women. They find it difficult to accept their own womanhood. They suffer, temporarily or permanently, from the fact that they have been born as females and not as males.

This feeling is seldom perceived consciously nor is it ever understood in its full significance. More often, it is rather vaguely experienced as only a general sense of uneasiness, or as a recurring feeling of uncertainty, discontent and inexplicable depression.

Sometimes this unhappiness, deriving from a hidden rejection of femininity, may lead a woman to adopt the male role in life, to become aggressive, domineering, "bossy"—in other words, masculine in her social relations, harsh and unyielding in her marital life.

The vague and disturbing manifestations include headache, nausea and dizziness, digestive upsets, fatigue and all sorts of muscular aches and pains that may be psychosomatic in origin. In spite of x-ray examinations, blood chemistry and other tests of modern medicine, a good many symptoms, physical or mental or both, cannot be accounted for organically, and we have come to understand that many of these complaints are physical expressions of emotional conflicts.

The difficulties a modern woman has in accepting her own femininity usually start rather early in life. For instance, a little girl may have certain difficulties in seeing herself as a girl and wants to be a boy. In real life, she acts out her wish by playing the role of a "tomboy," competing with boys and emulating their behavior. Sometimes she is traditionally boylike, more active and unmanageable than most boys.

Later on, when she reaches adolescence, she may be exposed to

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the admonition of her mother to "remember you're a girl." She learns then that certain behavior is expected from her which goes with modern concepts of womanhood. When the mother's warnings become stronger and more outspoken, emotional conflicts result.

Recently, a 32-year-old woman came into my office with an interesting story. Since 16 she had felt an almost constant band of pressure about her head. She suffered from insomnia; she was chronically tired. Although she had been repeatedly examined, no organic condition could be found to account for these symptoms.

It developed that she had been reared in a strict home by extremely prudish parents. In addition, "They gave me to understand that they'd always wanted a boy. Oh, they didn't say so in so many words, but I sensed it. I always felt I was a disappointment to them."

Without being aware of it, in her desire to be loved and accepted, she attempted to achieve the impossible: to become stronger, more active and more aggressive than any man. Her first menstruation was a shock: it made her painfully aware that her destiny was to be a woman, with all that womanhood meant. She fought against it.

Although she married at 26, she could not reconcile herself to the idea. She was angry at her husband's desire for marital relations, found no pleasure in them, and resented him for relegating her to an "inferior position" as "his woman slave."

Another patient, an attractive single woman of 44, told me bluntly that she "detested" men. "They're selfish, they can't be trusted, they're mean and cruel," she said. "At least, that's the way I've found them." Although she had received several marriage proposals, she had refused to wed. She preferred to live alone. She was highly admired for her business acumen, and had gained considerable respect as the owner of a flourishing real-estate enterprise. Yet here she was, seeking advice and help.

Exploring her case, I found that she had been under the influence of a mother who was extremely bitter about sex. The girl's mind had been filled with tales of the "evil nature of men," their "brutishness," "lewdness" and the like. She grew up afraid to have dates, overly prudish, suspicious of men and their motives.

This woman was a success in a highly competitive business, outwardly a woman who had made a satisfactory, even admirable, niche for herself. But she was a complete failure in love, cheated out of an essential part of life, and on her way to becoming an embittered and lonely spinster.

SOMETIMES the outcome of such an upbringing may be quite the contrary: the young girl begins to experience intense envy for the freedom, lustiness and apparently complete irresponsibility of a man's sexual behavior. In extreme instance, this may result in sexual libertinism—that is, acting out the wish to behave as freely and recklessly as *they* do—or as she believes *they* did.

It is as if she were saying to herself: "Look, I am as strong, as virile and independent, as a man. In

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fact, I am stronger than a man and superior to him!"

In some women, the inner repudiation of womanhood and the simultaneous striving for masculinity can become so strong that they lead to a complete deprecation of all female qualities.

Certain personality traits traditionally associated with the female sex—warmth, tenderness, sweetness, willingness to give and receive—may be obliterated. There may be loss of all desire to become wives, homemakers, mothers. Marriage becomes a delusion; acquiescence to a man's sexual desires a degradation. In short, there is abhorrence of every situation which reminds them of their femininity.

Another aspect of masculinity is found when we analyze women who experience depressive states, usually of a fleeting nature, immediately after the completion of physical union. In such a case, it is the woman's masculinity complex which is at work. Her fleeting depression can be broken down into three stages.

First, she resents the man because he made her yield by his wooing. Second, she resents herself because she yielded to his wooing. The third stage may involve a physical expression of the resentment—that is, she will wish to separate herself from what happened by acting as if nothing had happened.

It is as though she were saying, "I am not really part of all this. I do not really participate in the whole thing. I remain cool and collected, above it all. This entire sex business, this marital life, love and passion and all the rest, are really degrading. Let's get this over quickly; the quicker the better."

Outside the home, the masculinity complex may reveal itself in an overcritical attitude toward other women. What masculine women dislike in themselves—their femininity—they naturally dislike in other members of their sex.

"I have no patience with women," one visitor told me. "I cannot stand their pettiness, their vanity and their constant preoccupation with fashions, beauty parlors and gossip." She was a college graduate, a career woman not yet 30, who came for treatment because of a strong feeling of inferiority and "utter dissatisfaction" with herself.

"My father was a university professor," she told me. "Career was everything to him. I had to get the best marks in school, and study all the time. He wouldn't let me wear pretty clothes and go to parties. At the same time, everyone made such a fuss over my brother—just because he was a boy. Why, I remember when I was five years old, I wanted so badly to be a boy. I was no good because I was only a girl!"

In another session, much later, she returned to the subject of her early home life, and there came pouring out from this outwardly calm and collected woman a veritable torrent of accusations against her father, mother, brother, girl friends, other women and the world in general.

Masculine women, it should be pointed out, do not always correspond to the cartoonist's version of a domineering female—hirsute,

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muscular, pompous, overbearing. Much more often a mask of placidity hides an inwardly tense and emotionally unstable individual, seething with hidden aggressiveness and resentment.

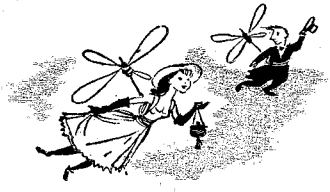
What, if anything, can be done to cure such women of their intense strivings for masculinity? To free their minds from the sense of inferiority stemming from their rejection of womanhood?

One answer, of course, is psychoanalysis; but analysis is a long, costly and laborious process. Preventive work—through proper education, especially in matters of mental and sexual hygiene, healthful home environment, helpful guidance during adolescence and mature upbringing—can do much.

The best corrective approach is to strengthen in the woman the very feminine qualities she consciously or unconsciously rejects, and to stress a wider recognition of their values. Certainly in this cold world of ours, woman's best qualities have much to offer, in that they provide warmth, understanding, love, tenderness, comfort and other conciliatory forces.

The traditional role of the woman through centuries of Western civilization has been one of the homemaker, the propagator, through childbirth, of mankind, and the giver of sweetness, affection, warmth and love through life.

Women who suffer from a masculinity complex should become aware of its existence. They must know that should this continue unchecked, it might lead to serious difficulties. Only when such awareness is achieved can there be a renunciation of the wish for masculinity and a full comprehension—and acceptance—of the role of woman in modern life.



Unprophetic Prophecies

The construction of an aerial vehicle which would carry even a single man from place to place requires the discovery of some new metal or force. Even with such a discovery it could not do more than carry its owner. —Simon Newcomb

The "Horseless carriage" is a luxury for the wealthy; its price will probably fall in the future, but it will never come into as common use as the bicycle. —*Literary Digest*

Second story sidewalks, which are composed largely of translucent glass, leaving all present street levels to motor vehicles, will doubtless have made their appearance soon.
—John Jacob Astor

The plan of the city of Washington is undoubtedly very fine, cleverly and grandly designed, but its very grandeur causes it to be nothing but a dream.
—The Duke de la Rochefoucauld

From *Christian Science Monitor*

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Beneath the Polar Sun

BEYOND the Arctic rim of civilization, there lies a bleak and barren land of lingering twilight. The night lasts half a year, veiling the vast stretches of tundra and ice in dark blue silence. The Spring sun turns the land a sullen, impenetrable, milky white. Here, where many adventurers have probed the mysteries of the trackless North, and manned lonely trading stations, and brought medicine and the word of God, few white men have made a permanent home. Only the Eskimos, acclimated by the centuries and sustained by the lore of their fathers, have endured on the Arctic frontier. They are nomads of the snow—tough, resourceful, oblivious to the rigors of searing cold. The dome of the world is their homeland. This is their story.

Photographs from the new book, *The Face of the Arctic*, by Richard Harrington. Copyright, 1952, by Henry Schuman, Inc., Publishers, New York.

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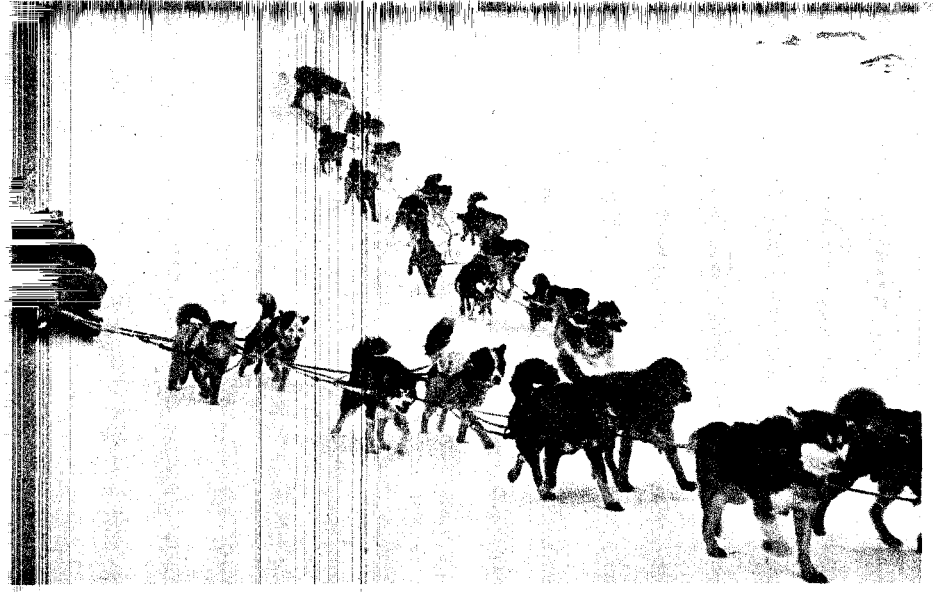

For nine months every year, the trackless paths between nowhere and nowhere defy all but the indomitable huskies. Straining into the icy blasts, they haul master and sled on to the next seal hole.

When Summer comes, the hunter and his family wander across the barrens, children secure in parka, dogs packed with food. For an Eskimo the long trek is never over: he must follow the game—or perish.

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His equipment is harpoons of whalebone, clothing of caribou skin, glare goggles of driftwood. The *kabloona*—white man—has brought little that could not be fashioned from the pitiful resources of the tundra.

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y possessions must fit on a sled
co, long a factor in Eskimo bar
from the struggle for survival

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Yet, in the shining dark eyes of the Northlanders is the look of people who are at home with their icy land. A whalebone doll, a toy harpoon, casts a spell of make-believe known to children the world over.

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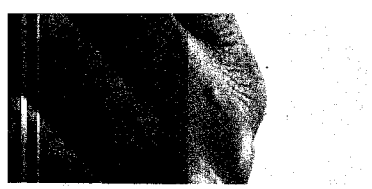

endless skills: hunter, trapper,
homes. When trap lines are set
y must have six or eight igloos.

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bowman across the snow
movements
anger in 60-

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The flickering shadows of a se
the wasteland. In minutes, a
blade, can carve a snow-block

In Summer, clusters of caribo
the stark expanse. Within, in
women tend the life-giving fir

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Children of the North are rarely guided by their elders. Quickly aware of the harsh exigencies of an unyielding land, their play, from the beginning, is patterned after the earnest tasks of their parents.

And so, between young and old, there springs up a camaraderie, conditioned by stringency but most eloquently expressed by nose-rubbing. It is an affirmation of faith, a silent vow of mutual support.

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In the wise face of a matriarch is the valiant story of a lifetime of labor. She has known hunger and cold, but she has persevered, and demonstrated the lessons of survival to a whole new generation.

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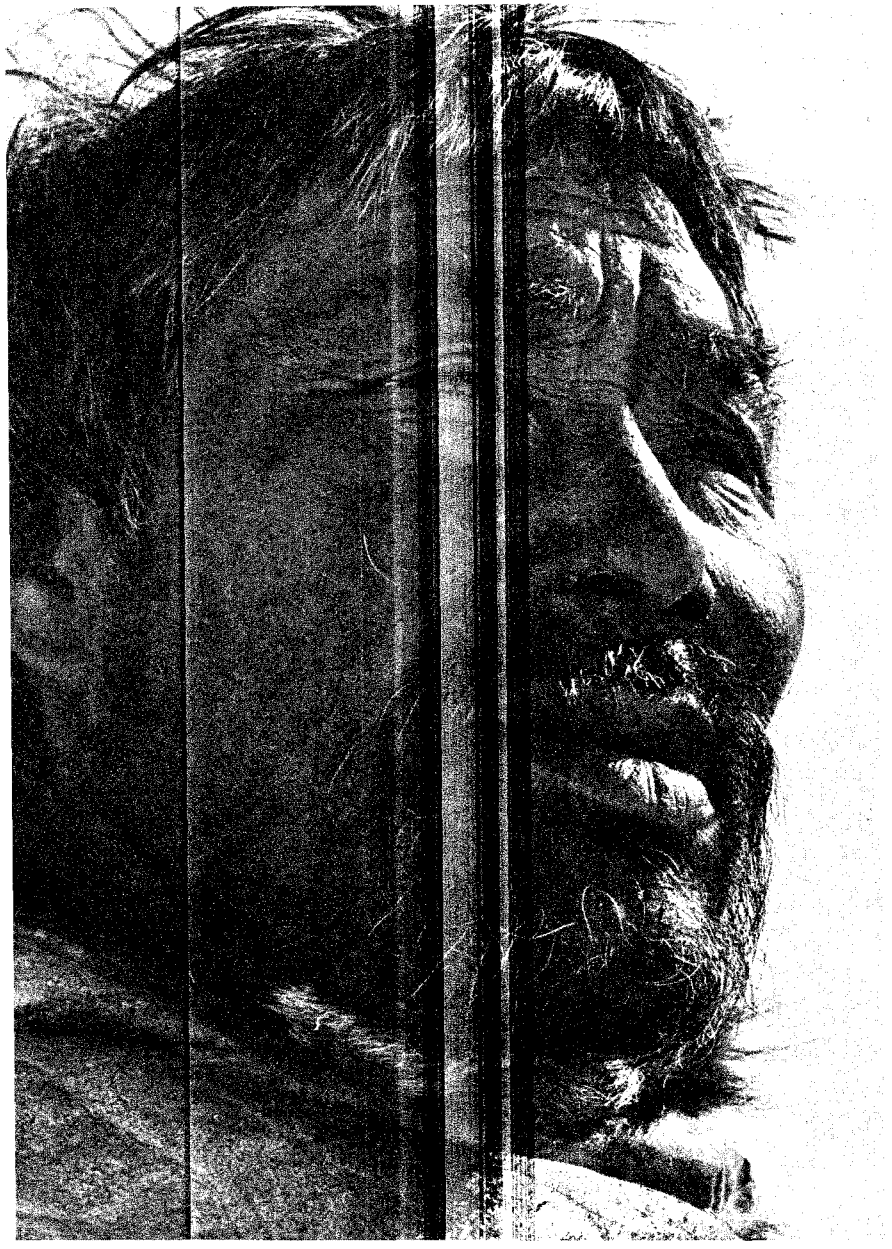

All his days, a hunter roams between settlements named for the great hunters who went before—Igloolik, Kanoyok, Padlei. But his real home is the wild, uncharted snows on which he lives and hunts.

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Pinpoints on a vast and hazard
men proffer a Christian light wh
for the long journey ahead. *I*

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That faith, a staunch belief in himself and in his comrades, and the store of knowledge that is his heritage—these are an Eskimo's weapons and resources against the perils which he faces anew each day.

Hot tea, a fire, the nearness of wife and children and, perhaps, the scratchy music produced by a stick, a bacon tin and caribou sinews—these are his gratifications, the simple comforts of his rugged life.

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He may grow old, but never feeble, for only the stro
Arctic. Except for wind-stunted scrub, his eyes have n
a tree, and the world beyond his icy realm is only

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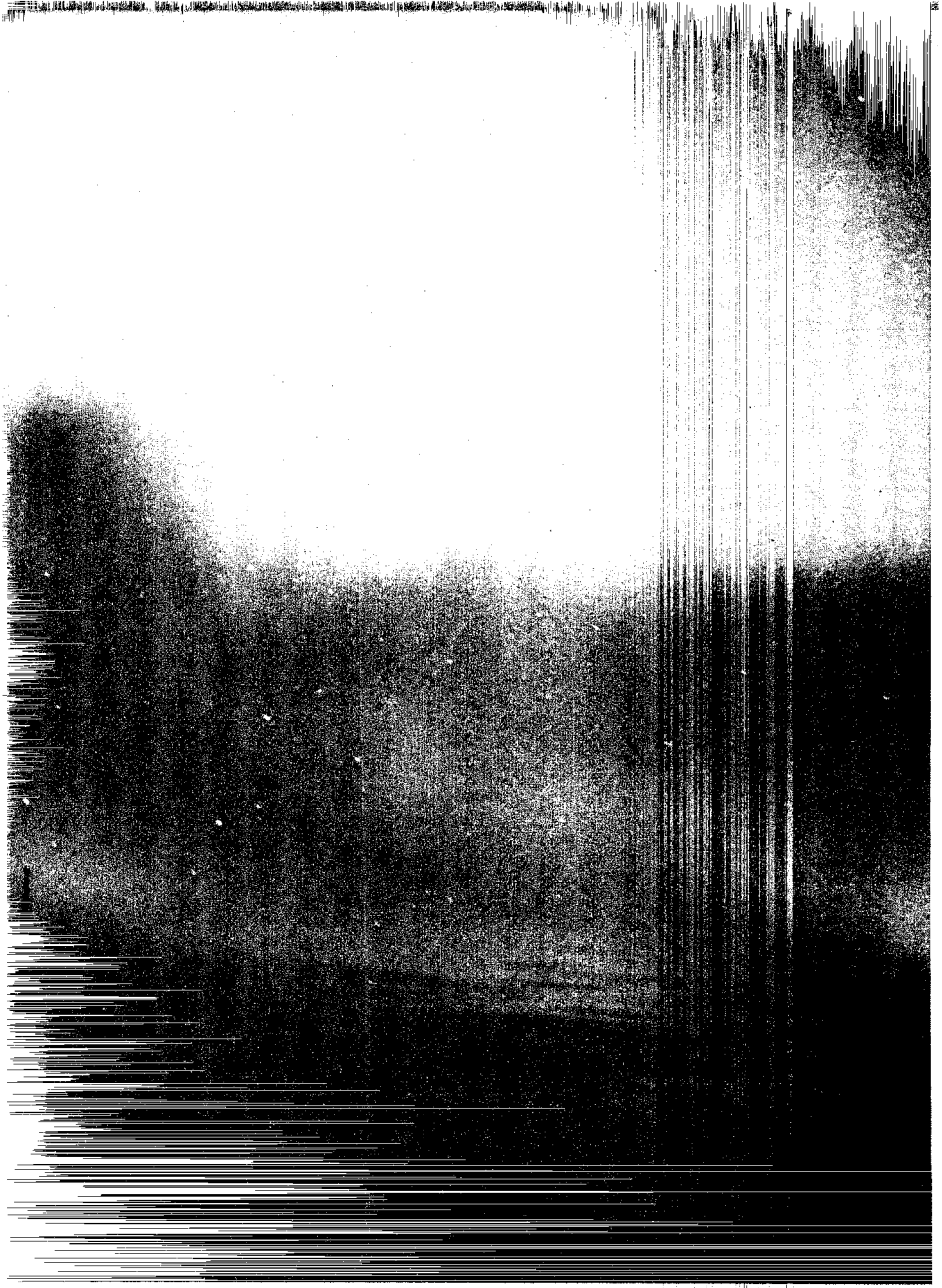

Yet he knows peace and beauty and, under the Northern Lights, a kind of tranquil magnificence. He has met the age-old challenge of his ancestors and, though his remote world may be harsh, it is his alone.

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The Many Sides of

by SAM BOAL

They range from composing music for his popular TV shows to sojourning in a hospital to keep his weight down

NOT LONG AGO, the highest paid television performer of our day, a man named Jackie Gleason, walked up New York's Fifth Avenue from 48th Street to 51st Street with his close friend, Paul Douglas, the actor. Between 48th and 49th Street, a well-dressed woman gaped and turned to her companion.

"Look," she cried. "It's that loud mouth, that Charley Bratton!"

On the 50th Street corner, a plump, middle-aged man strode up and warned him, "Cut out that Joe the Bartender stuff! My wife says I remind her exactly of you."

Turning into 51st Street, Gleason nodded in a friendly way to Leonard Lyons, the Broadway columnist. "Hi, Reggie!" Lyons said.

Three characters in three blocks is not a frequent event in Gleason's life, but it is not unusual for the public to see him as at least a dozen different people. The three people are just a few of the characters he has created on his phenomenally successful TV show, the show which, with other Gleason operations, grossed him just under $400,000 last year. Yet Jackie is a somewhat contradictory figure.

Even by TV standards, Gleason as a funny man isn't very funny. He doesn't feed out straight gags, like Bob Hope, nor does he squeeze laughs out of references to his mother, like Milton Berle, nor does he twist his alleged stinginess into something humorous, like Jack Benny. He is neither handsome nor ugly, extremes which often are valuable to television comedians; he himself has described his face as simply "a face."

He has none of the bobby-sox appeal of many TV stars, yet kids go for him. It is true that he uses Seltzer bottles for sure-fire laughs but—as a rival TV comedian was

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forced to admit—"In Jackie's hands, a Seltzer-water bottle becomes an orchestra."

Gleason sings, but his voice is such that he appears to be strangling, not singing, and he dances far more like a bear than a man. Yet there is something about this young man's appeal which induces CBS, a profit-making organization, to shell out some $60,000 every week for "The Jackie Gleason Show," a revue which is far and away the most expensive entertainment ever devised in TV history.

Many of Gleason's friends in show business—and out of it—have tried to analyze his talents. These estimates have varied greatly. One of the shortest was the testimonial provided by Toots Shor, New York's massive restaurateur, who on seeing Gleason perform, grunted admiringly, "What a wonderful bum!" A longer analysis, though not necessarily more sincere, was one provided by sports columnist Jimmy Cannon:

"The thing about Gleason is that he is everybody. He is the fellow next door that you like, and he is also the man across the street you don't like. Sometimes he is the fellow you would like your daughter to marry, and then he is the guy you wouldn't even want her to meet. He gets up on his show, the announcer says here is a funny man, and Gleason does his stuff and people laugh in a quiet way, but the way they laugh at Gleason is more than just ha-ha's. There is always a tinge of tears around a Jackie Gleason laugh. And this is why people remember his stuff when they forget the smart-alec gags of other comics."

There is no question that Gleason relishes the esteem in which fellow performers hold him. But he is also aware that there are not enough professional comedians to pay the bills. The people who do that are the families seated around TV sets from coast to coast. It is to them that Gleason devotes his talents.

"They talk to me about choreography on my program," he said recently. "What is this choreography? Who can even spell it? Let's don't give the people choreography; let's give 'em pretty girls, dancing, which is what choreography is, anyway. And let's give 'em lots of pretty girls dancing."

GLEASON "GIVES 'EM," in their own living room, lots of not only pretty girls but lots of everything. Ninety-four people took an active part on one presentation of the Gleason show. Of this number, 49 were stage hands, musicians, script girls, sound-effect men—all technicians whose work the audience never sees directly. But the balance were all either singers, musicians, actors, pretty girls (18), guest stars or—on one staggering occasion—a troop of marching Boy Scouts.

Gleason also gives something else, and that is himself. "This is how the deal works," he says. "People know I make a lot of money from this show. So I got to convince them that I really earn it, and I also got to make them say, 'Look at that boy work! I wouldn't work that hard for a million bucks!' "

Gleason works. He is not only the star of his show but its producer

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as well. ("I don't really produce it, but I got the network to agree I was the producer so if the producer didn't produce, I could.") Though he doesn't write all the skits, most of the ideas are his. He casts the entire show. He wrangles with the musicians over special effects he wants. ("Jimmy, I want that trombone to sound like ketchup coming out of a bottle.")

He supervises his guest-star selection, and has been known to argue over a choice even on so lofty an echelon as the sponsor's. ("Listen, I don't care if he's the star of forty Westerns; he's simply not for TV and anyway, who's got a horse around here?") He rehearses the entire cast, even the dancers. It is his show literally from start to finish, since he composed the song—*Melancholy Serenade*—which as theme music opens it and closes it.

Gleason works so hard that habitually he works himself into a hospital. Jackie is a big man. He can weigh up to 230 pounds. But he is fortunate in that these pounds are not permanent. He controls his weight, but not the way most people might.

Gleason, who has a lively understanding of the weakness of human nature, knows that if he is allowed to play around with his pals on Broadway, the steaks, the potatoes and the ice cream he so admires, will do him in. So every once in a while he goes off to Doctors Hospital in New York, where he puts himself on a diet. Going on the diet is not the important thing; the important thing is that in the hospital, he has to *stay* on it.

His hospital room then becomes the conference room for his show. Here the producer, the writers, the guest stars and his friends assemble and, amidst the faint antiseptic odor of carbolic acid, the show is assembled.

Gleason captains the integration of the show from his bed, directing the stage positions of various numbers on the white counterpane and gulping glassfuls of orange juice from a bedside table. This peculiar process usually takes from two to three days, during which period Gleason is living in his hospital half-world, making sure that he gains no weight.

As the hospital routine has become established, Gleason's writers have willy-nilly begun to write family jokes into the script. ("This scene will kill you; it was written in a hospital." Or, "Wait'll you hear this—it'll really cut you in half.") But so far, Gleason has rigidly refused to let any of them creep onto the air, feeling that private jokes do nothing but baffle audiences.

At the end of his stay, Gleason gets out of bed and okays the final show. If it is to contain a sketch in which Gleason appears as "Reggie Van Gleason III"—the character whom Lyons inadvertently took Gleason to be—he carefully rehearses it in front of his two children, Linda, 12, and Geraldine, 14, because the dashing, debonair, lovesick Reggie is the girls' favorite character on their father's show.

Gleason's $25,000-a-year office-apartment has a huge rehearsal room, and often Gleason will assemble his cast there,

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running off a film of a previous show as instruction. ("The film is a better director than anybody.") The day of the show, the cast meets in the CBS-TV theater and rehearses all day. After the show, Gleason takes four or five members of the cast, with their wives or husbands, out to dinner. He doesn't eat much. Next day he rests, exhausted by his routine and beset by his desire to remain fit to keep it up.

It is a grueling routine—exactly equal to producing a new musical every week. But Gleason is used to grueling work. His wry, touching personality comes out of a background which was grueling.

Gleason was born John Clemens Gleason in 1916 on Herkimer Street, one of the toughest sections of Brooklyn. When he was three, his 14-year-old brother died. When he was eight, his father, Herbert Gleason, an insurance auditor, disappeared on his way home one night and was never heard from again. Jackie's Irish-born mother took a job as a cashier in the subway system.

He began his career as an entertainer when he was about ten. At 15, Jackie did an amateur night act at Brooklyn's Halsey Theater; the prize for the winner was to be a job em-ceeing the next amateur night. The pay was to be $3.00. Though Gleason was superbly confident of his talent, he was somewhat worried that the audience might be tardy in recognizing it, so he took the precaution of bringing along seven friends, including his girl, and planting them in various sections of the house.

The ovation Gleason received was so titanic that he easily got the job. He took his girl across the street and bought her a soda. Her name was Julia Dennehy, and it is to her father, "Mr. Dennehy," that Gleason talks in his celebrated "Joe the Bartender" sketch. Today, Gleason and his wife are friends of Julia and her husband.

Gleason's em-ceeing proved so popular that the amateur nights were increased to two a week and his pay rose to $5 a week, $4 of which he turned over to his mother. From the Halsey Theater, Gleason went—still an em-cee—to the Folly Theater, where he got $15 a week. His mother died the day after Gleason's first show. He was alone.

Brooklyn, with its hard memories, depressed him so he got a job as a barker in a carnival which traveled the Eastern seaboard. It went North in the summer of 1935, and the manager of the Miami Club in Newark asked him to repeat his barker act in his club. The story is that Gleason thought the manager said "bartender act," which puzzled him, since he didn't have a bartender act. But the fee—for one night—was to be $8, so that night Gleason had a bartender act.

With that act, and others, he stayed at the Miami Club for three years, and in 1938 was earning $75 a week. It was at this point that a girl dancer named Genevieve Halford played the club. Gleason fell in love with her almost immediately, and they got married.

But Gleason didn't like night-club work. "For a performer, night-clubs are murder," he says. "It's a labor of love. How can you beat that booze?"

One night, a belligerent patron started to heckle Gleason. In des-

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peration, Jackie invited him outside. "I never knew what hit me," Gleason recalls. "It was Tony Galento, the boxer."

As things turned out, it was one of Galento's most propitious fights. It knocked Gleason out of the Club Miami and into a job as a disc jockey at Newark's station WAAT. Gleason, who knows music intuitively if not scholastically, was an immediate hit. But disc-jockeying far into the night proved to be a solitary occupation, and Gleason got lonely.

One night he invited some friends up for an informal dance. The dance got so informal that the station manager was notified by an apprehensive engineer. As a result, Gleason was looking for work again.

But that informal dance worked out well. Gleason, through his disc-jockeying, had got a name in New York and the manager of the then-famous Club 18 gave him a job. Film producer Jack Warner saw him and signed him for pictures. He did five movies, but none of them were outstanding successes, so after two years in Hollywood he returned to New York.

He played in Olsen and Johnson's "Hellzapoppin'," fighting the guns and the midgets. In 1945, he got his first big chance, playing opposite Gertrude Niesen in "Follow the Girls." It was a smash hit. It gave him a name, money, and an opportunity to perfect not only his on-stage jokes but his off-stage ones as well.

It was somewhat later that Gleason made his bow in TV as the lead in "The Life of Riley." "The Cavalcade of Stars" followed, and Gleason was then a top star. CBS takes a bright view of his present show. It may be suspected that one of the reasons for this is Gleason's vast friendship among show people, a valuable asset to a sponsor seeking a guest star who is reluctant to appear. Most guest stars are happy to appear with Gleason, partly because they like him, but partly because they know that he will always be willing to help them in a crisis.

Not long ago, Gleason's friend, Frank Sinatra, asked Jackie to appear as a guest on Sinatra's show. But, the crooner explained, he was afraid his budget wouldn't permit the usual Gleason fee. Would he, Sinatra asked, take a lower fee?

"Tell you what, buster," Gleason said, "we'll make this one for free. Just for old time's sake." The show went off, Sinatra shook Gleason's hand, and next day a chauffeur appeared at Gleason's apartment.

"Mr. Sinatra's compliments, sir," the chauffeur said, "and would you come outside?"

Gleason shrugged and went down into the street. There he saw a huge black Cadillac glistening like a jewel. Painted on the rear door was a golden message, "From Frankie to Jackie." And reclining in the back seat, glowing as much as the car, was Sinatra.

These days, when he has time, Gleason does other things besides his television show. Recently he found time to conduct an orchestra in a record set called *Music for*

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Lovers Only. Capitol issued it, and first sales were reassuring.

"It's for a guy with his girl," Gleason explains. "Maybe they got a couple bottles of beer and they're feeling sentimental. Well, why should I stand in nature's way?"

Jackie, aside from conducting another composer's music, is something of an amateur composer too. It is possible that he may retain his amateur standing for some time because of the technique he employs in composition, a technique which leaves even Irving Berlin unruffled, and Berlin, as is well known, uses a trick, key-change piano.

Gleason composes songs—such as his own theme music—on a trumpet. He blows away moodily until he has put together a tune which pleases him. Then he calls in his secretary, a girl who freely admits that the difference between a Zulu drummer and Wanda Landowska on the harpsichord would not be apparent to her. Gleason plays his song, reading off the *numbers* of the three trumpet keys as he plays.

"One, one, one-two-one," he will cry out, with rapture.

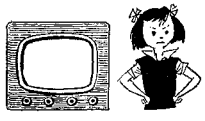
The practically tone-deaf secretary gravely puts these numbers on her pad, transcribes them, and sometime later, when Gleason meets a musician, he will recite this algebra and the two will figure out a tempo. Gleason has written another song.

Because of his strenuous program, Jackie has calmed down on night life. When not in the hospital, he stays home. He has taken up painting, and has done portraits of his two daughters. He thinks they show considerable originality, and perhaps he is right, since these portraits contain no faces, but only shoulders, necks, the facial oval and masses of his children's rumbling hair.

When asked about his faceless portraits, Gleason replies: "Well, I like to do portraits but I can't do faces. So I do them without faces. A man's got to start somewhere."

Since his success in television, Gleason has begun to receive many letters from fans. Because the characters that he brings to life on the TV screen are all people that his audience knows, many letters ask Gleason about his own personal philosophy of life. He spent some time developing one, but whenever anyone asks him what it is, he replies in words which are both show business and Jackie Gleason:

"Life is a beautiful tune, composed by God, and if through the arrangement you stay close to the melody and don't over-orchestrate, it remains a lovely composition."



Satiated Sixish

A GROUP of few-year-olds were discussing possible amusements for a rainy afternoon. Someone suggested that they turn on television.

From across the room, my small niece pouted petulantly: "I've been watching television all my life. Why don't they get something new?"

—W. RICHARD MCGILLIVRAY (*Quote*)

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TELL AND TELL

THREE SWIFT MEANS of communication are telegraph, telephone and tell-a-woman. —*Hudson Newsletter*

TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS on a rural Canadian party line reported that someone was apparently listening in on their calls. The noise of a ticking clock warned them that one of the phones on the line was constantly off its hook.

An inspector of the telephone company investigated, and found that an elderly woman was in the habit of using her telephone receiver as a darning ball while she mended the family's socks. —*Maclean's*

THE NEW TELEPHONE had just been installed and when the head of the family came home, he was met by his two children, both wild with excitement.

"Daddy," cried one, "it worked fine. We've spent all day telephoning to people who are on the telephone, and it worked fine all the time, even for people far away, all over the country." —*Cape Argus*

LOOKING UP FROM her work, the telephone service assistant couldn't believe her eyes. A woman stood patiently before her, holding a telephone in her hand.

"My phone won't work," the lady explained, "so I brought it in to have it repaired." —*Telephone Review*

AN OHIO OPERATOR tried to explain his error to a man who mistakenly thought he had dialed the number where the time of day was given out by tape recording.

The angry man ignored the girl's explanations, shouting: "You can't argue with me, you're just a record!"—and hung up! —*Telephony*

A TELEPHONE COMPANY customer in a Midwest city called the service representative and asked for 12 copies of the directory. When asked why she needed so many, she said that she was having a children's party and the youngsters weren't big enough to peer over the table top. "The directories would do the trick," she explained. —*Long Lines*

A LONG-DISTANCE operator reported this bit of conversation that took place recently. Her customer said, "Long distance? I want to place a call to Skamokawa, Washington."

"How do you spell that please?" the operator asked. And got this reply: "Good heavens, operator, if I could spell it, I'd write." —*Telephony*

A YOUNG VOICE called the telephone office repeatedly one day to ask, "What time is it now, please?"

After a while, the operator asked, "Are you going somewhere?"

"Nope," was the reply. "Just boiling eggs." —*Indiana Telephone News*

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MINNESOTA'S MIRACLE FARM

by HAROLD S. KAHM

Here, Dr. Stakman wages an endless war on crop diseases that threaten mankind

THE STRANGEST and most valuable farmland in the world is a group of small tracts in Minnesota, just a mile or two from the tall skyscrapers of the Twin Cities.

They are a farmer's nightmare. On these fantastic pieces of land, carefully nurtured by experts of the University of Minnesota, is every kind of vicious, destroying cereal-crop disease known to man. It's a Paradise for stem rust, stinking smut, head blight scab, leaf rust, rots, blights, wilts, cankers, mildews, galls and all the rest.

There are thousands of them. It would take a miracle for wheat, corn or any other crop to survive in this snarling snake pit of agricultural horrors. Yet, miracles are routine stuff for Dr. Elvin Charles Stakman, crop scientist extraordinary, who presides over this 85-acre outdoor laboratory. In it, he has learned secrets of crop diseases which have enabled breeders to develop wheats and other cereals so tough that they are able to resist the attacks of virulent diseases which in a single year have destroyed as much as 200,000,000 bushels of U. S. wheat.

A genial, pipe-smoking, ex-high school teacher and baseball coach, Dr. Stakman, now in his sixties but looking years younger, is probably the world's greatest authority on crop diseases. Without his efforts, lack of food for ourselves and our Allies might have prolonged World War II. During World War I, too, his genius proved invaluable, for wheat rust was strongly prevalent all over the country, destroying millions of bushels of wheat.

Little was known about the source of the disease until Dr. Stakman came out of his laboratory and said, "Get rid of the barberry bushes!" He took charge of the campaign himself, for the U. S. Department of Agriculture. More than 350,000,000

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bushes were destroyed, and the tide was turned.

Dr. Stakman, one of the hardest-working men in the country, spends much of his time in the classroom, training young scientists from all over the world to carry on his work. He spends still more time in his laboratory, examining disease molds through a microscope, holding conferences with scientist-assistants, and inspecting his farm, where he gets down on his knees to get a closer look at some interesting plant.

The reception room of his book-lined office is generally crowded with people waiting to see him—some of them with names known from Peoria to Bangkok. The visitor finds a youthful, vigorous gray-haired man of medium build, with a twinkle in his eye and a companionable jar of tobacco on his desk.

Dr. Stakman manages to crowd about a week's work into the average 24-hour day. He has to do it, because he is engaged in an endless race against nature. Thus far, no matter how tough a variety of wheat or other food plant may be, its ability to withstand the onslaughts of disease is at best temporary. The longest period of immunity has been 15 years.

The big question is, what is nature going to cook up next? Dr. Stakman hopes it isn't going to be a disease that cannot be conquered, for if that should happen, we could, in all likelihood, wave a fond farewell to the human race. For plant disease doesn't affect merely crops such as wheat, but goes after everything that grows. It even venomously attacks useless weeds.

Throughout the ages, wheat rust had been thought to be a single disease, like pneumonia. But working in his laboratory at the University of Minnesota, Dr. Stakman discovered that what was known as wheat rust was actually hundreds of different diseases, and that a plant that was immune to one type would succumb to another. The same thing was true of corn smut. Thus far, Dr. Stakman has discovered some 10,000 kinds! And each one is a whole race of variant strains. That's why the 85-acre laboratory is such a busy place.

One of the scientific riddles was the manner in which crop disease was spread, so that wheat rust might suddenly seem to spring up out of nowhere and strike viciously and ruinously at crops all the way from Canada to Mexico. Did it arise from the very earth?

Dr. Stakman conducted extensive experiments elaborating on the work of others who believed the spores were simply carried by the wind. To prove it, he affixed greased slides to the wings of planes. The spores were captured as much as two miles up in the air. The disease was literally coming down out of the sky! And it was invisible unless viewed through a microscope. The deadly spore was only one 1/1000th of an inch long.

Students and associates love to tell little stories about "Stake." Once, a clumsy assistant stumbled and smashed a test tube containing material that had taken Dr. Stakman and his staff six months of work and planning to develop. White-faced, the assistant stared in horror at what he had done.

"Young man," said the scientist, sadly regarding his ruined labor, "don't look so unhappy. Accidents

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can happen to anybody. Here, have a cigar."

Elvin Stakman is married but has no children. He and his wife live within walking distance of the farm campus, where his $300,000 laboratory is located. Aside from his hobby of pipe-collecting, "Stake" takes a keen interest in sports.

Even as a growing Minnesota boy, herding cattle, shocking grain, and doing other farm chores, Stakman was fascinated by science. He devoured every science book he could get his hands on and harassed his teachers by asking questions and poking holes in their arguments.

He was still in his teens when he began to think seriously about the age-old problem of wheat rust. It happened one day when he was shocking grain, and he stopped to stare at a handful of disease-damaged wheat.

"There must be a way," he reflected. "There's *got* to be a way to lick this thing!"

If only he had the scientific knowledge and equipment to do some investigating! There was only one answer: he would have to go to the University and learn—and learn and learn! Of one thing he was certain: he wasn't going to be a farmer!

Old-timers at the University are still talking about the way young Stakman blazed through the place. When he graduated with honors in 1906, it was in the midst of a wheat-rust epidemic that destroyed 43,000,000 bushels in Minnesota and the Dakotas. He was offered a job as teacher and baseball coach in the high school at Red Wing, Minnesota. He took the job because he had to earn a living, but at the first opportunity he borrowed a horse and buggy and started off to examine the ravaged wheat fields.

His journey took him 600 miles, clear to Montana—days while he baked in the sun, and shivered at night in farmers' haystacks. But it gave him the invaluable clue he needed. In all those 600 miles, he had been unable to find a single healthy field of wheat. But he did observe small plots of good wheat right in the midst of the stricken tracts.

What made it immune? Once this could be determined, the means would be at hand to vanquish this scourge! But it was going to mean research on a big scale. He would have to get back to the University, somehow.

Return he did, as an instructor in plant pathology and botany. So convincing were his arguments that he succeeded in interesting the U.S. Department of Agriculture, as well as the University, in backing his mammoth project.

One of his first steps was to collect rust samples from all over the country. He made the trip himself. The rust looked alike to the naked eye: farmers thought him crazy.

But it wasn't alike under the microscope. In his 85-acre laboratory, Stakman was able to demonstrate that certain wheat was immune to one kind of rust, but not to another. The immune wheat had developed its own immunity, in some mysterious manner. But this

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same immune wheat, subjected to a different kind of rust in the laboratory farm, succumbed to it.

A completely immune wheat could be discovered only by subjecting different types to all the rusts; the wheat that survived this drastic treatment would then become father to a whole race of super-tough wheat!

Stakman now had the age-old secret—and its answer—in the palm of his hand. The glad news flashed around the world. But the young scientist knew his triumph was not final; a wheat might be developed that would be immune to all types of rust today, but tomorrow, a completely new disease could strike it down. Meanwhile, there might be years of respite.

With world-wide fame came demands for Dr. Stakman's services in other fields. Firestone Rubber succeeded in inducing him to go to Liberia to solve problems of plantation rubber. During 1940-41, he went to South America to study native rubber for the Department of Agriculture. In 1948, he was a member of a five-man team of scientists sent to Japan at invitation of the Allied High Command.

But such jobs never kept "Stake" away from his laboratory for long; notwithstanding his achievements to date, he feels that his real job has only started. He is convinced that unless something is done fast to increase the world's food production, mankind may be facing the greatest catastrophe in history. He explains:

"Notwithstanding our scientific advances, and the resulting increase in food production, the upward curve is now leveling off. But the world's population is increasing at an alarming rate. How are we going to feed them all?

"The greatest immediate need," he says, "is for more basic research. It may be due to a lack of sufficient research that the present upward curve of food production is leveling off. Actually, we don't know what the limits are, for scientific farming."

Stakman's biggest ambition right now is to get a glass roof put over part of his 85-acre laboratory, for this would be of tremendous aid in research. "But," he sighs, "nobody wants to spend the money for it."

Whether he will be able to make the world realize the urgent need for more money for research, and more time for researchers, is problematical. But of one thing we can be sure: as long as Dr. Stakman is alive, more and more marvelous discoveries will leap out of the strangest 85 acres on earth!

Love and Kisses

SOME MEN embrace their wives as if they are afraid they may have to marry them again. —O. A. BATTISTA

LOVE IS LIKE a radiator—it keeps you warm even if it is 90 per cent hot air. —JUDY CANOVA

IF YOU WANT to give a girl a surprise, try to kiss her, and when she says don't—stop. —E. A. CHAFFEE

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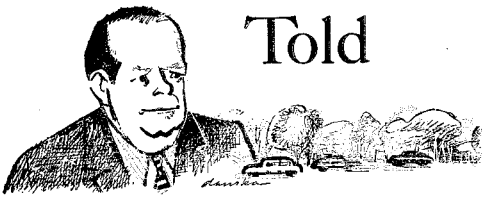
Told



by GEORGE E. ALLEN, *Friend and*

MY UNCLE JOHN ALLEN'S explanation for the start of the ill-advised War-between-the-States was a boast about his home town of Tupelo, Mississippi. The story went this way. When the trouble started, Secretary of War Cameron rushed into President Lincoln's office and shouted: "Mr. President, the South has seceded."

Lincoln shrugged and replied: "Well, let it secede."

Cameron persisted: "But, Mr. President, Tupelo is in the South."

That rocked Lincoln back on his heels, and he exclaimed: "My God! We can't give up Tupelo."

And that was how the War-between-the-States began.

I ONCE FOUND a Gideon Bible containing a thoughtful marginal note. It was one of the Bibles that told guests in a pasted-up foreword what chapters were recommended for despondency, loneliness, and other such maladies afflicting the spirit of the weary traveler. For loneliness, the recommended cure was Psalm 23. This particular Bible bore a note in neat feminine handwriting at the end of Psalm 23. It said: "If still lonely, call Greenwich 9499."

CAREERISTS IN THE LOWER echelons of the government have a bad enough time even when they're employed and secure in their jobs. I remember once, years ago, dining at the home of Merle Thorpe in Bethesda, Maryland, with a visitor from England. When darkness came, the Britisher was fascinated by the twinkling display put on by the lightning bugs and asked whether it would be possible to transplant some of them to his place in Surrey. Since nobody at the party was familiar with the requirements of the lightning bug, we referred him to the Agriculture Department.

There, the next day, after a long hunt through endless corridors, he found the office of the department's lightning bug expert, who gave him a two-hour discourse on the ways of the flashy insect. At the end of the lecture, the visitor thanked his instructor profusely.

"But you must not thank me," the expert protested. "Permit me to thank you. I've been here for 35 years studying lightning bugs, and this is the first time anybody has asked me anything about them."

SOME OF ALBEN BARKLEY'S best stories illustrate his understanding of political behaviorism. One of them concerns a constituent upon whom he counted for active help in a campaign only to find that the help wasn't forthcoming.

"I took this fellow to task," Barkley relates. " 'Didn't I appoint your son postmaster?' I asked him. He admitted that I had. 'Didn't I send your nephew to West Point?' Again he conceded that I had. 'Didn't I get your brother out of that tax trouble he was in?' He acknowledged that I did. 'Then why are

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in Washington

Advisor to Three Presidents

you letting me down in this campaign?' I demanded. He answered: 'It is true that you did all these things for me, and I appreciated them—but what have you done for me lately?' "

THE JOKE was on an Irishman who passed out at a particularly tearful and bibulous wake. Thinking to relieve their heavily burdened spirits of the agonies of mourning the departed, the other guests removed the corpse from its coffin and substituted the inert body of the passee. Having done this they went their way feeling better. The understudy for the corpse woke up a few hours later and said to himself: "Well, I must be dead or I wouldn't be in this coffin with this lily in my hand, but if I'm dead, why is it that I want to go to the bathroom?"

I RAN INTO an old farmer friend and asked him why he hadn't gone into town to attend a big farm meeting the Agricultural Adjustment Administration was putting on that day.

"I don't want to go," he said.

"But," I objected, "here's the government spending a lot of money to teach you farmers better agricultural methods, and you don't even go. Why not?"

"Shucks," he said, "I ain't farming as good as I know how now."

I ONCE CALLED on the blind Senator from Oklahoma, Thomas P. Gore, in his office and, to make conversation, asked him whether he had any opposition running against him that year.

"Yes, George," the Senator said to me. "It seems I have a fellow running against me."

"What sort of fellow is your opponent?" I persisted.

"Well, I'll tell you," Gore mused. "I don't want to be hard on him, because anybody has a right to aspire to a place in the Senate, even my place. I would say of this fellow that he has every attribute of a dog, except loyalty."

CAMPAIGNING for re-election in 1936, President Roosevelt was confronted with the necessity of writing a speech to be delivered in Pittsburgh. Four years earlier, he had delivered a speech in the same place, advocating drastic government economy. Now he wanted to advocate lavish federal government spending.

It had occurred to him that some of his more unreasonable critics might find fault with this shift as a manifestation of inconsistency. He asked Sam Rosenman to figure out some way of executing this about-face.

Rosenman thought it over for a few days and then told the President: "I think, Mr. President, that I have found a way out."

"What is it, Sam?" Roosevelt asked eagerly.

"Just this," Rosenman told him. "Deny that you made a speech in Pittsburgh in 1932."

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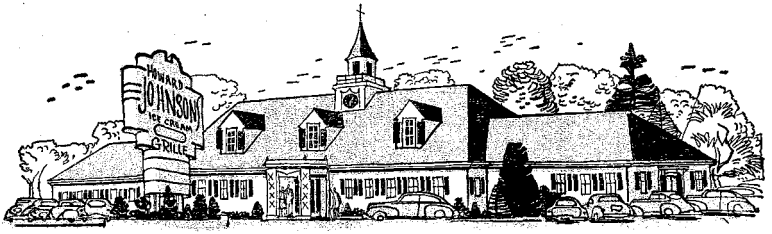
HOWARD JOHNSON'S

Meals for Millions



by BRAINARD CHENEY

The king of the roadside restaurant trade likes to make money for other enterprisers

IN THE OLD NEW ENGLAND town of Wollaston, Massachusetts, a robust, gray-haired restaurant man who has made millions for himself is always ready to make millions for others. A firm believer in American enterprise, Howard Johnson in the last 16 years has built a restaurant chain that currently covers 22 states. Now he shares with other enterprisers his recipe for success which, coupled with his recipes for tasty dishes, draws 225,000,000 hungry travelers a year to his orange-roofed, roadside establishments.

Last December, the 351st Howard Johnson restaurant opened at Miami, Florida. A modern-lined, low structure with all-glass walls, it is the newest in a network stretching from Maine to Miami, and as far west as Fort Worth, Texas. In 1952, he opened 22 restaurants and had 20 under construction. Today, his chain is the largest restaurant business in the world, while he and his agents together employ some 20,000 people.

Convinced that the best business is owner-managed, Johnson has developed a system of franchises by which men and women with relatively small capital and experience can set up their own "Howard Johnson," run exactly like his. One reason why Johnson likes to share opportunity with others is that, as a youngster, he found success came the hard way.

He was a big, chesty boy of 19 in Wollaston, with dreams of being a college fullback, when his father died, leaving him to care for his mother and sister. At about the same time, a Wollaston druggist, in whose store Howard had a newspaper stand, retired. He sold the store to Howard on monthly installments.

On his first morning as proprietor, Howard eagerly seized the ice-cream scoop, dipped out a glassful of vanilla and drowned it in choco-

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late syrup. At last he would have all the sodas he wanted! But at the first taste, his nose crinkled. The ice cream was thin, the syrup watery. Nobody would ever build a business by selling such stuff.

After failing to argue his wholesaler into supplying him with a better product, Johnson tried to solve the ice-cream problem by making up a batch according to his mother's recipe.

"Fine," said the first customer, "but why do you put grit in it?"

Howard called on the services of a Boston expert, who charged $300 to show him how to blend a mixture that would be smooth when frozen. The customers liked it, and the following summer, Howard began selling it from a small booth at Wollaston Beach. By summer's end, the little stand was taking in more money than the drug store. Although young Johnson didn't know it then, he was on his way into the restaurant business.

His first effort, however, was far from successful. With a menu expanded far beyond ice cream and hot dogs, Johnson leased a corner in Quincy, Massachusetts, and opened for business. The first two weeks he did well. Then overnight, the customers vanished. Johnson quickly learned why. Bostonians had been dining there during the intermission of a local showing of Eugene O'Neill's long play, "Strange Interlude."

When the Quincy theater run ended, so did Johnson's venture. But his $16,000 loss taught him one invaluable lesson—where *not* to locate a restaurant.

It was on Cape Cod in 1936 that Johnson got his first real start. A retired businessman and friend, Eugene Sprague, owned a site at Orleans, which seemed ideal for an ice-cream shop. But Howard lacked the capital to lease it. On the verge of abandoning the project, he suddenly had an idea: what about a franchise deal?

He persuaded Sprague's son, Reginald, to erect a combination restaurant and milk bar. Reggie would run the enterprise; Johnson would plan the building and layout, and supply such edibles as ice cream, fried clams and hot dogs. In two years, Sprague paid for the place, and Johnson was established in business.

WITH THE FRANCHISE PLAN thus proved successful, Johnson promptly applied it to other enterprisers and other locations. Today, he proudly counts among his associates such hard-working people as the Paul Herberts.

In 1937, Mrs. Herbert, then Mrs. Prout, a widow, of Cambridge, told Johnson that she had watched his business growing and wanted to get a franchise. She had some restaurant experience and $5,000.

Johnson found a location in Cambridge, leased the property, then subleased it to her. He arranged with a builder to accept monthly payments for his work, and Johnson's architect drew up plans. Her total debt was to be about $30,000.

Then Mrs. Prout grew nervous. "My mother and father are old, Mr. Johnson," she said. "I have them and my little girl to support. This $5,000 is all the money I have in the world. I just can't lose it."

Johnson calmed her by saying that if she was not satisfied at the

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end of the first year, he would return the $5,000 and take the business off her hands. Then he gave her every possible aid.

He supervised construction of the building and ordered all equipment. His dining-room and kitchen experts hired the employees, trained them, and stayed on two weeks after opening day to be sure everything went well.

Among the new employees was Paul Herbert, hired at $18 a week to serve at the dairy counter. A few years later he married Mrs. Prout, and today they own a second Howard Johnson. The two places do more than a million dollars' worth of business a year.

THE CONFIDENCE-INSPIRING Johnson has taken some 270 other beginners by the hand and led them over the rocky road to success the same way. Many had no previous experience in the food business. And yet, no Johnson operator has ever gone broke. In view of the common observation that many a man who opens a restaurant loses his shirt, this record borders on the miraculous.

Johnson's franchise agents also include men who have made a name for themselves in other fields. William Biggs, a vice-president of the Bank of New York and chairman of the Board of Brookings Institution, has Johnson restaurants at Poughkeepsie, New York, and Williamsburg, Virginia. L. W. Thompson, a former vice-president of the Great Atlantic and Pacific Food Stores, owns the restaurant at Glenolden, Pennsylvania. James Reynolds, former secretary to Senator Saltonstall, now executive vice-president of Harvard, in association with Standish Bradford and Frederic Winthrop of Boston, and Orin S. Kenny of Baltimore, has opened four of the orange and blue establishments in the Baltimore area, which serve—as do all Johnson restaurants—the famous 28 kinds of ice cream.

"We developed 28 flavors to pull people out onto the highways from the corner drug store serving only vanilla, chocolate and strawberry," Johnson explains.

George Pitman, a jovial fellow who looks as if he enjoys tasting his product, develops these many flavors. Other Johnson employees are his guinea pigs. Blindfolded, they taste flavors and compare them with those of competitors. But when Pitman wants the real low-down on a new ice cream, he loads a five-gallon freezer onto a truck, pulls into the nearest playground in Wollaston, and yells, "Come and get it!" If the kids come back for half a dozen scoops, he knows he's got something.

Pitman often has as many as 40 flavors in his refrigerator at once, but he presents the public with a constant 28 continually replacing the least popular with a new one which he hopes will catch on. His greatest triumph to date is chocolate chip. The recipe is secret, but it is basically a variety of vanilla studded with bits of hard chocolate. Introduced some years ago, it has steadily climbed the popularity chart until it replaced strawberry, traditionally the country's No. 3 flavor.

Vanilla remains tops, however. As Johnson wryly remarks: "We spend our lives developing 28 fla-

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vors and they still come in and say, 'Make mine vanilla!' "

The major taste secret in all flavors is the one learned from Mrs. Johnson's original recipe—a large percentage of cream. This makes Johnson's ice cream expensive and the least profitable item on the menu, but it is a great advertisement and draws customers to the dairy bar. They buy 4,000,000 gallons yearly.

Johnson spends a lot of thought on frankfurters. Realizing that the lowly hot dog is almost as popular as ice cream, he has glorified it.

"First," he says, "we clip off the little twisted ends. Then we notch the skin several times and grill the frankfurt in butter. The hot melted butter seeps into the meat through the open ends and the scores. Placed on a buttered and toasted roll and garnished with our own special relish, it's delicious."

A suburban Bostonian, Johnson loves New England cookery. One of the minor tragedies of American living, he asserts, is that not everyone has enjoyed such Yankee delicacies as Boston baked beans and brown bread, and fried clams. "Anybody who tastes them as we serve them will love them," he declares, with both regional and personal pride.

Surprisingly enough, experience in the Midwest is bearing him out. In Ohio, whose inland dwellers did not grow up on sea food, Johnson's 20 odd restaurants sell more fried clams per customer than the New England stores.

Johnson is able to bring his New England delicacy to such distant customers by quick-freezing the clams and packing them in half-gallon cans. There are about 500 clams to a gallon, and Johnson serves up to 175,000 gallons a year. Each one of these millions has to be dug, shucked, cleaned and graded.

Johnson has a supervisory and checking system to see that every customer is treated properly. Shoppers, both men and women, enter the stores as patrons. They order typical dishes and drinks, watch the service, and write a report which Johnson reads and sends on to the store operator.

"Success in this business is based on quality," he maintains. "Many individual opinions are bound to cause friction. Early in the game, I heard agents say, 'I just can't do anything to satisfy that guy Johnson. Everything he does is right and everything I do is wrong!' "

Johnson met this problem with a self-corrective device. An eight-man agents' executive board in each section acts as a police force for each other's restaurants. As each operator eventually serves on the board he acquires the viewpoint of a policeman. The system works so well that Johnson sits in on meetings only about once a year.

The big restaurateur is never any farther from his dining rooms than the telephone. Even while on a yacht cruising to Florida, he spends hours each day talking to managers and operators. He hates letter-writing and has no full-time secretary.

"Only once have I lost my temper with a customer," he recalls. "It was at the Quincy store. A man was mad at a waitress and then lit into me. I tossed him out. 'If you

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ever come in here again, I'll do the same thing,' I told him.

"A year later I was in the store and he saw me. 'I wouldn't be here,' he apologized. 'But my wife makes me buy your ice cream.' "

In his steady march across America, Johnson welcomes the aid of more and more owner-managers. The operator usually chooses a location with the company's approval, Johnson architects design the restaurant, the operator gets bids and has it built. An ideal location is one where two main highways meet or on a traffic circle where several converge.

"The day an agent opens for business, he's mobbed," declares Johnson.

The operator pays a small fee for the franchise, but does not pay any part of gross receipts or profits. Johnson makes his money as a manufacturer and jobber, selling ice cream, frankfurters, menus, doilies and some 450 other items.

A fleet of 50 refrigerated trucks transports the ice cream and frozen foods, including pies prepared in the Wollaston kitchen. These pies are then baked in the local restaurants and served.

Howard Johnson dishes are identical, and here lies one of the secrets of the chain's success. Not only does uniformity make for economical operation, but it gives the customer the feeling that he knows exactly what he is getting in a Johnson restaurant.

Whether he buys fried clams in Manchester or Miami, there are always from 19 to 21 in a portion, fried at precisely 375 degrees. His cup of coffee is always filled to $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch from the top. An ice cream cone always has the same amount of extra cream dripping over the edge. So, too, every frankfurter has six cuts on each side, no more and no less.

Even the appearance and demeanor of Johnson waitresses has been worked out carefully. The experts believe that food served by a girl wearing laced oxfords with military heels is appealing, so all Johnson girls wear them. The behavior book also lays down that their hair must be tied in a ribbon with a bow on the side, and forbids the girls from eating foods containing garlic or onions. Above all else, they must *smile*, not only with the face but also with the voice.

All of which explains why, with these foods to sell and these rules to guide them, Howard Johnson operators never fail. "I'm not a philanthropist," says Johnson. "I need the small businessman. A hired manager can never give that personal touch to a restaurant that pride of ownership brings."

Howard Johnson's slender, brown-haired wife is disturbed at the prospect of eventual openings in California. "Then there'll be no place left to vacation where Howard can get away from one of his restaurants."

To this, her husband gives a calculated reply: "I don't believe we'll ever stop expanding—not in my lifetime!"

If you are too busy to laugh, you are too busy.—Walter Winchell

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THE BLACK MARIA

by KATE SMITH

IN THE DUSK OF A September evening, 1791, four heavily laden wagons rumbled over the cobblestones of downtown Philadelphia. Under their canvas was a cannon apiece, bound for Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Interested in that little caravan was no less a personage than Secretary of the Treasury Alexander Hamilton. The nation was deep in debt, and smugglers had reduced shipping revenue to a pitiful trickle. Hamilton had pleaded with Congress for an appropriation: "These men respect no law. A government fleet is the answer—ten cutters, armed with cannon." And now the first cutter, the *Scammel*, lay ready at a Portsmouth shipyard, awaiting her armament.

But even as the wagons left Philadelphia, a daring band of smugglers concealed themselves along the road ahead. They would seize the cannon for their own vessels; *they* would rule the coasts! And it might have worked, except for a great, black teamstress named Maria Lee.

In Philadelphia, where she lived, she was reputed not to know the strength of her powerful body. But it was never exhibited more magnificently than that night, near the Delaware border, when the smugglers attacked from both sides of the road, two or more to a wagon.

Maria Lee's first assailant was sent reeling backward, but the second delivered a blow that stunned her. She lunged at him, her momentum carrying both to the roadside.

Immediately, Maria was the focus of attack. Gouging, kicking, scratching, she fought to her feet. A sledgehammer blow and one man whimpered with a broken nose. Another she choked. She grabbed two of those remaining and shook them like rags. In all, she personally felled six of the attackers.

Maria Lee revived her companions and the trip continued without further incident. Her reputation spread wide, but was destined to become greater.

She moved from Philadelphia to Boston and opened a sailor's boarding house. On opening night, Maria thrashed a hulking troublemaker and became toast of the water front. In later ways, she demonstrated a heart as big as her body, and in time her influence spread.

Boston authorities watched all this with interest. Soon, if trouble was reported, they ordered: "*Send for Black Maria!*"

Thus was originated the expression still synonymous with calling the law—by a woman who may have saved the U. S. Treasury.

Kate Smith stars on the NBC-TV network, Monday through Friday. With the singer on her program is producer-host Ted Collins.

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Now we can tell the story of . . .

How Hitler Missed the A-Bomb

by PETER WYDEN

IT WAS NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1943. Dr. Norman Hilberry, physicist with the University of Chicago's Atomic Metallurgical Project, sat at home with his wife. As the minutes ticked in 1944, Dr. Hilberry sat tensely, nervously consulting his watch again and again.

On that New Year's Eve, Dr. Hilberry was one of a select circle that shared two terrifying secrets: one was that the A-bomb was feasible and was being perfected at the University of Chicago; the other, that such a bomb might explode at any minute.

Suddenly the phone jangled. Hilberry snatched up the receiver. There was silence on the wire. Then a thick voice mumbled to him: "Happy New Year!"

Weak-kneed, Dr. Hilberry resumed his vigil.

"That wasn't the call you were expecting, was it?" asked his wife.

It wasn't. The call he feared never came. If it had, Germany might have won World War II.

Incredible as it now seems, Hilberry was awaiting word that the Nazis had hit Allied invasion troops assembled in England with an A-bomb of their own. At the least, our best scientific brains were convinced that Hitler's researchers had found ways to "package" and drop dangerous radioactive materials.

A secret race between German and American atomic scientists had been going on for five years. It was a frantic race, carried on behind locked laboratory doors. Only a handful of immediate participants knew of its existence. Some of its phases still remain "top secret."

Combining their knowledge of Nazi scientific progress with what was known of Hitler's methods, the Chicago scientists felt the German A-bomb would probably be unleashed between Christmas and New Year's.

Precautions had been taken. Army medical units abroad had been asked to report any fogging of x-ray films—a tip-off of radioactivity. In extreme secrecy, Geiger counters and protective equipment had been shipped to England. A team of scientists was standing by in Chicago, awaiting an alert from Dr. Hilberry. Planes were ready to fly them directly to Europe to survey bomb damage and direct counter-measures.

"I had in my head a list of those who were to go," Dr. Hilberry recalls. "They knew the game too well to be taken in by a false alarm. But if the German spy work had been good, the Nazis could have scattered a lot of radium around and given us quite a scare."

No one will talk about it today, but even the possibility of a German atom raid on the U. S. was considered. Quietly, Geiger counters and other instruments are said

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to have been distributed among key American cities.

Dr. Hilberry, who is now deputy director of the Atomic Energy Commission's Argonne National Laboratory, remembers that race as far more frightening than the present one with Russia.

"There's this difference between then and now," he explains. "Now, we feel fairly confident that we have a lead that will be difficult to catch up with. It's cold war, a continuing toothache, not an extraction. The other was an absolute emergency."

Then, our nuclear physicists were pretty much in the dark as to what their opposite numbers were concocting in Germany. What they did know sounded hair-raising.

Before the war, one German laboratory after another had become *verboten* to American visitors. Piles of graphite, important in building atomic piles, were stacked about these forbidden centers. Rumors even reported Nazi researchers killed by atomic explosives.

Then hints came of the impending V-1 buzz bombs and the V-2 rockets, which our scientists felt sure would carry atomic war heads. Aerial observers told of odd, fiercely protected installations rising in France. Actually they were rocket-launchers, but it was feared they might be nuclear weapons centers. And all the while, Hitler kept ranting about super-secret weapons that would win the war for him.

The Chicago physicists were gravely worried. Many had been trained in Europe and held German scientific know-how in high regard. Several even hesitated about allowing the FBI to fingerprint them. They were afraid we would lose the war, and didn't want to be on file as A-bomb builders.

"The real reason for going ahead with the atom bomb was the fear that the Germans would beat us to it and snatch victory from our hands," says Dr. Arthur H. Compton, Nobel Prize-winning Chancellor of Washington University in St. Louis, then director of the Chicago project. "President Roosevelt would not have okayed it otherwise.

"I knew they were ahead of us as we started. They had organized work looking toward an atomic chain reaction with war intent in 1939. There were reported to be about 50 scientists engaged in the enterprise. That was as many as we had in the autumn of 1941.

"In the spring of 1943, letters I saw from a Swiss source made it

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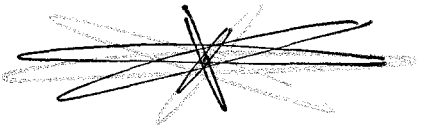
clear they knew *how* to make the chain reaction. That meant they were going ahead. I thought they were a pretty long way from a bomb, but I was concerned about a radioactive attack that might come at any time."

The Nazis, then, had a two-year start on the democracies. Nervously, our scientists pored over every scrap of atomic data coming from the enemy camp. Considerable spying could be done by close scrutiny of German technical journals, and these were not reassuring. Whenever American experiments netted certain results, enemy periodicals published papers indicating that the Germans had obtained the same data previously. And the Chicago experts concluded that the Nazis were keeping their really important findings to themselves.

Indications appeared that the Germans had given their uranium project top priority. A Wehrmacht general personally inspected the Paris cyclotron of Dr. Frederic Joliot-Curie, the French atomic physicist, and the laboratory was put to work at once. In Norway, strategic heavy-water plants were rebuilt with amazing speed after our Air Force closed them down in pinpoint raids.

But around actual atomic progress, German secrecy seemed airtight. Prisoners of war and the otherwise talkative "Swedish travelers" reported nothing. Even trained American spies in Germany, instructed to spot atomic projects, could find nothing.

In their grim frustration, our experts proposed a Hollywoodian plot to send an American physicist to Switzerland to contact Dr. Werner



Heisenberg, Germany's Nobel Prize-winning atomic physicist, at a scientific meeting and sound him out. The military vetoed the idea, fearing that our representative by his questions could give away more than he might uncover.

A scheme was then weighed to kidnap from Central Europe a scientist who might reveal the Nazis' secrets. The plan was abandoned, however, because military experts doubted that the "target" could be spirited away alive.

More scares came from France. Up popped Nazi stationery marked, "The Representative of the Reichsmarshal for Nuclear Physics." Auto trip tickets bore the same legend—plus, "This trip is important for the war effort." It looked as if the Germans had a full marshal for atomic research while we had only a two-star general.

The climax of the American effort came on December 2, 1942, when Dr. Enrico Fermi produced the first chain reaction under the grandstand of the University of Chicago stadium and proved the bomb possible. But how far along were the German physicists?

Our scientists thought that Hitler's men might perfect their bomb by 1943. As D-Day approached for the Normandy invasion in June, 1944, tension among them was terrific. But the landings went off without any atomic attack.

In London, when the first V-1 fell, scientists anxiously inspected the debris. The relatively small

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damage indicated clearly that the missile was not atomic.

What had happened, they wondered, to Hitler's A-bomb?

At that point, Maj. Gen. Leslie R. Groves, military chief of the U. S. bomb-makers and referred to by them as "Geegee," asked the War Department for a top-secret mission of scientists to follow our liberation armies into Germany and find out what had been hatching in the atomic centers there.

The mission was named "Alsos" (Greek for "groves") and was headed by Dr. Samuel A. Goudsmit. Now chairman of the physics department at Brookhaven National Laboratory, the doctor had come from Holland in 1927. He spoke several languages, including German, and had kept up his European contacts. In fact, just before war broke out, Dr. Heisenberg had stayed at Dr. Goudsmit's home while guest-lecturing at the University of Michigan.

"Alsos," spurred on by secret radiograms from a tense Pentagon, followed on the heels of the advancing troops. Other Allied scientific missions were deliberately kept in the dark about "Alsos." Even most of its members were not supposed to know its real aim.

In Strasbourg, Dr. Goudsmit unearthed remnants of interesting papers at the university. Nuclear physicists had been working there and their memos, examined by "Alsos" while shells still burst, indicated the Germans had not produced an atomic chain reaction.

Washington, skeptical, suspected a "plant." The search went on.

In an old schoolhouse in a Thuringian village, Dr. Goudsmit's men found the first Nazi uranium pile laboratory. Chunks of paraffin, a tool in nuclear physics, were scattered about. A pile of briquettes—the Germans tried to pass them off as coal—was composed of pressed uranian oxide. To Dr. Goudsmit, it looked like the setup of a backwater college, not a significant government atomic project.

Finally, just two weeks before V-E Day, a brewery, a textile mill and a cave scattered about the South German town of Hechingen yielded the answer to the most fateful mystery of World War II. Top scientists were seized. Quantities of uranium and heavy water were captured. The key documents of all Nazi atomic research were found sealed in a can which had been lowered into a cesspool.

Bit by bit, Dr. Goudsmit learned how the Nazis had fumbled their big chance at world domination.

IN 1939, a professor whose only published work dealt with the vibrations of piano strings, began working on a uranium bomb for Wehrmacht ordnance. His "Oak Ridge," a lonely building in some woods, looked like an outhouse. Top German scientists knew nothing of the project. The professor soon lost interest in it and turned it over to another bureau.

Also in 1939, a professor in the Ministry of Education summoned six ranking physicists and started the "Uranium Club"—a serious, top-secret enterprise to build an A-bomb.

Still another outfit was operated by a technician who had heard that the Postal Ministry had research funds nobody was using. He per-

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suaded Postal Minister Dr. Wilhelm Ohnesorge to let him work on an A-bomb as postal research.

There was competition among all these Nazi bomb-builders. All were short of money. All suffered by Hitler's purge of the professions and infiltration of their ranks by party hacks. None could conceive that someone else might crack a scientific nut that resisted German genius.

Just before V-E Day, they found that an atomic chain reaction was possible. Their spirits soared. Germany was crumbling, but some of them thought their knowledge could be used as a club to help strike a better bargain for Germany at a peace conference.

Interrogated by "Alsos" men, they believed they were being questioned because they knew more than their captors. Dr. Heisenberg even issued an invitation to American scientists to visit his laboratory, where he would be happy to tell them all about uranium.

The awakening was a shock. It came at an estate near London, where Germany's ten top nuclear physicists were interned on August 6, 1945, the day the first American bomb was exploded over Hiroshima.

The radio gave the flash at dinnertime. The Germans were incredulous. It couldn't be an atomic bomb —*they* hadn't been able to make one yet. It must be propaganda.

When more details came through, a furious argument ensued. The younger men reproached the older for not having had more vision. Then they all tried to figure out how the Americans had done it. Lacking technical data, they reasoned that we had dumped an entire uranium pile. They did not know that no plane could carry such a load, and that a pile would only fizz, not explode.

Later, Heisenberg called them together and explained that the pile had been used to make a brand new material, plutonium, and this was used to make the bomb. Only then did they fully realize how badly we had beaten them in what turned out to be one of the most remarkable scientific races in modern history.

Business Pointers

ADVERTISING came into the world because men were too impatient for Mrs. Jones to tell Mrs. Smith that Brown's pickles were good.

—ROY S. DURSTINE (*Advertiser's Digest*)

THE ONLY business that is able to make money without advertising is the mint. —*Twaddle*

IT IS WISE to realize very early in life that what you don't know, somebody else is getting paid for knowing. —ANONYMOUS

THE EFFICIENT SALESMAN should not be ashamed of his calling, but rather of his not calling.

—*Best's Insurance News*

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MACBETH

STUDIO ONE

TELEVISION, a wonderful new world of entertainment, has given added dimensions to literature, too. Leading the way is CBS-TV *Studio One* which, for four years, has been translating great classics of the written word into vivid entertainment, modernizing here, adapting there, and, from week to week, running a gamut of drama and emotion that has never before been witnessed by a nationwide audience. On these pages are striking scenes from famous tales on which *Studio One* has put its unique stamp, contributing fresh depth and breadth and meaning.

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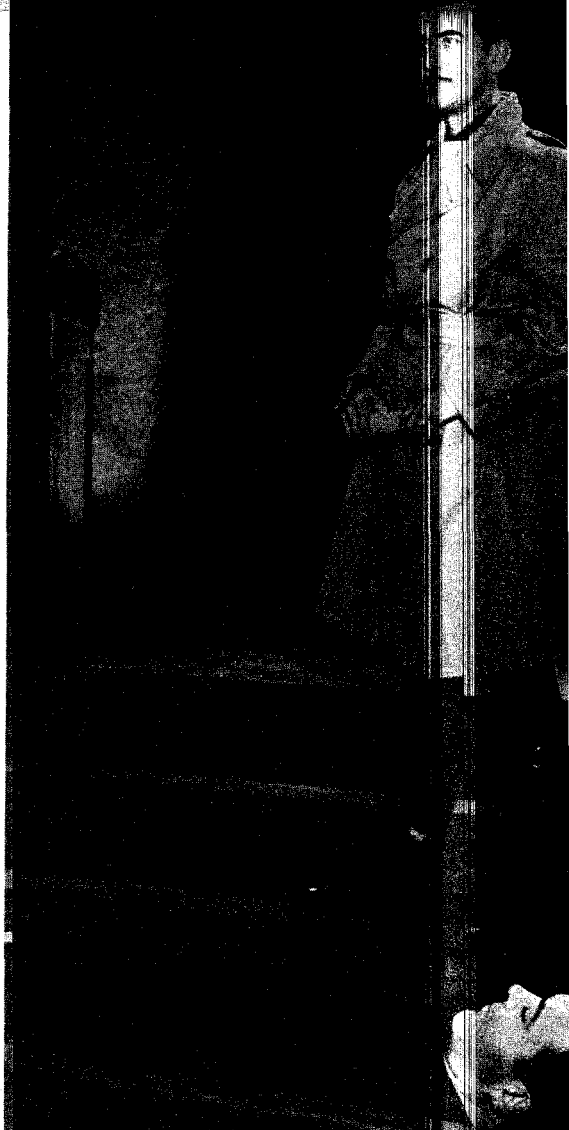

In *Julius Caesar*, the eternal tragedy of the m
lies the head that wears a crown"—Shakespe
Caesar, murdered by assassins who fear his
stands before the body of his friend and spe
"Friends, Romans, Countrymen—lend me yo
Caesar, not to praise him." But praise him h
the crowd that, in the end, there is war—vi
for the conspirators, and vindication for Caesa

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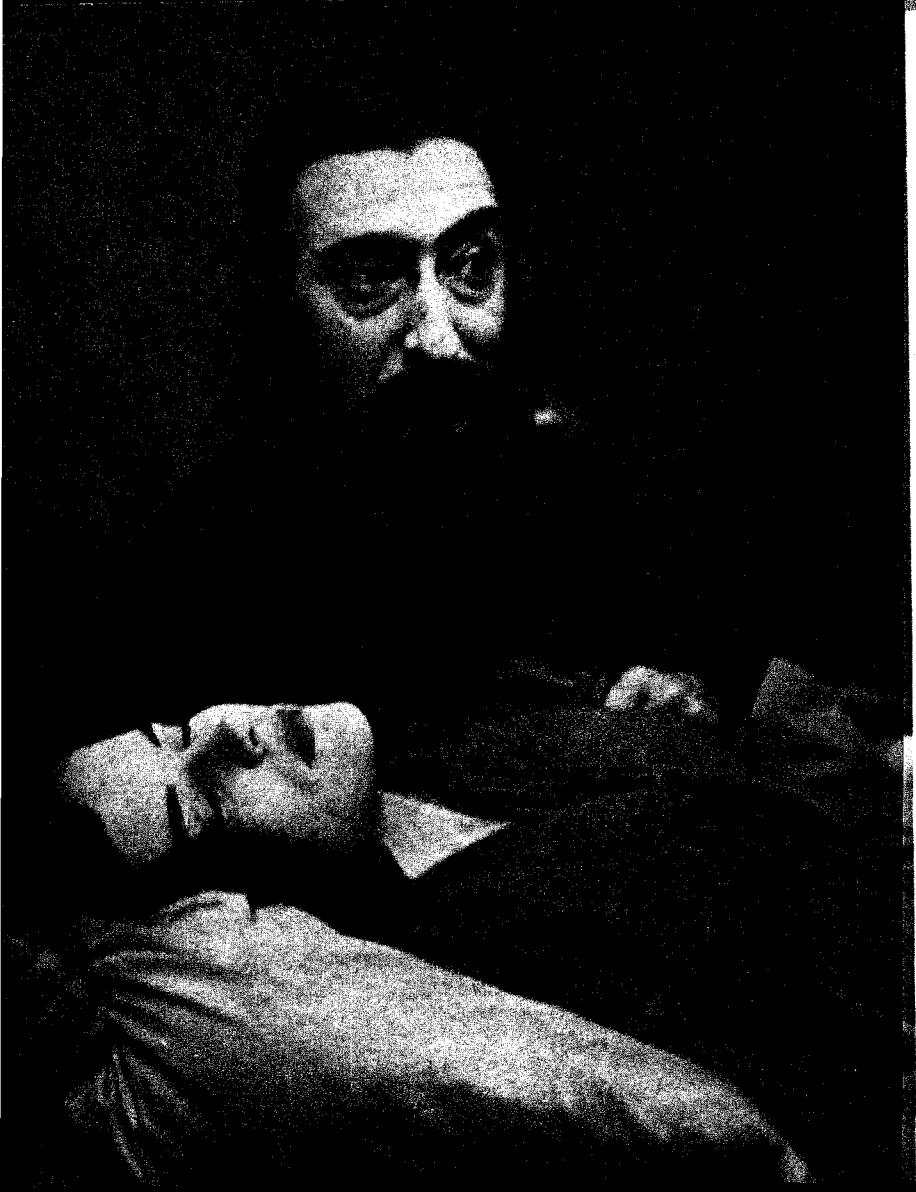

There is some mysterious, compelling force in the theme of man molding another human in his own image that has fascinated writers from the time of Greek mythology. George Du Maurier's *Trilby* tells of a young artist's model hypnotized by the evil genius, Svengali. In a scene charged with fire and passion, she is chained irrevocably to his iron will. He teaches her to sing and, under his spell, she becomes world famous. But one day, to free Trilby, Svengali dies, and in that instant her voice is lost forever, and soon afterward, her life, too.

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In Henry James' parable of manners and morals, *The Ambassadors*, Lambert Strethers and the sister of Chad Newscombe have come to Paris to persuade that young man to give up the lovely Countess of whom he is enamored and return to Massachusetts. In one sparkling scene after another, the Countess subtly shows the "ambassadors" that Paris holds more for Chad than does New England and, finally, Strethers and Chad's sister return home, but Chad stays, to be guided by a newfound philosophy: "Live all you can: it's a mistake not to."

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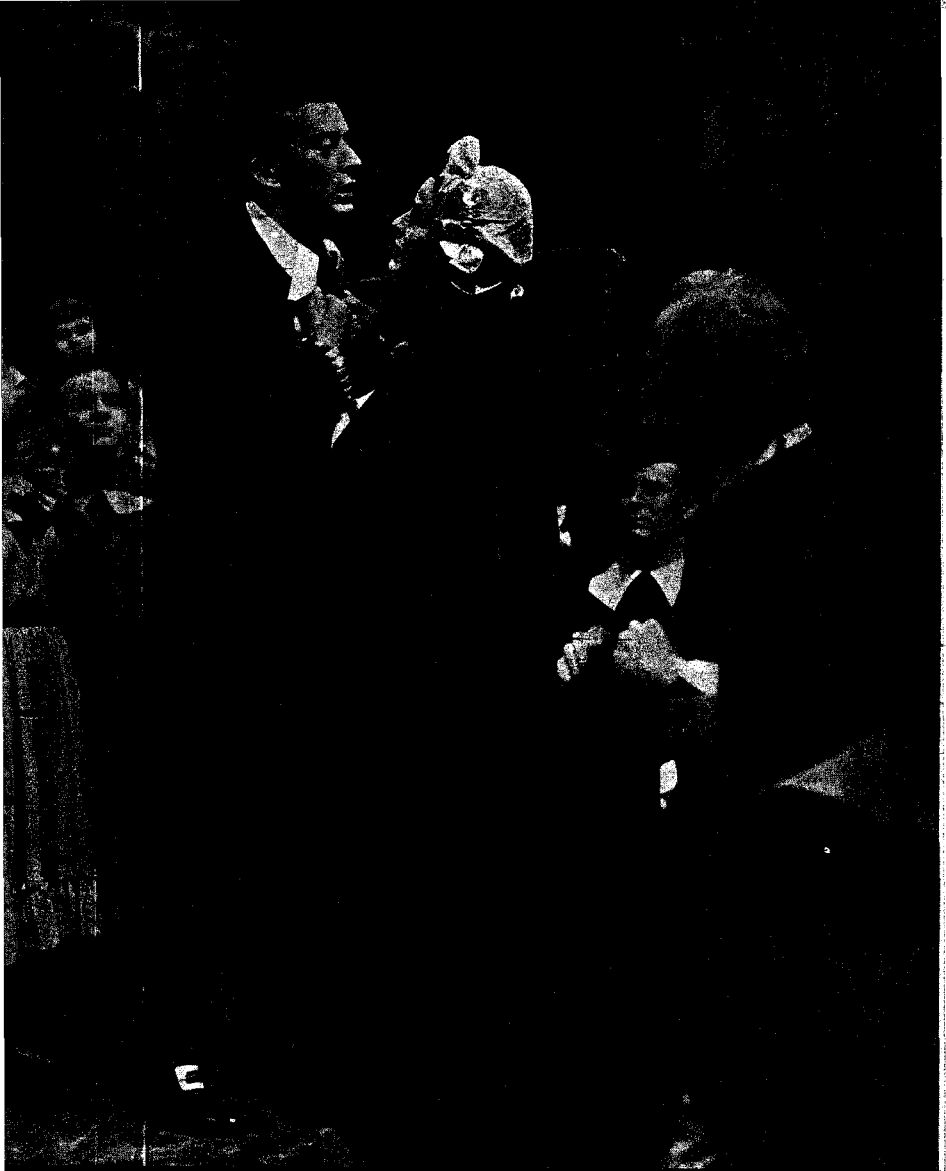

The wages of sin is death, says the Bible, and in *The Scarlet Letter*, a somber tale of the Puritan Colonists, Nathaniel Hawthorne re-affirmed that precept. Mocked and scorned in the public pillory, Hester Prynne wears the scarlet "A" of the adulteress on her breast and suffers in silence. Steadfastly she refuses to name her partner in sin. Then, in a profoundly moving scene, the minister, Arthur Dimmesdale, tortured beyond endurance, climbs the pillory and shouts his guilt to the world. Compassionate to the end, Hester holds him in her arms as he dies.

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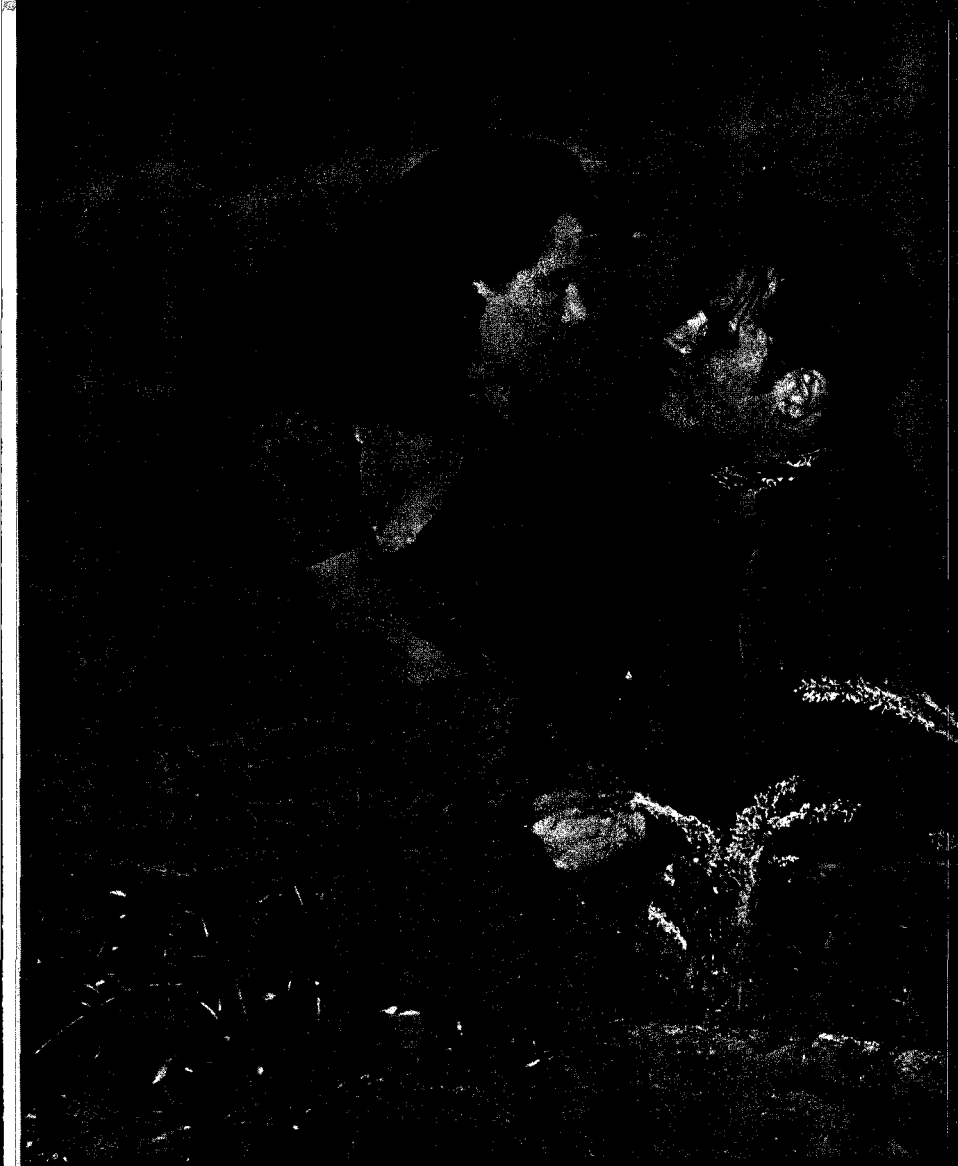

The tragedy of young love, swept by dark passion and conflict, comes vividly alive in Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights*, the tale of the gentle Cathy and the strange, savage Heathcliff whom she could never forget. Torn by violent moods, aflame with an undying hatred for the world that separated him from his beloved Cathy, Heathcliff keeps locked in his heart the memory of a haunting yesterday. In her final hours, Cathy calls his name. One last time they gaze out over the moors together. Then Cathy sleeps. She has found peace at last.

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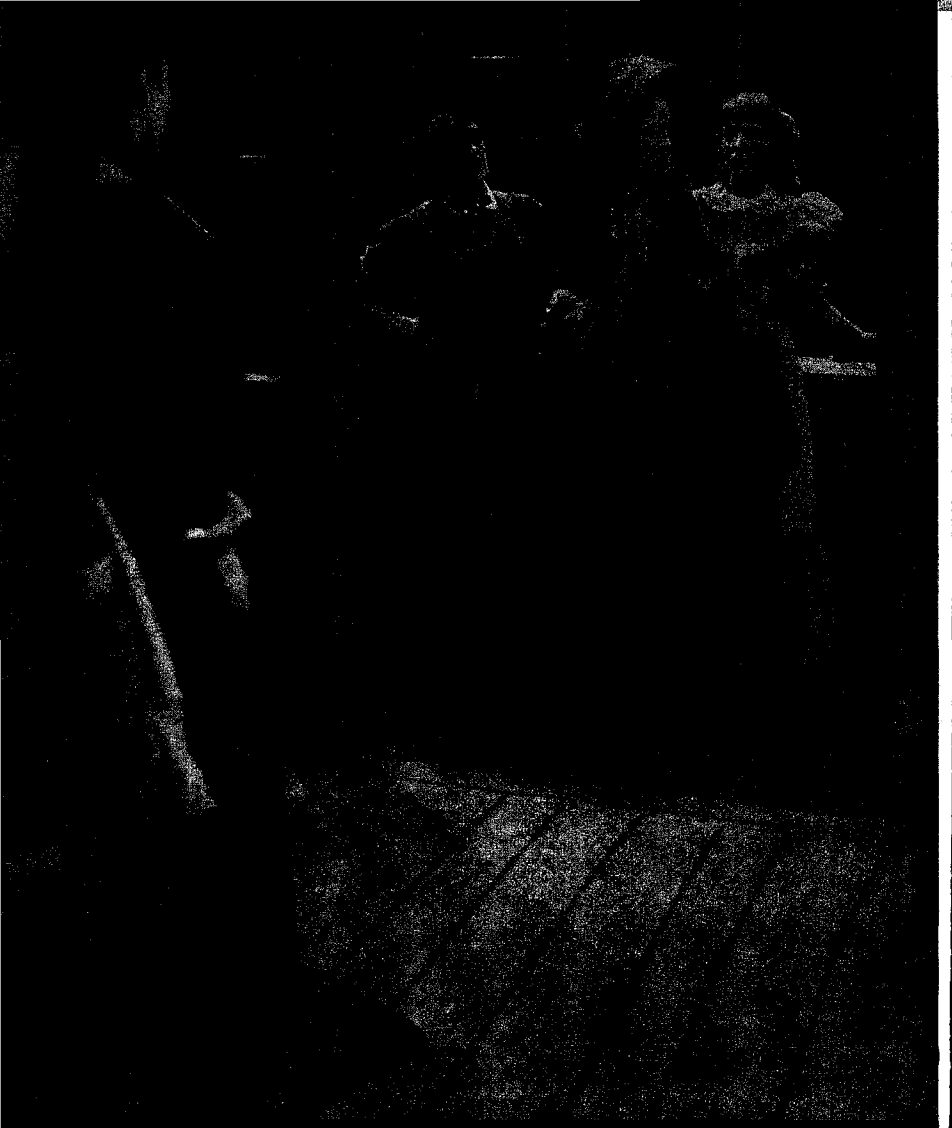

Few fictional characters have so endeared themselves over so long a period of time as have Louisa May Alcott's *Little Women*, the March sisters, who bring to life the eternal sweetness and charm of childhood. Crisis welds the girls into an inseparable quartet. From New York comes word that their father is desperately ill. Mrs. March, rushing to his side, leaves the sisters with little money, but with an unquenchable spirit that the household, the family, shall remain intact—and it does, through one of the tenderest tales in all literature.

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"GET IT RIGHT!"

Win Elliot, host on "Break the Bank" (ABC Radio, Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to noon, EST), is one of radio's most versatile performers—a master of ceremonies, a newscaster and a sports announcer. But Win says that all types of broadcasts have at least one thing in common: "People's names—an announcer has to get the name—and get it right. No one will ever forget the fellow who introduced the President as 'Hoobert Heever'!" Elliot challenges you to do better in identifying the following personalities. In each group, e.g., John James; James Patrick; Patrick Jackson—the first person's last name is the second person's first name, and the second person's last name is the third person's first name. **Answers on page 136.**

1. a. A Virginia Burgess who defied George III.
   b. He manufactured the models "T" and "A."
   c. He headed the National Baseball League.
2. a. He left Westerns for "The Sands of Iwo Jima."
   b. He was "Kid Galahad" on the screen.
   c. A theatrical producer who worked with midgets.
3. a. She fought for woman's right to vote.
   b. A Revolutionary War general.
   c. An orchestra leader, a waltz specialist.
4. a. A British Prime Minister during World War I.
   b. The Bambino of baseball.
   c. She wrote "Over 21."
5. a. He was the last Confederate Secretary of State.
   b. He caught electricity with a kite.
   c. He was a "regular" on radio's "Information Please."
6. a. He and brother Frank were Western badmen.
   b. He wrote "Ulysses" and "Dubliners."
   c. He wrote "Trees."
7. a. German born, he conducted the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.
   b. A Broadway columnist, he gives "Orchids."
   c. An American dramatist with the country's most popular family name.
8. a. A sophisticated singer, she was in "Kiss Me Kate."
   b. He rose to fame in "The Champion."
   c. He was the swashbuckling husband of Mary Pickford.
9. a. He was the first U. S. Attorney General.
   b. A Hollywood "good guy."
   c. He wrote about the flaming youth of the 20's in "This Side of Paradise."
10. a. An early film comedian.
    b. He wrote "The Robe."
    c. He said "I shall return."
11. a. The Father of Our Country.
    b. A Hudson Valley author.
    c. "God Bless America" is one of his hits.
12. a. He once feuded with Jack Benny.
    b. He is a rising vocalist.
    c. She is the unkissed "Queen" of the Westerns.

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CHART YOUR DAILY UPS AND DOWNS

by LOUISE LEVITAS

Science has found an explanation for the emotional cycle that rules your life

THERE ARE DAYS when the whole world seems to be conspiring against you. The alarm clock doesn't go off; your breakfast coffee is cold; you just miss the bus because you catch your heel in a sidewalk grating; and when you finally arrive at work—late—the elevator door slams in your face.

With that beginning, the rest of the day is doomed—your boss is irritable, your work fruitless, even the telephone betrays you with wrong numbers. By the time you reach home that night, you feel like Job with a first-class persecution complex.

Would you be surprised to learn that you created most of these misfortunes yourself, and furthermore, that on certain days you may actually be dangerous to yourself and to others?

There is an emotional time clock in each of us, a continuing rhythm of ups and downs which sets our attitude toward the events of each day. If you are a wife who waits until her husband is in a good mood before asking for something extra, you defer to this cycle instinctively. Or if you are a businessman who puts off important calls until a certain hour, you are unconsciously doing the same thing.

In fact, everyone responds to this mysterious internal mechanism. Although it has never been medically defined, now, thanks to 20 years of research by Dr. Rexford Hersey of the University of Pennsylvania, we have exact scientific information to explain the emotional cycle, why it occurs, and what it means to you.

It all began when Dr. Hersey, eminent psychologist and authority on industrial management efficiency, was studying a group of manual workers in a railroad repair shop. He was attempting to learn under what conditions men did their best work and felt most satisfied in their jobs.

Talking to the men several times daily and making individual charts of his findings, he was surprised to discover that their feelings not only changed during the day—as they became fatigued perhaps, or impatient with the work—but also they had longer moods, which had nothing to do with their environment. These emotional ups and downs fell into a regular pattern for each individual, and over a

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period of months the pattern kept repeating itself.

Extending his researches to workers in other industries, the psychologist found that everyone experiences a recurring cycle of emotions throughout life—a cycle which isn't much affected by external events.

The time span for each person is peculiar to himself. Young people usually have shorter cycles—averaging two or three weeks from one high through the intervening low to the next high. As we grow older and acquire greater stability and self-containment, our cycle grows longer. For some, it is seven or eight weeks in length, for most about five.

In other words, the average individual who wakes up today feeling self-confident, full of good fellowship and the conviction that all's right with the world, can expect in about five weeks—or whenever his cycle repeats itself—a renewed feeling of elation.

One of the workers first observed by Dr. Hersey would develop a cold during his low period. In the months that followed, he experienced the joys and problems of a new baby in the family, yet in spite of all the changes in his life, about every five weeks he had the sniffles!

The fact that in the midst of our complex civilization there is a certain law and order moving through all our tangled emotions, Dr. Hersey points out, is somehow reassuring. And here is another reassuring fact: during most of our lives we tend to be *up* rather than down.

On the average, the cycle for a normal adult consists of an extreme high period lasting about a week or more, a better than neutral period of maybe two and a half weeks, a neutral feeling for several days, and finally the acute phase of his low period, which lasts only three or four days.

What mechanism governs this mysterious cycle? To find out, Dr. Hersey began by studying himself. For a year and a half he underwent intensive weekly physical examinations; then he tested others.

He found that many of the organs creating the chemistry of the body have their own cycle, as together they work to store up energy for you. This energy makes you feel increasingly vigorous. You become so active that you finally use up your store of energy. Before your system can produce more, you begin to feel tired—low—you tend to move slower.

This is the period when the body is working once more to build up fresh reserves. And the way you feel at this time is actually a warning signal! If you are the person who started out this morning with everything going wrong, you had better put the brakes on.

"You can look upon the emotional lows as nature's device for your own protection," Dr. Hersey says. "These changes of mood serve as a balance, to keep you from running so fast and becoming so tired that you'll fall ill. The low comes in and forces you to slow down before you reach the danger point."

Although the physical cycle averages one to two weeks longer than the emotional cycle, there are about four times a year when your physical and emotional lows coincide. Those are acute danger periods,

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and you can recognize them because you are likely to be much more affected than usual—perhaps deeply depressed, perhaps more reckless and ready to fly off the handle.

There are medical tests which reveal your ups and downs. Basal metabolic readings indicate the pattern of your emotional curve; the blood count, your physical cycle.

When you are emotionally high, your powers of recuperation are remarkably rapid; you throw off colds and other ailments quickly. You also are able to face and overcome disappointments and other problems more easily. But when you are in the low part of your cycle, even small upsets can affect you greatly.

There are actually advantages in your low period, however, if you learn to understand yourself. When you are in such a mood, there are some things you can actually do better than at any other time. You are more critical, you can spot mistakes and plan improvements. It is a time for research, routine detail work, quiet thinking alone; and the plans you make during this period may help you toward greater accomplishments later.

"Lows tend to correct the faults, the carelessness that comes from a too persistently high attitude toward life," says Dr. Hersey. "It is doubtful if a man who never experiences low moods can produce great things in the world, no matter what his capacity."

But when it comes to work that requires fresh vigor, new ideas, tact and interest in people—jobs such as selling, counseling, teaching or collecting charity funds—you will probably accomplish twice as much during your high periods, when you have most energy and confidence and feel most ambitious. You sometimes can do in one sitting all the chores that you have been putting off for weeks. You are also likely to make dates at this time because the urge to seek out the opposite sex is greater.

The extreme high may have its drawbacks, too. A worker who is too exuberant becomes careless. He may work faster but he takes chances because he is likely to overestimate what he can do.

THERE IS NO PATTERN that fits everyone, since we each express our emotions differently. Yet among the many cases Dr. Hersey has studied, a 19-year-old boy presents a clear picture of the extremes in ups and downs.

This boy was susceptible to any passing event—a rainstorm, a snarl from the boss, last night's party—and his work showed how he felt.

He came to the shop one day so depressed he could scarcely do his job. The reason: on the bus the night before, an attractive girl to whom he had once been introduced, waved to him, but he didn't have the nerve to approach her and ask for the date he wanted.

"He might have summoned up courage to talk to her," Dr. Hersey says, "if his emotional state had been higher."

A couple of weeks later, the boy arrived at work charged with ambition. He was in love with a girl he had met at a party and he tore through his job like a dynamo.

By the end of another two months, he was confiding morosely,

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Try Keeping Your Own Chart

This is the long-term picture of one person's ups and downs. Make copies of this chart, graduated by days of the week. At 10 and 3 o'clock daily, put an X opposite the word describing your emotion. Compute and transfer weekly averages to a chart like this.

	AVERAGE FOR 1ST WEEK	AVERAGE FOR 2ND WEEK	AVERAGE FOR 3RD WEEK	AVERAGE FOR 4TH WEEK	AVERAGE FOR 5TH WEEK	AVERAGE FOR 6TH WEEK	AVERAGE FOR 7TH WEEK	AVERAGE FOR 8TH WEEK	AVERAGE FOR 9TH WEEK	AVERAGE FOR 10TH WEEK	AVERAGE FOR 11TH WEEK
HAPPY—ELATED											
HAPPY (MINUS)											
HOPEFUL—COOPERATIVE											
INTERESTED—COOPERATIVE											
NEUTRAL (PLUS)											
NEUTRAL											
NEUTRAL (MINUS)											
PEEVISH											
ANGRY—DISGUSTED											
SAD											
APPREHENSIVE											
WORRIED											

"Girls! I'm through with them!"—a resolution he discarded in another few days.

He is young but typical, Dr. Hersey thinks, of people who let themselves be pushed around by their emotions. "For all of us there is the possibility of achieving satisfaction in life," he says, "if only we can build up the necessary self-knowledge."

The chart on this page is exactly like the charts used by Dr. Hersey in his researches, and is in fact a key to yourself. If you keep a day-to-day record like it of your ups and downs for several months until you have measured your own cycle, you will make two discoveries.

You can be the master rather than the victim of your moods; and, the troubles that cause you the greatest suffering may be wholly imaginary! The illustrated chart shows that low periods do not last long. High and above-neutral periods last longer, although extreme highs are infrequent.

People who know their ups and downs, Dr. Hersey has found, have

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gained serenity, and are better able to control both themselves and others. They know that low periods are normal and will give way to better ones.

This does not mean that, by charting your ups and downs, you must resign yourself to recurring periods of gloom. You will have the *tendency* toward pessimism in your low periods, but not the necessity. And you can help yourself in these ways:

1. Eat carefully and try to get more sleep than usual.

2. Seek a change of scene and activity—a walk through the park, a trip to the beach, a game of ball. It will relax you.

3. Plan your work well in advance so that you will be able to schedule creative work for the higher periods and put off easier tasks for handling during this time of lower physical energy.

4. Put the brakes on yourself; don't undertake activities involving risk if they can be postponed.

5. Instead of blaming your troubles on fate, take the responsibility yourself.

Back in the 15th century a great teacher, Thomas à Kempis, advised: "Be inwardly free and thoroughly master of thyself, that all things be under thee, and thou not under them; that thou be lord and ruler of thine actions, not a slave and hireling."

There is no tyranny so enslaving as your own emotions—and yet you have the power to set yourself free.

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Poetic Justice

by TED MALONE

ONE OF THE BEST-KNOWN poems in the English language conceals between its lines the secret of an unpunished murder. This long-hidden crime was committed more than 200 years ago by a woman who poisoned her husband in order to marry another man. And there was a second victim—the dead man's son, who somehow discovered his beloved mother's guilt, and died of a broken heart.

This young man, Richard West, had been an English poet of promise, and before his death he confided in his best friend, another young writer. West's friend shared in his anguish over the real-life re-enactment of Hamlet's classic tragedy, but he was sworn to secrecy. So he expressed his untold grief in a poem honoring a nameless youth.

This verse epitaph hints at some mysterious sorrow as the cause of the young man's death, but West's name is never mentioned, and the final lines are a seal upon the poet's pledge of silence:

> No farther seek his merits to disclose
> Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
> (There they alike in trembling hope repose),
> The bosom of his Father and his God.

Perhaps the poet never intended publication for the poem which had such heavy, hidden meaning, but seven years later, when Horace Walpole asked to see some of his manuscripts, he took the epitaph from its hiding place. He combined the stanzas with another poem—a longer work describing the yew-shaded country churchyard where the poet had written the mourning verses for his friend.

Undoubtedly he felt that his poetic speculations about the humble persons buried in the obscure tombs would mask the true story of the one grave that engendered the mourning mood of the whole poem.

Walpole was so much impressed by the work that he showed it to all his London friends. It was not long before all the reading world knew that the anonymous author of "An Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" was Thomas Gray. But to this day, few of the millions who have read the poem have ever guessed at the tragic secret concealed among its stanzas.

Nevertheless, Gray's "Elegy" immortalized both its author and its unnamed hero, ensuring fame for Thomas Gray and poetic justice for Richard West.

Ted Malone stars on the *Ted Malone Show*, ABC radio network, Monday through Friday

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Book Feature

What's In Your Hand?

from the new book, FIND YOUR FORTUNE IN YOUR HAND

by FRANK HITESHEW and MARTHA KENNEDY BRADY

MANY THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO, a primeval man looked at his hands and wondered at the marvels they could perform. Perhaps he had killed with a club or sketched the first drawing on a rugged cliff, when it occurred to him that his hand had made him master of many things. His hand and his brain: the instrument and the will. An almost synonymous pair.

It took thousands of years to discover the exact relation of this remarkable pair. The brain remained a mysterious, uncharted world until 1861, when a physician named Paul Broca began to search for the "center of speech." He performed an autopsy on the brain of a patient who had been speechless for 21 years before his death and found the beginning of the lesion which had made the man dumb—in one of the two frontal lobes over the eyes.

Hundreds of autopsies later, it had almost become a rule that the speech center was located in the left lobe. But once in a while it would turn up in the right. Why? The two lobes are identical and undeveloped at birth—equal in potential. But one of them goes to school and eventually contains the sum total of your knowledge, memory and reason. The other remains passive. A surgeon could remove it tomorrow, and you would continue to think and to act in the same intelligent manner. Why is the left lobe active in some heads, and the right lobe in others?

No one knows the whole answer—yet. But physicians now know that if you are right-handed, your left lobe is the intelligent one. Nerves from this lobe cross the body and govern your right hand. The passive left hand is governed by the passive right lobe. (If you are left-handed, things are reversed.)

But what was primitive man doing during these many thousands of years? He was busy discovering himself, and in the process, amassing some interesting knowledge

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Probably long before Aristotle wrote his treatise on palmistry, primitive man had noticed that the lines on one of his hands were different from the lines on the other. Then he found differences between his hands and those of his friends.

How fascinating! This wonderful instrument had a unique personality! And so, just as he had dramatized the seasons which brought him food and flood and love, he began to make up tales about the lines of his hand. He was a strong man, a great man, he had killed many bears. He had big ideas of becoming a chief. His hand resembled his character—it was short, powerful and well-knit, with the look of a club. Just the hand to rule. How different from his brother's hand, with its long, uselessly fine fingers and many lines!

What were lines in comparison to muscle? His brother had few muscles because he had killed few bears, because he spent his days high on a windy hill, dreaming and staring at the sky. Of course, he had ideas—in fact, his ideas eventually made it possible for our primitive man to become the chieftain of his tribe.

At the birth of his first child, our primitive man asked his brother to read his son's hand. And the brother was very interested to see that the lines on the two hands of this baby were identical. Therefore, he examined many babies' hands and found them all identical at birth. But as the babies grew to men, the lines of the active hand sometimes changed.

Could it be that the lines on the active hand were changed by the thinking of the active frontal lobe? By that lobe which, so accurately, records all experience and, in imagination, penetrates the future?

Is it not possible that the seed of success dwells in some personalities from birth? That inherent qualities make failure impossible? And that the mind, knowing the personality in its entirety, delineates its greatness in the hand and prognosticates its own outstanding career?

There are questions which palmists have been asking since the discovery of the intimate relation between the hand and the brain. But they are questions without answers, and will remain so until a great deal of research has been done.

Therefore, we suggest that you analyze your fortune in a spirit of adventure and experiment. Compare your hands with those of your friends—it will help you in analyzing your own—and check on whether your past is accurately recorded in your active hand.

Your Two Hands

Your experience is recorded in the hand which you use the most—the right, if you are right-handed; the left, if you are left-handed. Its lines, and even its shape, may differ from those of your passive hand, which changes rarely, if at all. Where the two hands are identical, you are living according to your natural inclinations; where they differ, the active hand shows how experience has affected you.

The lines on your active hand keep a running account of important events. They tell the story of your past, and can grow and change as they evaluate the future. However, because you may change

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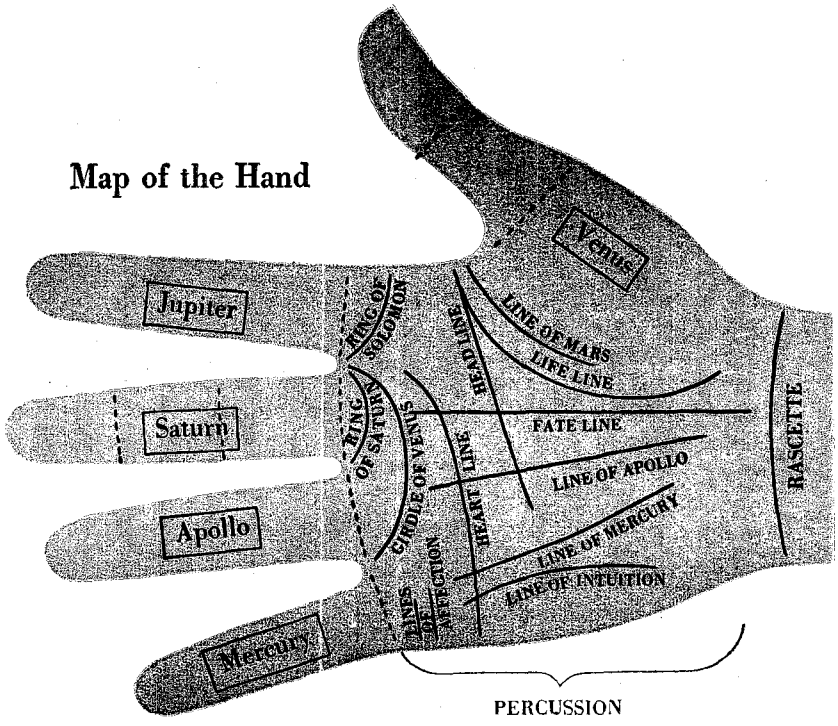

that future, no one can predict it exactly. It can be predicted only as you might predict success for an unusually bright friend who has made a good start.

The story of your vitality is told by the Life line; however, the end of the line does not necessarily mean death. Some people outlive their Life lines, and in other hands, the line grows, and breaks are healed. Death should be corroborated on the Lines of Head, Heart and/or Mercury. The Head line describes your mentality. The Heart line tells the story of your affections. The Fate line represents your home, personal life and/or career; on a woman's hand, it often reflects the husband's career, as his progress affects the home. When it is missing from the hand, the Apollo and/or Mercury lines can be partially used as alternates.

The line of Apollo is a line of celebrity and success, which appears on few hands from birth to death. When it runs the length of the hand, it usually indicates distinguished parentage. It is sometimes acquired through a successful marriage. When missing entirely, success must be achieved through personal effort rather than lucky circumstance. At whatever age the line appears and for as long as it lasts, its possessor's position and reputation are assured.

A clear line of Mercury indicating quickness of mind and shrewd

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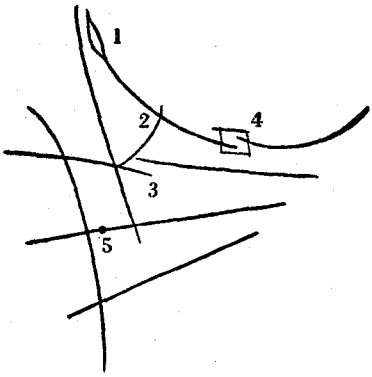
The Time and the Occasion

1. An island.
2. A chance line from Venus joining the **Fate line.**
3. Break with overlapping line.
4. Square surrounding break on Life line.
5. Dot on line of Apollo.



financial judgment, points toward material success.

A good line traces a clear, even, well-defined path across the hand; it is medium pink in color, of medium depth and width. A white line lacks force, but shows fastidiousness in the traits of the line: a white Heart line indicates that you are not overly affectionate, and are particular in selecting friends. A red line is forceful and determined: a red Head line gives you a forceful, aggressive mind; a red Heart line means you are ardent, sometimes possessive and jealous.

A shallow line lacks depth in the traits of the line. A deep line shows determined application: a deep Fate line indicates that you make a great effort in your work and/or in your home. A wide line shows dissipation of energy, a scattering of effort. A fine, narrow line shows a fine though not energetic persistence.

The Time and the Occasion

All markings and signs on the major lines represent events. You can determine the nature of an event if you know the meaning of the signs.

When a major line breaks, it stops functioning as it should. On the lines of Life, Head and Heart, a break can be a great change, serious accident or illness. However, there are several things which can lessen or dispel the danger: a new line starting beside the old one;

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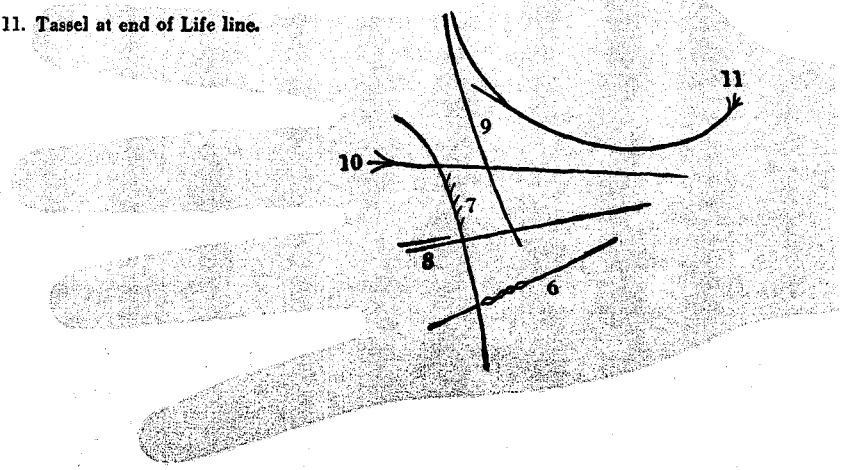
The Time and the Occasion

6. Chained Mercury line.
7. Fringed Heart line.
8. Parallel line to line of Apollo.
9. Split rising from Life line.
10. Fate line ending in trident.
11. Tassel at end of Life line.



short parallel lines which cover the distance, or a square which encloses the gap between the end of the old line and the beginning of the new.

On the Fate line, a break is an upset in the career or home, but with a new line overlapping, it may be a change to a better job or surroundings. On the line of Apollo—a threatened loss of position or reputation. On the Mercury line—threatening financial reverses or illness. When there are repair signs present and the line is clear after the break, its bad effects are only temporary.

Dots (small, round dents) mean sudden misfortune. On the Life line—sudden illness. On the Heart line—a sudden quarrel, bereavement or illness. On the Head line—mental shock or illness. On the Fate line—sudden danger to the career or a domestic crisis. On the line of Apollo—a threat to social or professional position or reputation. On the Mercury line—sudden illness or financial crisis.

Again, repair signs may lessen or dispel the danger. An island indicates serious misfortune or illness for the period of time which it covers. On the Life line—prolonged illness. On the Heart line—prolonged disturbance in a close relationship, separation from husband or wife, a disturbing emotional period, or illness. On the Head line—prolonged mental confusion or

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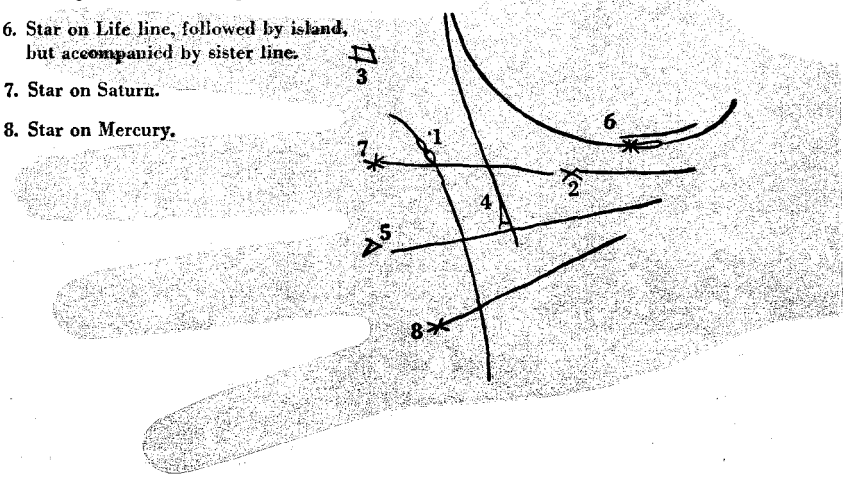
Individual Signs

1. Bar cutting Heart line, followed by chain.
2. Cross on Fate line, followed by break.
3. Square of Jupiter.
4. Triangle on Head line.
5. Triangle on mount of Apollo.
6. Star on Life line, followed by island, but accompanied by sister line.
7. Star on Saturn.
8. Star on Mercury.



illness. On the Fate line—an uncertain period in the career, sometimes accompanied by loss, or a temporary breakup in the home. On the line of Apollo—a prolonged period when position is threatened and/or reputation suffers a setback. On the Mercury line—serious illness or prolonged financial setback.

A chained line indicates physical delicacy, aggravating emotional confusion and/or indecision for as long as it remains chained. On the Life line—chronic illness or an aggravating nervous condition. On the Head line—a neurotic condition, inability to work consistently. On the Heart line—chronic illness or emotional confusion, resulting in constant unhappiness over the affections. On the Fate line—frustrating conditions, possibly due to personal uncertainty. On the line of Apollo—an uncertain period, when it is difficult to maintain position or reputation. On the Mercury line—worry, spasmodically intense effort, extreme nervousness, or financial uncertainty.

A fringed line shows a dissipation of the strength of the line. On the Life line—wasted effort, a dissipation of energy. On the Head line—scattered mental effort. On the Fate line—outside interests which hurt the career or home life. On the line of Apollo—many distractions and dissipation of talent or ability. On the Heart line—casual affections, a tendency to be fickle. On the

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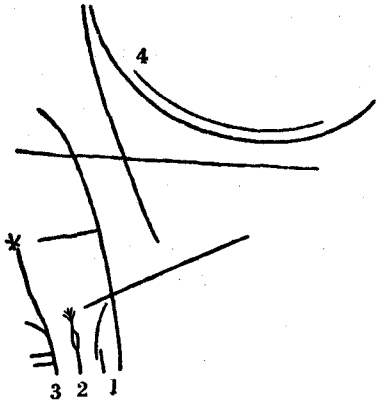
Lines of Affection

1. Line of Affection with break, overlapping line, falling toward Heart line.
2. Line of Affection with island, ending in tassel.
3. Line of Affection with 2 vertical lines, a rising split, ending in star on Apollo.
4. Influence line beginning at approximately 20 years of age.



Mercury line—excessive nervous energy, resulting in many unfinished schemes.

A split is a short, thin branch from a major line. If it rises from the line, effort is expended in a new course of action, a new relationship, an unusual spurt of ambition. The course of action may not be completed but unless the major line is weakened after the split, the effort is regarded as being favorable. A split falling from a line means wasted effort which weakens the strength of the line.

A line which ends in a fork shows a broad-minded use of the traits of the line. A line which ends in a trident indicates even greater versatility in the traits of the line. A tassel, wherever found, shows disintegration of the strength of the line.

Individual Signs

The star is a sign of great intensity, of exploding circumstances which may be highly fortunate, or disastrous, depending on its location. On the lines of Life, Head and Heart, stars usually denote explosive misfortune or sudden illness. On the Fate line, they denote explosive notoriety, disgrace or scandal. But on the lines of Apollo and Mercury, depending on their position, they promise anything from temporary celebrity to lasting fame.

If the line of Apollo ends in a star, fame in an artistic or business career is indicated. If the star ap-

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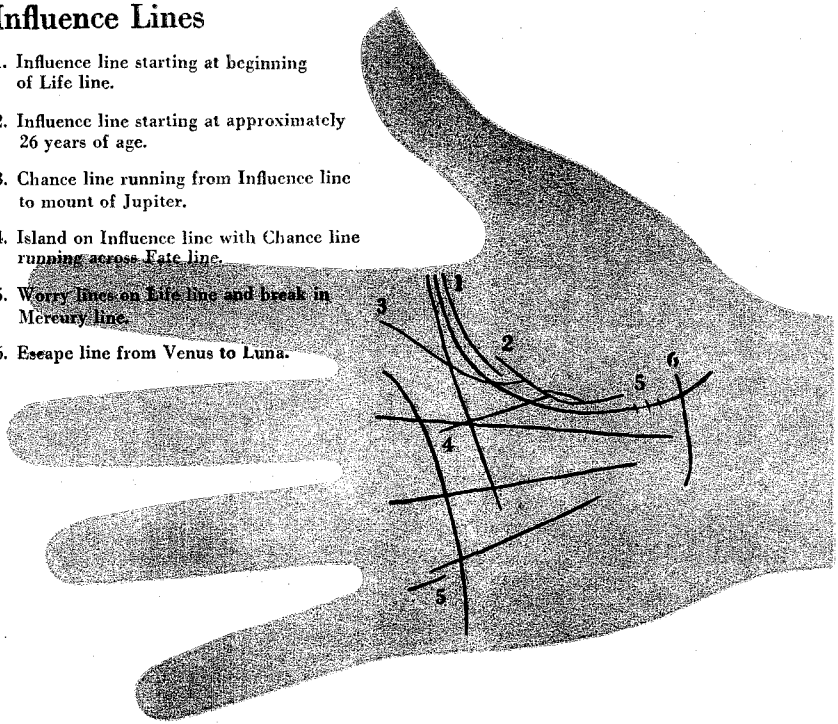
Influence Lines

1. Influence line starting at beginning of Life line.
2. Influence line starting at approximately 26 years of age.
3. Chance line running from Influence line to mount of Jupiter.
4. Island on Influence line with Chance line running across Fate line.
5. Worry lines on Life line and break in Mercury line.
6. Escape line from Venus to Luna.



pears before the end of the line, there is sudden publicity, which is of lasting value if the line continues to be well defined. A star on the Plain of Mars, not touching any major line, indicates misfortune for a relative or friend, but because it has no direct effect on a major line, its results are usually brief.

Bars, crosses and circles, when they cut or touch major lines, are usually unfavorable signs, signifying obstacles, sudden misfortune and unhappiness. Squares (not always perfectly formed) and sister lines give some degree of protection from the danger of breaks, dots, islands, bars, crosses and tassels. A perfectly formed square assures complete recovery. Triangles are excellent signs, which indicate keen mentality in the traits of the line.

Lines of Affection

Each line represents an attachment to some member of the opposite sex, but only a well-marked line is interpreted as marriage. These lines are often confirmed elsewhere in the hand: by a chance line from the mount of Venus which joins the Fate line; by a triangle on the Life line; or by a line of Influence.

The color, depth, length and strength of a line of Affection describes the quality of feeling and how long the relationship lasts. Dots, islands, crosses and bars show, respectively, trouble, infidelity, unhappiness and opposition to the re-

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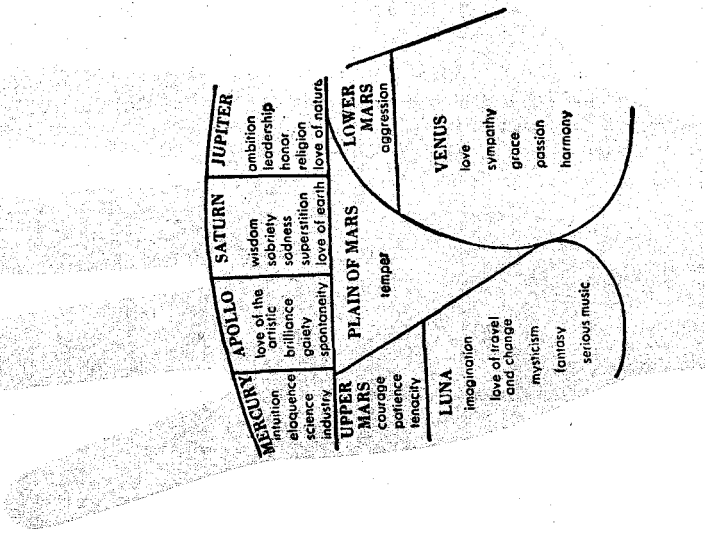
The Seven Mount Types



lationship. A broken line, or one ending in a fork, signifies separation, but an overlapping line indicates reconciliation and, if the two ends of a fork continue in parallel fashion, there may only be a separation of interests. A line ending in a trident or tassel indicates the disintegration of the relationship.

A line of Affection falling toward the Heart line shows that the marriage partner dies first. A rising line indicates the reverse. Split lines rising from a line of Affection tell of an uplifting, happy relationship. Falling splits show unhappiness and disappointment.

Well-defined vertical lines rising from a line of Affection represent children. However, because the desire for children may be very deep, faint vertical lines sometimes appear on the hands of people who love, but never have, children.

Influence Lines

Influence lines arise inside the Life line and are both vertical and horizontal. Each line represents a deep attachment to some relative or close friend, whose opinions and feelings are important.

The vertical lines of Influence, which run parallel to the Life line, must not be confused with the line of Mars, which, if present, has the strength and clarity of a major line. Influence lines are fine and thin.

Those starting near the source of the Life line are members of the

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immediate family, whose influence is particularly strong in early life. A single line, near the beginning of the Life line, represents the most influential relative—probably the mother or father, but possibly a guardian, older brother or sister. In some hands, these lines fade out, while in others they continue into adult life, showing that the person remains an influential factor.

Lines which start further down the Life line usually represent husbands or wives. The line closest to the Life line represents the person with the most influence, the closest relationship, while lines further in represent other relatives and sometimes, close friends.

Horizontal Influence lines crossing the Life line usually represent close attachments to members of the opposite sex. An horizontal line running from the mount of Venus to another mount represents someone who gives encouragement and/or support in developing the qualities of that mount. A line running to the mount of Jupiter is someone who encourages ambition or helps to realize it.

An horizontal Influence line joining the Fate line indicates marriage; joining the line of Apollo, someone who helps to improve reputation and furthers success; joining the Mercury line, someone who lends their support in financial or scientific matters.

Short horizontal lines cutting the Life line are Worry lines which weaken its vitality. When stemming from a vertical Influence line, the worry is caused by a relative, husband or wife. If the vertical line is chained, the other person is in ill health. If the vertical line appears strong it may be assumed that the worry is caused by a difficult and demanding relationship.

An horizontal line running from the mount of Venus to the mount of Luna indicates an overwhelming desire to escape the life circumstances, which, if physical escape is impossible, sometimes results in excessive eating, drinking, or complete retirement.

Your palm is divided into nine sections called the mounts of Jupiter, Saturn, Apollo, Mercury, Venus, Luna, Upper Mars, Lower Mars and the Plain of Mars. Eight of these can be elevated and fleshy; they surround the ninth section, known as the Plain of Mars. Each area represents certain qualities.

If one of your mounts is considerably fuller and better marked than the others, you belong to that mount type and are strong in the qualities which it represents. But, there are few pure specimens of any type. Most hands are developed in several areas, and each area contributes something to broaden the personality. If all nine sections are well developed and well marked, you have a balanced, richly endowed personality.

Pattern for Prayer

A MOTHER heard her young son praying and made this wise suggestion: "Son, don't bother to give God instructions; just report for duty." —*Pulpit Preaching*

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The Education of Robert Smithdas

by CAROL HUGHES

His great courage will open our colleges to those both deaf and blind

ON JUNE 12, 1950, handsome, athletic, 25-year-old Robert Joseph Smithdas put away his *cum laude* Bachelor of Arts degree and began the next step up the ladder—in his case, work on a master's degree. Today, by supporting himself at a full-time job during the day and studying at night, he has finally reached his goal. His accomplishment is in no way unusual—except for the fact that he is *totally blind* and *totally deaf!*

Smithdas, who pays his own way in all things, is the first man with the double handicap of deafness and blindness to earn a college degree, duplicating the feat of the incomparable Helen Keller some 50 years ago. And through his amazing accomplishment, he has won for others like himself hope for a brighter future.

For Robert Smithdas had been an experiment. If he could succeed outside the realm of institutions operated especially for the handicapped, competing without favor against normal students, then the American Foundation for the Blind promised to found a permanent annual scholarship for one deaf-blind student in any American college or university.

It was rugged going, as is the full-time job he accepted as a member of the public-education staff of Brooklyn's Industrial Home for the Blind. But Robert has chosen this life in order to serve other people who are similarly handicapped.

Each day he swings out on a selling tour—lecturing, making appearances on television or radio, meeting with groups of other afflicted people. The things Smithdas is selling are the things he himself has proven his world of deaf-blind is entitled to.

First, that the home does not give way to despair—and worse, neglect—when the tragedy of a deaf-blind child befalls it. Second, to prove that the community cannot afford to relegate its doubly handicapped—whether natural-born, disease-stricken, accident or battlefield casualty—to the sidelines.

A normal, happy little boy in a large and carefree family, Robert's childhood terror at being plunged into the strange world of darkness

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and silence shortly before his sixth birthday was a thing he had to fight virtually alone. Even his grief-stricken mother and father, not knowing the manual alphabet, were almost entirely shut off from him in those early formative years, although he could hear their shouts.

Joseph Smithdas was a steel worker in Pittsburgh when tragedy touched the family. Robert, playing in the yard one day, began to feel "awful sick," and was taken to the hospital. The diagnosis was meningitis!

For 13 weeks he lay there, his sight fading, deafness just beginning. When it was all over, horror set in for the hapless little boy as he began his lonely struggle.

At first he had to be fed, to be led around; no one could explain to him what had happened. When he reached school age, he was taken to the Pittsburgh School for the Blind and the tedious task began of teaching him to adapt to being deaf and blind, a thing he was unwilling to accept.

His painful efforts to understand his affliction made him concentrate, even at eight, on the one thing that gave him a hold on people and the world—his ability to speak. He knew he was handicapped, but he was determined to cling to his speech, and determined, too, to attend Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind at Watertown, Massachusetts.

From the day he arrived at Perkins, he began building upward. He mastered the art of communication through vibration speech reading—feeling the motion of the face of the speaker with his hands; at the Pittsburgh School he had already learned the manual alphabet for the deaf-blind, where the words are "spelled out" into the listener's hand.

It all paid off handsomely. By the time he had finished the high-school course, he was recognized as a good student. Ambition was aflame now. He decided to enroll at The Industrial Home for the Blind in Brooklyn.

"They had a program that interested me," he says. "I wanted to work helping others similarly afflicted, and here I knew I would have a chance."

When he arrived fresh from secondary school, he nevertheless took up the regular course offered at the Industrial Home—determined to learn every possible skill by which the deaf-blind can earn a living. He went through the shops, worked with power machines, uncovered aptitudes he never knew he had. He could have stopped there and gotten a job. But his desire for higher education had grown strong.

The obstacles seemed insurmountable. Obviously he would have to attend a regular college, yet he could not walk or ride to classes alone. He could not hear lectures, could not ask or answer questions, could not read textbooks.

Undaunted, Robert and the Industrial Home arranged for a state scholarship, and cooperative St. John's University was selected.

Robert is first to admit that his educational achievements are the results of the efforts of many people. The initial step was to find someone who could accompany him to classes, sit beside him, translate through the manual alphabet what was going on, and return Robert to

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the Industrial Home. John J. Spainer, who lived not far away, wanted a college education himself, but lacked funds. Of a near age to Robert, he was happy to earn the $25 a week, his tuition and books, allotted through the scholarship.

Louis Bettica, Director of Services for the Deaf-Blind, translated into Braille the questions Robert had to answer, and helped him master such things as crossing streets by himself. Peter J. Salmon, Director of the Home, assisted in any way he could, and Rev. Charles V. Docherty, then a teacher at St. John's and Robert's spiritual advisor, completed the intimate little circle of helpful people who surrounded the young man.

For two months before college opened, Robert and Spainer worked together constantly. Spainer studied Braille and the manual alphabet until the two men cooperated together like a machine.

For four years John accompanied Robert to every class, translating all lectures and classroom activity. During the weary hours at the beginning, when it was all new and so hard, Robert was tempted to give it up and turn to the known thing—making brooms, mat-weaving or factory work. But as the days grew into weeks, the challenge crystallized his ambition into an all-consuming determination.

During the four years, Robert carried the full required course for a Bachelor of Arts degree, with one exception. This was the laboratory-science course, essentially a sight course, but he took additional work to compensate for even this slight concession.

All concerned would have been delighted with a degree, even if it had taken a year or two beyond the time limit, but Robert made it in the regular four years—and near the head of his class. He had hardly received that degree when he started work on his next, which he received early this year.

Robert has a solemn pride in what the Industrial Home is accomplishing, for it is through such training that he feels the deaf-blind can achieve the maximum of happiness and usefulness. He wants to contribute toward making this type of guidance available to all the afflicted.

His contribution to date has been no small one. In the college education of Robert Smithdas, a valuable stockpile of information on the teaching and training of the deaf-blind has been made available to others who will follow after him. And the American Foundation for the Blind and the other organizations which made this possible say with confidence: "What Robert Smithdas has done, others can do!"

Capping the Climax

DID YOU EVER lend your fountain pen to a friend, only to have him absent-mindedly put it in his pocket and walk away with it? Well, the next time someone asks to borrow your pen, give it to him minus the cap. Then he'll be certain to return it to you. —PHILIP MUIR

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I like Cops!

by PERRY DAVIS

Behind that uniform is a man who does more than enforce law and order

I LIKE COPS. I know people who don't. I know people who will drive around the block to keep from passing a parked squad car. And I know people who gloat with that "I-told-you-so" look whenever they read a newspaper story about crooked cops. But I've known a lot of policemen around the country, and most of them are honest, intensely human men who are dedicated to their jobs.

Very few policemen would use the word "dedicated" when talking about themselves. You will find very few who say anything about their job except "it's a living." But why else would a man work 10 to 12 hours a day, making himself a target for every cheap hoodlum in town, for an average $3,500 a year?

I remember one night in the detective bureau in Oklahoma City, when a uniformed policeman came in and shook hands with everybody. He was leaving the force.

"I scraped together enough money to buy a truck-tractor," he told me. "I've got a couple of hauling contracts and I'm going to start work in the morning. I can't afford to bring up my family on what the city pays me!"

Three months later he was back in uniform. "I made good money trucking, and then I had a chance to sell the truck at a profit," he said. "Now I'm a little ahead and can afford to be a cop again."

This dedication to, or fascination with, their job is one of the things I like about cops. Another is that most cops like people, and go out of their way to help them.

The Chief of Police of University Heights, Ohio, was a huge Swede

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who looked tough as nails. Late one election night, in a driving blizzard, my mother pulled her car into our driveway, only to find that a construction crew had torn up the sidewalk and covered the excavation with planks. The snow-covered planks threw the auto off the driveway and into the rock garden.

Furious, my mother left the car and marched into the house. For lack of another outlet, she called the police station and gave vent to her outraged feelings.

At 8 o'clock next morning, the Chief was at the door, with three men big enough to be his brothers. The Chief apologized to my mother, then he and his huskies went to work. They literally lifted the car back to the driveway, got it started, and drove it into the garage.

That kind of service was in no way unusual. The Chief took a personal interest in everybody in his town. There was no crime to speak of in University Heights, and no juvenile problem. The teenagers had friends at the police station, and knew it. The police and fire department maintained four tennis courts next to the municipal building, open to everyone in University Heights but used primarily by the high-school set. On crowded days the desk sergeant kept the reservation book for the courts, to see that everyone got a turn.

There are thousands of stories about cops and kids. My favorite started late one night when a frantic mother telephoned the Oklahoma City police to report her young son missing. He had gone to the afternoon movie, and hadn't got home. She had telephoned all his friends, and her husband had driven around the neighborhood without finding any trace of the boy. Would the police help?

A prowl car went to the theater, where the officers found the lad asleep in his seat. They picked him up and took him home. That much of the story was written into the official report.

Next day, though, the boy showed up at the police station. He had never ridden in a police car, he said, and last night he had been asleep and didn't remember the ride. Would they take him for another ride, please? They did.

IN WASHINGTON, D. C., a uniformed member of the Metropolitan police made a call on a small store a few days before Christmas. He went to investigate a robbery report, but while there he discovered the storekeeper, a widow, had just taken a destitute family of seven into her home.

It was cold, but one of the little boys was clothed only in blue jeans. The policeman got on the phone and arranged for clothing for the kids, and better lodging for the family. Then he arranged for a social agency to interview the mother for further help and a job. He paid the woman's cab fare to the agency, and went on with his duties, satisfied there would be Christmas for the kids.

All of a cop's life, however, isn't sweetness and light. No policeman anywhere ever went to work sure of what was going to happen to him through the shift. I've only known one who was able to keep this worry out of his home.

He was a tremendous hulk of a man about 40 years old who lived

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YOUTH WORK is an important function of most city police departments today. An outstanding job is done by the Police Athletic League in New York City. "New York's Finest" run neighborhood houses, sports leagues and handicraft contests for thousands of the city's children. In addition, they maintain summer camps where children, who otherwise might never get away from the grime of the city, can go for a couple of weeks each year.

Other cities do equally well. In Oklahoma City, for example, the Police Boys' Club affords handicrafts and tours, camping trips and a midtown "hangout" for boys from eight years old up. The "hangout" is a clubhouse across the street from the police station, and most of the city's policemen take an active part in the organization, although only one is actually assigned to supervise the boys' work.

The club was started for boys who had been in trouble with the juvenile authorities. In the first year, only two of the 138 original members got in trouble after joining the club. Today, membership is open to any boy in the neighborhood.

with his widowed mother. Like most policemen, he was a handgun fan, and owned a few "favorite" guns which he carried interchangeably. He had been a policeman for 12 years when I knew him, and had been on the vice squad for about five. But somehow, through it all, he kept his mother from knowing that he ever carried a weapon, or that he was ever in any personal danger.

Guns, of course, are vital to policemen. The very presence of the holstered revolver is a show of force which alone is enough to keep most situations in hand. But like most men who live with guns, cops subscribe to the axiom, "never draw a gun unless you intend to use it," and they keep themselves in training to be able to use it effectively if they have to.

Because he is never really off duty, a policeman's gun is as much a part of his clothes as his socks. There is a story in a Western sheriff's office about a deputy who was off duty and taking his wife for a ride. Suddenly, their police radio reported a holdup. The stick-up men had escaped in an automobile, and two deputies were on the way. A description of the car was given.

Just then, the holdup car pulled out in front of the off-duty deputy. He gave chase, and reported on his radio. In the excitement he left his transmitter open, for the radio man in the sheriff's office, and everybody else tuned in, heard him order his wife to the floor of the back seat. Then they heard shots.

The deputy's wife must have been curious, for the next thing listeners heard was: "Damn it, Sweetheart, duck down! Bullets haven't got eyes!"

Gunfights and the daily possibility of death or injury by violence are only a small part of the misery which is the lot of the policeman in his effort to make your city run more smoothly. Most of us probably have envied the handsome young cop, resplendent in uniform, as he strolls through Lincoln Park on a sunny spring day, amazing the

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little boys with his virtuosity at swinging his night stick on its thong. And walking along Fifth Avenue on a summer Sunday morning, we have probably envied the policeman who has nothing to do but scratch the ears of the sun-loving cat snuggled between the unchallenging paws of the Public Library's guardian lion.

But most of us are home—or wish we were—when the policeman is still out in the street, doing his job while the wind drives snow into his face, or rain thunders down to make the pedestrian careless, the driver cantankerous, and the cop's job triply hard.

I remember a lake-front fire in Cleveland on a brutal winter day. The blaze was under attack from all sides, with the big red pumpers and "hook and ladders" clustered in the streets while fire boats streamed water in from the lake. Traffic was tied up for miles as people rushed to get home in the early evening, and others rushed in to watch the conflagration.

A policeman stood in stark outline against the blaze, working to keep traffic moving and to clear the crowd away. Spray from the fire boats fell on him like rain, and as it struck, it froze. Icicles hung from his cap and the skirts of his coat, and the bits of cracked ice falling from his shoulders and elbows were testimony of the effort it was for him to keep moving in his frozen armor.

I asked him why he didn't move to a more sheltered spot.

"I couldn't do that," he told me. "If I did, this crowd would close in and somebody would get hurt. I couldn't let that happen."

And when I left, he was still there, a human statue of ice, protecting people from themselves.

Yes, I like cops.

In Chicago one night last summer, there was a row on the North Avenue beach. It didn't amount to much: three teen-age kids talking back to a couple of detectives. It wound up with one of the kids announcing: "One of these days I'm going to shoot me a cop," before the detectives ran them off.

There was no arrest, but the incident caused concern at the precinct house. The lieutenant put it in two sentences: "There are 80,000 people in this district, and I've only got a handful of officers. If everybody got the idea he could flout the cop's authority, we wouldn't stand a chance."

On his desk while he talked was a box, in which his "handful of officers" were putting their contributions toward buying an American flag for an anti-aircraft battery emplaced at North Avenue Beach. They felt the nation's emblem should fly over that tiny military installation in the heart of Chicago.

Today

It is more than contentment that one detects nowadays in a cow—there's a certain arrogance that goes with standing around in all that high-priced meat. —*The Re-Saw*

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The PERRY COMO Story

by JAY KAYE

IT WAS 7:44 P.M.—shortly before air time—and the New Yorker Theater, now CBS television studio No. 52, was filled with a waiting audience. "Thirty seconds!" a voice called sharply.

Then, "Five seconds, five!" The orchestra went into the opening bars of *Smoke Dreams* and a technician with a stopwatch signaled with his hand. And then, following a routine that goes on every Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights at 7:45 EST, Perry Como—an uncommonly successful ex-barber wearing a plain blue suit, a polka-dot tie and a boyish grin—walked to his place in the spotlight. He looked taller than his five feet nine, slimmer than his 170 pounds.

Modestly he bowed to the customary applause. The women in the audience "oohed" and "aahed." Como turned his face toward one of the three TV cameras. "Friends," he said, "thanks for allowing us to come into your living rooms again . . ."

The camera dollied in and he announced he would like to sing a tune called *Because You're Mine.* The women "oohed" and "aahed" a little more, then settled back in their seats and for the next few minutes their world became a wonderful place to be in.

Throughout the U. S., a large number of admirers, ranging from such individualists as the Duke and Duchess of Windsor to millions of goggly-eyed bobby soxers, hang onto the trickless, on-the-beat voice that has won Perry Como a place in American hearts. As one mature female admirer scrawled on a post card: "Mothers love you like a son; wives love you like a husband; and girls—well, girls just love you!"

It is significant, perhaps, that although Como came to fame under the somewhat dubious name of crooner, men like him and wish

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him well. "Como's the kind of fellow the average man would like to be," remarked a friend not long ago. "He's just like the guy who lives next door."

Perry Como in person is not detectably different from the singer of the same name. His black hair is beginning to be flecked with gray; his eyes are deep brown; his teeth sparkle; and his unlined skin is bronzed by exposure to a sun lamp, a measure he takes to avoid using TV make-up. At 41, he could easily be taken for 35.

Away from spotlights and garbed in the casual clothes he favors, Como could be lost in a crowd. It isn't until he opens his mouth that he reveals his prime professional asset—an agreeable, seemingly careless baritone voice.

For a man who at one time yearned for nothing more glamorous than a fancier barber shop, the singer from Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, isn't doing badly. In awarding its 1951 and 1952 Michaels (video equivalent of Hollywood's Academy Award) to Como as the outstanding male TV singer, the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences bestowed recognition upon talents which, for nearly a decade, have been impressively acclaimed in dollars and cents.

Judged on the basis of earnings, Como, who has never taken a voice lesson and who confesses that he learned to sing mainly from listening to Bing Crosby records, is one of the two or three most popular singers in the U. S. Although Como does not like to see indications of his income publicly displayed, it is pretty well known that the three 15-minute periods that he spends in front of the cameras each week and his recordings earn him some $900,000 a year.

The Paramount Theater, mecca of all popular singers, will grab him any time it can get him; the Palladium in London has been after him for years; and, whenever he wants to crisscross the continent on a personal-appearance tour, he can bank an extra $30,000 or more a week.

"I pinch myself every now and then to be sure it's me," he told an interviewer not long ago. "It's frightening—but it's wonderful. I'm so happy, I can't stand it!"

The mere fact that Como, an Italian-American boy from across the tracks, should have been so successful is, in itself, remarkable. But it becomes almost fantastic when you consider that, in a profession noted for its rebellion against respectability, Como is a nonconformist in the grand style. His is not a tale of marrying, unmarrying and remarrying: he doesn't have an ulcer, a nervous tic or a psychoanalyst. He has never made page one of a newspaper, and in a profession that takes its estrangements lightly, he is conspicuous for his affection toward his family.

"Perry is an odd kind of duck," a member of the Broadway fraternity told a group in Sardi's. "You know where he spends all his spare time? Home!"

Indeed, the individuals who are paid to publicize him are inclined to find the even tenor of Como's life a little frustrating. There have been occasions when his managers were worriedly trying to locate him on an off day to discuss some big

Perry and model on TV pool set

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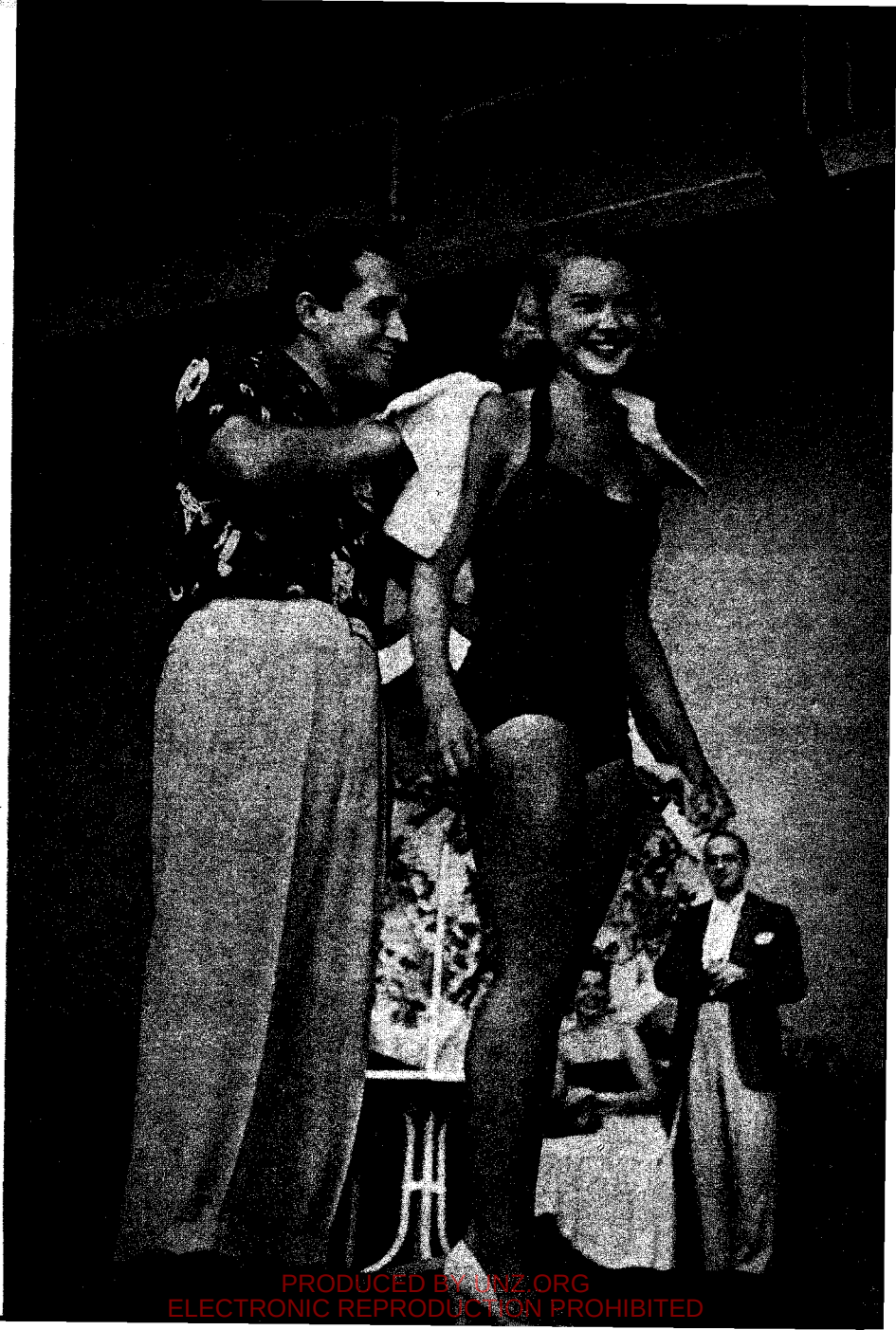

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business decision, only to discover that he had gone to Pittsburgh or Atlantic City or Philadelphia to do a neighborhood benefit show. A recent road trip to the nation's record distributors and disk jockeys produced an anecdote that is revealing. Mickey Addy, song plugger who was with Como, tells it this way:

"Perry had worked for 16 hours straight and we had just arrived back at the hotel, our eyes red for the want of sleep. It was 2 o'clock in the morning and he was booked for another appearance at 9:30. Perry likes to listen to the radio before he goes to sleep, so he flicked on a program that, as it turned out, was an all-night benefit broadcast sponsored by the local branch of the Optimist International.

"Unknown performers—comics, baritones and hoofers from the local late spots—were doing their bits on the air and then listeners were supposed to call in with cash contributions. It was to help poor kids in the vicinity, but they weren't doing so good.

" 'Gee,' said Como, 'I'm going to get my clothes on and go over there and see if we can start the cash registers jingling.'

"Well, we climbed into our clothes, grabbed a cab and headed for the radio station. For the next couple of hours, Perry brought on the talent, played a few platters, and answered the phone every time somebody called in. The people in the place were pop-eyed. And before we left the place, Perry had raised a lot of money for the children's benefit."

Como's fan mail averages 2,500 letters a week. He sends out 3,000 pictures a month which, including packing and mailing, cost him ten cents apiece, and there are Perry Como fan clubs in most big cities. His bobby-sox following is the equal to his competitors' in number if not in vociferousness. Frank Sinatra once had to bar fans from his studio in order to be heard on his own radio program, but Como handles his squealers this way:

"If you've got to scream," he tells them, "go ahead and scream now . . . get it out of your system. But please don't scream during the show. My mother doesn't understand about these things and she'll think I'm doing something wrong."

Perhaps the most conclusive testimony to Como's fame is to be found in Canonsburg, southwest of Pittsburgh, where he was born in 1912. There, with a burst of civic pomp and ceremony, Third Street, the street on which his modest two-story birthplace still stands, was recently renamed Perry Como Avenue.

Does he like all the fuss and fanfare? "Sure," says Perry, "a guy's got to like it. But it makes you feel embarrassed at times."

Such self-deprecation is rare enough anywhere, but in show business it is unique. It is not, however —as some cynics suppose—a deliberate affectation. It is, rather, a logical result of Como's steadfast determination to be himself. His avoidance of the famed is explained simply enough by the fact that he prefers the company of people who share his tastes.

A lady columnist once asked Como why, in a field where new singers crop up like dandelions, he is better received than most. "I

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don't know," he said. "I guess I'm just a lucky barber."

He is only partly right, however, and then only to the extent that being a whale of a singer can be considered pure luck. Actually, though some students of what the public likes insist that the reasons are somewhat involved, the simple grounds for Perry's success are not too difficult to determine.

Roselle, Perry, Ronnie

They spring from a handful of basic elements which are as much a part of him, on stage and off, as the color of his hair.

After very serious thought, Mitchell Ayres, Como's long-time friend and orchestra leader on his television show, rates the singer's qualities in this order: a fine natural voice, sincerity, and unremitting diligence in what he is doing.

"It is Como's complete and absolute sincerity which shows through in his interpretation of a song," says Ayres. "If he were to talk the lyrics, instead of sing them, he would still sound great. And something else—a singer has to have a sort of 'between-us-two' way with a song; he has to make the listener feel 'Why, he's singing to *me*!' Como has that way with a song."

Como, however, is not indifferent to his singing. He takes it seriously, works hard. At rehearsal, he wants to know the reason for every step in every arrangement; once he is convinced, he practices until he has it musically perfect. At a recording session he cuts a record over and over until he is certain it is the best he can do.

Meanwhile, Como carefully translates his success into personal security. After taxes and expenses, whatever is left of his income is put into annuities against uncertain days ahead. Yet he should have no worries about a rainy day. "All I really want," he told a reporter not long ago, "is a drink and something to eat and a game of golf now and then and my family around me."

He meant it, too. Como's deepest interests are his unpretentious house in Sands Point, Long Island, his attractive, blonde wife Roselle and, above all, his children —13-year-old Ronnie, and Terri and David, who are adopted and aged five and six, respectively. His only outdoor enthusiasm is golf, which he shoots in the low 70's.

Perry shakes his head when he contemplates the luxuries enjoyed by his youngsters. "When *I* was a kid," he says, "and wanted a second-hand bike, I had to work overtime at the barber shop for two years before I could get it."

A devout Roman Catholic, Como, on Sundays and other religious days, drives his family to mass. His only pieces of jewelry are a St. Christopher medal which hangs on a chain around his neck, and a small gold crucifix ring, given him by a priest when he first came to New York.

Since achieving stardom, Perry has endured the usual indigni-

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ties of a celebrity, his private life having been examined minutely by the fan magazines. To date, it has been revealed that he would rather eat Roselle's veal parmigiana than squab under glass at the Waldorf. He detests crêpe suzettes, takes showers instead of tub baths, helps his wife with dinner and dishes on the maid's night out, can dance but would rather not, and can't stand stuffed shirts or phonies.

He dislikes night clubs—he's never been inside the Stork, El Morocco or "21"—and would rather take a licking than wear a dress suit. Not long ago, to attend a dinner in his honor at the Statler in Washington, he bought his first tuxedo in 12 years. It cost $350. But before the dinner was over, he had voluntarily auctioned it off and turned the proceeds over to a polio fund.

To the discomfiture of press agents, Como insists upon telling interviewers about his earlier days as a barber.

"You're supposed to be a romantic singer," they scream. "What in God's name is romantic about a barber?"

But Como (who until recently cut his own children's hair) continues to pay his dues to the barber's union. "When this all blows over," he laughs, waving his card, "I'll at least have a trade to fall back on."

Como goes home to Canonsburg frequently to see his brothers and sisters, and to see his mother who, in spite of Perry's requests, refuses to leave Canonsburg to come and live with them. Although he supplies her with luxuries, he has never told her how much money he makes: he knows she just couldn't believe it.

There is, for example, the story of the week end Perry went home and his mother asked him how this singing business was going. "Fine," said Perry, "I'm doing great, Mama." "I'm glad," said Mrs. Como, patting him on the back. "Stay with it and you'll be rich some day."

Perry was nearly 20 before he got onto the road that was to make him a rich boy. His boyhood was behind him and he was in the home stretch of paying for his barber shop in Canonsburg when the rhythm itch took possession of him.

Perry's immigrant parents—Pietro and Lucia Como—had come to the U. S. in 1903 and founded a home in Canonsburg, where father Como found work as a mill hand. Perry, christened Pierino, was the seventh son and the middle one of 13 children. Feeding the numerous Comos was a problem, and the boys knew many kinds of jobs.

When he was 11, Perry began taking care of the coal stove in Steve Fragapane's local barber shop at 50 cents a week, day-dreaming of the time when he would step up to mixing shave lather and learning to cut hair. The only singing he did was for the ears of dark-eyed Roselle Belline. Roselle, who presides today over the Sands Point household, used to listen to Como serenades during picnic evenings on the banks of Chartiers Creek.

"We were 15 and we used to talk about what we'd do when we got old," Como remembers. "The best thing we could think of to do was get married. We won't be rich, I used to tell her, we'll only have what I can make as a barber. But

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I'll be the best doggone barber you ever saw!"

By the time they were 19, Perry was an established barber with his own two-chair shop. These were the years when he sang for a few extra dollars to augment his income, when an amateur contest won him a week's turn at the Stanley Theater in Pittsburgh; when a hitch-hiking vacation trip to Ohio with a buddy resulted in a $28-a-week singing job with Freddie Carlone's dance band; when he married Roselle and they knew the bleakness of the one-night stands that followed—first with Carlone and then with Ted Weems.

With D'Orsay, Carlone, 1933

Perry sang often on the radio and made dozens of records with the band, but talent scouts were unimpressed. Time went by and presently, the traveling Comos had a baby son named Ronnie. Life became increasingly difficult as they trouped up and down the land, struggling with diapers and formulas, living out of suitcases and trunks.

"It's no way to live," Perry would say. "At 4 o'clock in the morning, a kid shouldn't be in a bus station, he should be in a bed."

Finally the Comos went home to Canonsburg. "I'll open another barber shop," Perry said. The idea didn't bother him much. If he couldn't be a singer, why cry?

But he didn't get around to opening the new shop. A series of telegrams came from Tom Rockwell, head of General Artists Corporation, theatrical booking agency. They offered to book him as a soloist if Como would come to New York, all expenses guaranteed.

Finally, Como took Rockwell up on his offer and went to work on a CBS sustaining radio program for some $60 a week. He sent for Roselle and Ronnie, got a three-room apartment in Queens, and the Comos were on their way. Soon afterward, Perry stepped into the spotlight at the famed Copacabana Club and stopped the show.

The Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company, seeking a new personality who could charm listeners into buying Chesterfield cigarettes, signed him to a commercial radio contract, and RCA Victor followed with a recording contract. Eight weeks at the swank Versailles followed the Copacabana engagement, then the Strand, the New York Paramount, and, finally, the call to Hollywood and starring roles in three musicals for Twentieth-Century-Fox.

Currently, Perry comes to New York on Monday, Wednesday and Friday for the TV rehearsal and show. He considers Tuesday and Thursday his "off" days, because he can quit at 6 o'clock and have dinner with Roselle and the children. The "off" days, however, include time at his offices in Radio City, where he rehearses, confers on future shows, tapes personal messages to disk jockeys all over America, answers fan mail, and chooses

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his songs for the programs to come.

There is one type of stage business which causes Como distinct uneasiness and discomfort, and which he avoids whenever possible. Como love scenes are usually very short and seldom very effective. "What do I know about love?" he once asked a heckler from the band. "I'm married." He admits, too, that the fact that Ronnie is watching at home, and will give him the devil later on, serves to cramp his style.

When the final script for the TV show is delivered to him and he finds himself scheduled for more songs or close-up shots than he thinks there should be, he is likely to pencil a note to Lee Cooley, his producer: "You're pushing Como a little too hard in the living room, don't you think?"

When Como walks into the studio to rehearse, he usually looks as if he had just finished the 18th hole at Sands Point golf club. He is generally dressed in slacks and a sport shirt: no necktie is ever in evidence. He is rarely without a cigarette in his hand. During rehearsal, he drinks coffee from a milk bottle, cuts capers, ribs the technicians and musicians.

When it comes his turn to rehearse, he is a picture of a man who knows his business. Reading lines, unbending in front of the cameras and appearing at home, has never troubled him. With three shows a week to worry about, he must learn the lyrics of about nine songs, and hence has evolved a rather curious prompt-setup. Hand-lettered on enormous placards held strategically off-camera, Como's lyrics are printed in black letters. When he sings with the Fontane sisters or when there is a guest star, their lyrics are printed in red.

If he is particularly happy with the way a show goes over with the studio audience, he walks to orchestra leader Ayres and remarks casually: "Well, Mitch, it stayed together anyway."

Show people point to Perry Como as one of the few men in a grasping, ambition-struck profession who has had success without having had to pay the usual penalties. He has aroused neither envy and antagonism, nor the usual flood of disparaging rumors about his private life.

Perhaps this is all because Perry, in the process of reaching a peak in the song business, has kept himself equally occupied at the less glamorous task of minding his own business.

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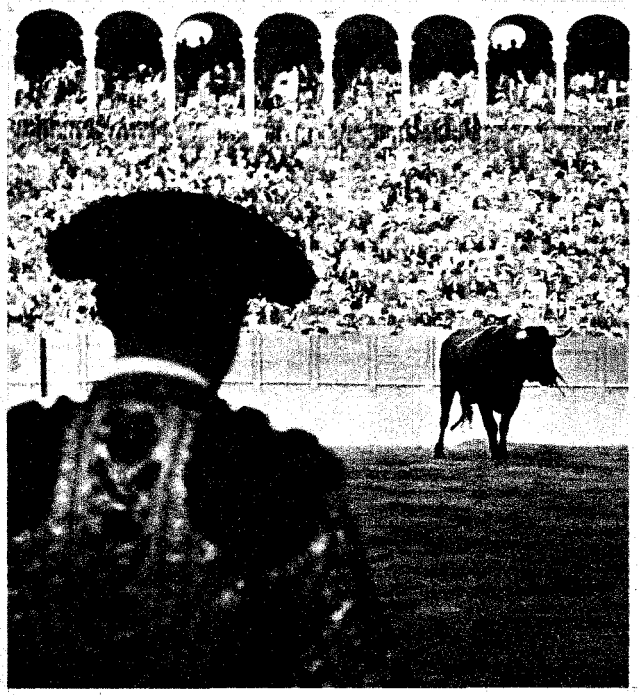
Picture Story



THE HORNS OF DEATH

To some, it is a cruel, unfair contest between a man and a beast maddened and goaded beyond endurance. To others, it is a spectacle to exalt the heart, to make one burn as with fire and freeze as with ice. For it is man, lonely and alone, looking into the face of death, and contemptuous of it; it is the dread hour of truth each of us must, sooner or later, know. The matador, in a supreme act of courage, chooses that hour himself; and in the setting sun, strides to the center of the arena to engage his mortal enemy, knowing that death must claim one of them—the beast, or himself.

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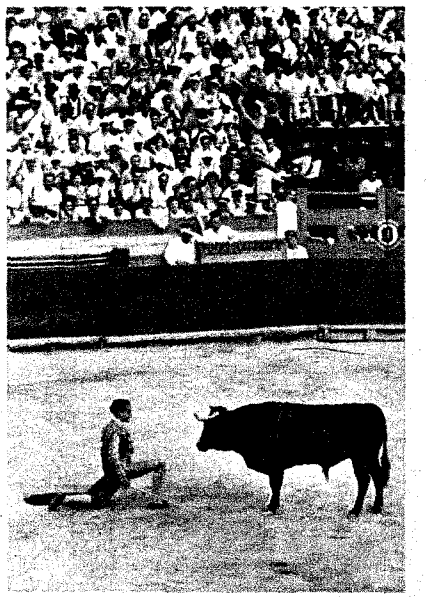
A moment later, slender, disciplined, all passion contained, dazzling in crimson and gold, he takes his place in the stately procession, to the drumbeats of the band, the roar of the massed thousands in the stands.



What stirs in the mind of the *toro*, the bull, bred only to kill—or be killed? *Come, Señor Toro! I invite you...*

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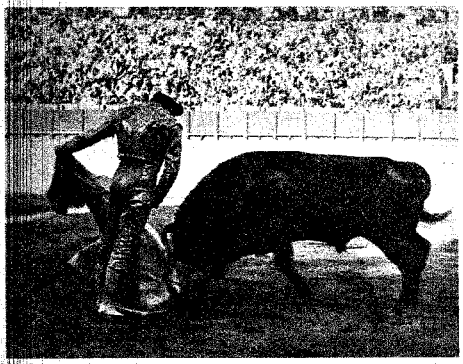
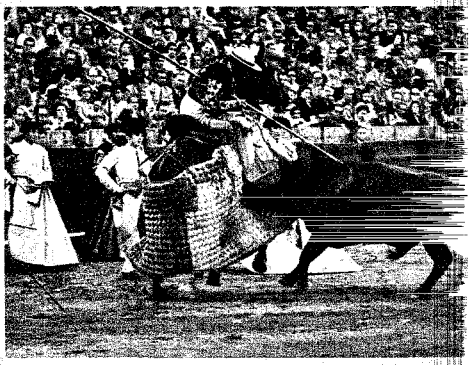
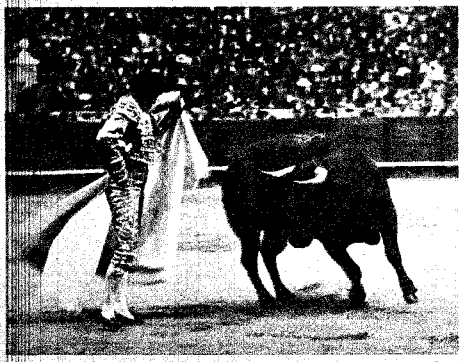
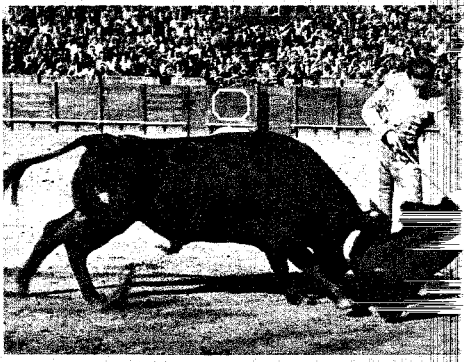




His nerves must be taut steel, his artistry consummate, as he plays the bull, leads him through this tragic, precise, exquisite ballet of death.





Each step, each pirouette, each pass of the cape, each infinite moment of standing firm as the horns of death flash by, is seen, known, cheered.

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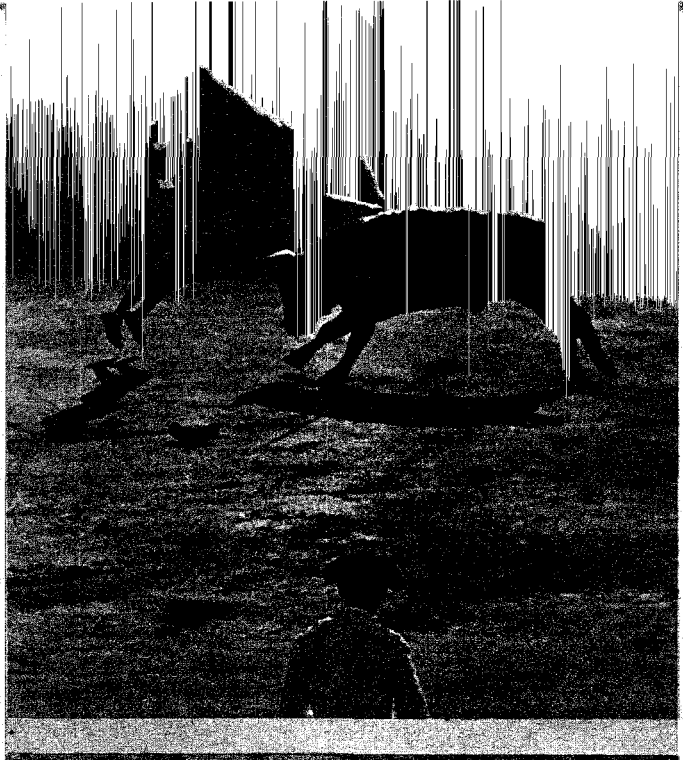

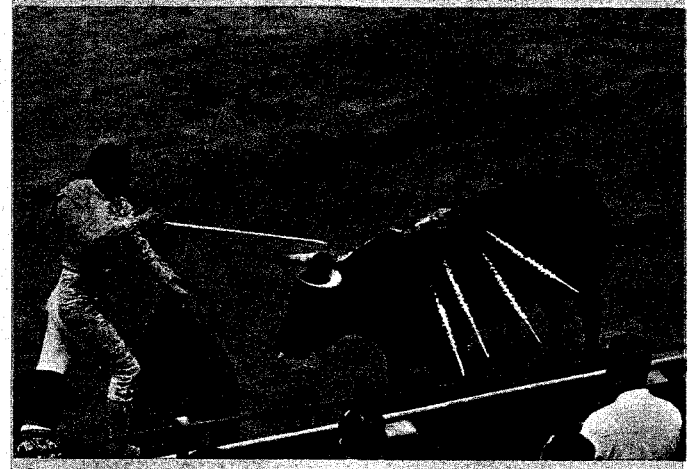

Of grace itself, this planting of the *banderillos*, the barbed darts that turn fury into madness; then, the unutterable moment awaiting the pure thrust of sword to the heart.

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¡OLE! ¡OLE! ¡OLE! THE CROWD THUNDERS. HE WHO MADE THE HAZARD HIS MARCHES IN VICTORY WITH BULL'S EARS AND TAIL. THE DRAMA IS OVER. IT IS GOOD TO BE ALIVE.

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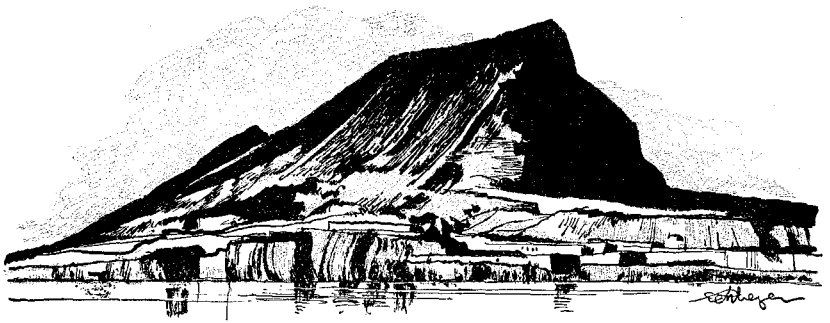

GIBRALTAR: Rock of Defense

by CHARLOTTE and DENIS PLIMMER

Britain's fortress on the Mediterranean is a strange combination of the new and the old

A TOURIST leaned on the railing of a cruise ship, watching the anchor plunge into the warm blue waters of Gibraltar Harbor. He stared landward toward the little town huddled beneath the overhang of the vast Rock.

"What place is that? Who lives there?" he asked a deck officer.

"Gibraltar?" The officer shrugged. "It's just a regular town, like any other."

It is, and it isn't. Gibraltar's giant profile, rising from the sea like a hump-backed whale, stands guard at one of the world's hottest flashpoints. This mass of limestone, three miles long, three-quarters of a mile wide and about as high as the Empire State Building, broods menacingly over the crossroads where the Mediterranean, narrowing to 14 miles, flows into the Atlantic.

It hangs like a bulbous teardrop from the southern coast of Spain. Whoever holds this bastion, holds the key to the strategic Mediterranean world. For the last 249 years, the flag which has fluttered triumphantly above the Rock has been the Union Jack of Great Britain.

Into the harbor of Gibraltar stream the slim gray battlewagons of Britain and the U. S. whose ceaseless Mediterranean patrol carries their guns within striking distance of the Soviet Union. Daily to the small airfield below the Rock's sheer northern face, the sleek jets of the Royal Air Force come screaming downwind from England, bound for the trouble spots of the Mid-East. And half-hidden among tropical flowers high on the Rock itself are the muzzles of big guns which command the narrow Straits.

Gibraltar's strategic importance was never greater than in 1942 when, for the first time since English Marines captured the Rock ear-

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ly in the 18th century, the garrison's senior officer was a non-Britisher. Few that autumn day ten years ago knew of the arrival of Lieut. Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower or guessed his mission—to coordinate plans for the long-awaited invasion of North Africa from secret chambers hewn out of the Rock's very heart.

Only when the massive British-U.S. armada started to move toward North Africa did the people of Gibraltar learn of their famous guest. Apart from the thousands of military stationed on the Rock or passing through, Gibraltar's tiny area houses about 25,000 permanent residents. Most live in Gibraltar town, which clusters about a long main street, haunt of Indian rug merchants, dance-hall proprietors, and haberdashers selling fine English shirts, socks and woolens at prices cheaper than in England.

Even for its natives, Gib town is no normal community. There is no water, except that caught in the huge water catchments built into the side of the Rock. There is no railway. Motorists are forbidden by law to sound their horns in the city. And as part of one of the world's most powerful fortresses, the town's landward side facing the narrow road to Spain is walled like a medieval citadel—with British police standing 24-hour guard at its gates.

Each midnight, the massive gates slam shut, and from that moment no living creature may enter or leave the territory. But the next morning, the gates swing open again to admit some 12,500 Spaniards from the nearby towns of La Linea and Algeciras.

These part-time Gibraltarians are allowed to work on the Rock, but they may not sleep there. Some work in the naval dockyard. Many are domestic servants. And among them are a dozen sloe-eyed, scarlet-lipped beauties who act as hostesses in the dance halls along Main Street, Gibraltar's Broadway. They are Cinderellas who, at midnight, put their dancing shoes into paper bags and are firmly escorted back to Spain by helmeted British bobbies.

A visiting Frenchman, watching this nightly exodus, exclaimed: "What a place! They throw out the beautiful girls. But, *mon Dieu*, they keep the apes!"

He was referring to another of Gibraltar's oddities—its colony of tailless Barbary apes, small, greenish-furred, mischievous creatures, the only monkeys living wild on the European Continent. Responsible for them is a major who carries one of the oddest military titles: "Officer in Charge, Apes."

The apes are one of Britain's countless traditions. They are wards of the British Government. They owe their continuing existence to a legend: so long as the apes remain on the Rock, so long will Britain hold Gibraltar.

In World War II, this prophecy reached Dr. Joseph Goebbels, Hitler's Propaganda Minister. The wily Dr. Goebbels did a quick check and found that scarcely a dozen Rock apes were left. Delighted, he launched through Occupied Eu-

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rope a damaging whisper—the apes were forsaking the Rock as rats leave a sinking ship.

British Secret Service officers picked up the rumor and reported it to Downing Street. In January, 1943, officialdom in Gibraltar snapped to attention as a sturdy figure clambered out of a plane. Prime Minister Winston Churchill, en route from London to Casablanca for a secret meeting with President Roosevelt, had a purposeful gleam in his eye.

He bustled into a staff car and jolted up a Rockside road to ape headquarters. Moments later, a brusque order was radioed back to London: "Bring Rock apes to full strength immediately.—Churchill."

Gunner Portlock, official "house mother" to the apes, concludes: "Soon after the Old Man left, the R.A.F. planes began to buzz in from Africa, dumping apes. In no time, we had 25 of them, frisking all over the place." A little later, a sheepish directive went out from the Nazi Propaganda Minister to his underlings: "Kill ape story."

The Rock is a labyrinth of caves, some scooped out by nature millions of years ago, others scientifically designed to shelter the latest machinery of modern warfare. The first gun emplacements were hacked out of the Rock during a three-and-a-half-year siege in the 18th century. The big job, however, waited until 1940, when Western Europe was overrun by Hitler's armies and Britain stood with her back against the wall.

Working in secrecy, they constructed a subterranean city deep in the Rock—complete to barracks large enough for regiments, offices, storerooms, hospitals, bakeries, electric kitchens, machine shops, and armories. There are 30 miles of electrically lighted roads, many boasting small railways. Swift elevators take passengers from one level to another. There are great caches of foodstuffs sufficient to feed thousands of soldiers for four years, and ammunition enough to outlast several years of siege.

BRITISH military men say that nothing so far invented—including A-bombs and H-bombs—is mighty enough to affect the interior life of the fortress. The Rock, they say, is invulnerable, the great hidden city in its heart protected by thousands of tons of solid stone which lie above it. And even under atomic attack, Gibraltar's powerful gun-batteries would still perform their historic function—to command the narrow water highway dividing Europe from Africa.

But if Gibraltar is self-sufficient militarily, it is far from that insofar as civilians are concerned. There is no agriculture and no livestock. Local production is confined to a fish cannery opened in 1950, and what private enterprise there is consists of the few main-street souvenir shops, the handful of hotels and local offices of import-export lines. As was said of the Great Western Desert in Libya, this is "a place fit only for war."

Yet life on the Rock has its pleasant side. The air is fragrant with mimosa and orange blossom. The brilliant purple of bougainvillaea cascades over sunburnt walls of ancient houses. From the Bay, across which shimmer the white roofs of Algeciras in Spain, you can quickly

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catch a fine mess of bass, sardines, or even octopus.

Gibraltarians, or "Rock Scorpions" as they call themselves, are almost pathologically home-loving. The Governor recently needed 200 men for work atop the Rock. They would be driven to work each morning, and home each night.

But only 50 volunteers turned up. One man explained: "We like to lunch at home with our wives."

Domestic drawbacks spring from the nature of the place itself. The town is badly overcrowded, with a difficult housing shortage. And although the weather is usually a blue-and-gold delight, there is an unpleasant phenomenon called the levanter. This starts when, in the far-off Sahara to the south, the harsh desert wind or khamsin begins to churn. It sweeps across the Mediterranean, rolling clouds like tumbleweeds, then dumps them on the Rock whence they trickle down dismally into Gib town.

With the levanter comes a hot, heavy airlessness, whose psychological effect is to enervate and depress.

Another local drawback is radio static. Gibraltar sets are plagued with it. The explanation: all those super-secret electric gadgets, clicking inside the Rock and throwing up a huge field of interference.

The static is a symbol, for nobody can ever forget that Gibraltar is not a home but a fortress. Each week, a military patrol receives the Keys of the Rock from the Governor. It marches to the gates, where the Guard greets it with a formula hallowed through centuries:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"The Keys."

"Whose Keys?"

"Queen Elizabeth's Keys."

"Pass, Queen Elizabeth's Keys."

And finally: "God Save the Queen!"

The same catechism is used 1,200 miles away in the gray north when the Tower of London is locked each night, as it has been for nearly a thousand years. The Tower and the Rock are both great fortresses. And both cherish the grim resolve that Queen Elizabeth's Keys shall remain in safe hands.

"Get It Right!"

(Answers to quiz on page 93)

1. Patrick Henry
   Henry Ford
   Ford Frick
2. John Wayne
   Wayne Morris
   Morris Gest
3. Susan B. Anthony
   Anthony Wayne
   Wayne King
4. Lloyd George
   George Ruth
   Ruth Gordon
5. Judah Benjamin
   Benjamin Franklin
   Franklin P. Adams
6. Jesse James
   James Joyce
   Joyce Kilmer
7. Bruno Walter
   Walter Winchell
   Winchell Smith
8. Lisa Kirk
   Kirk Douglas
   Douglas Fairbanks
9. Edmund Randolph
   Randolph Scott
   (F.) Scott Fitzgerald
10. Harold Lloyd
    Lloyd Douglas
    Douglas MacArthur
11. George Washington
    Washington Irving
    Irving Berlin
12. Fred Allen
    Alan Dale
    Dale Evans

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Always a Champion

by ROBERT Q. LEWIS

IT HAPPENED in summer, 1942, aboard a huge Coast Guard transport plowing through the Pacific with thousands of soldiers and Marines for island battlefronts.

One of the officers aboard was a former ring champion, bound overseas after months of Stateside duty. A few days out of San Francisco, the captain asked him, "Do you think you could arrange some boxing matches for the men while we're crossing?"

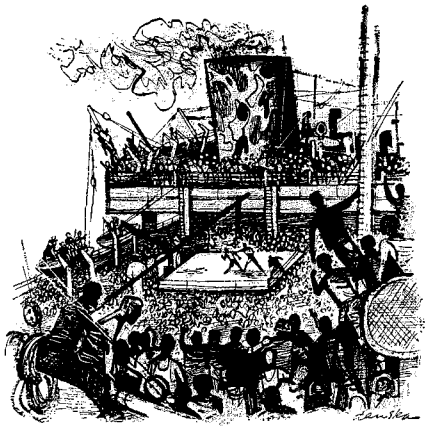
"I'll do my best, sir," the officer answered.

Ship carpenters hurried at his direction and by next afternoon, a sturdy ring had been constructed atop a hatch on the quarter-deck. A loud-speaker request for fighters brought nearly 50 volunteers.

One fighter, a heavyweight, emerged outstanding. A corporal who had fought professionally, he was young and tough. Then came a surprise—one of the transport crew came up out of the engine room and put up such a fight that the officer-referee called it a draw.

The soldier saw red. "Draw, hell!" he cried. "I can lick anybody on this tub—and that," he faced the officer, "includes you!"

Through the officer's head flashed many a regulation to the contrary, but it was a challenge not to be denied. Without a word, he peeled to his shorts and held out his hands to a second for gloves and lacing. What was excited whispering died to silence. The contestants touched



gloves. Powerfully, the young soldier rushed his opponent, seeming to smother him in a welter of blows. A right hand found its mark and the officer retreated, only to meet another slashing attack. The corporal drove in for the kill.

The older man was calling on nearly forgotten defensive skills, realizing increasingly that 20 years of inactivity were too much—and praying for an opening. It came suddenly. A young, determined jaw, exposed for only a fleeting second—but enough. Out of nowhere exploded the left hook that had dropped some of the greatest champions of all time!

The thunderous ovation as the soldier crumpled to the canvas brought tears to many eyes. And Commdr. Jack Dempsey, USCGR, still insists it was the toughest fight of his life!

Robert Q. Lewis stars on *The Robert Q. Lewis Show*, CBS radio, Monday through Saturday, and on *The Name's the Same*, ABC-TV Tuesdays.

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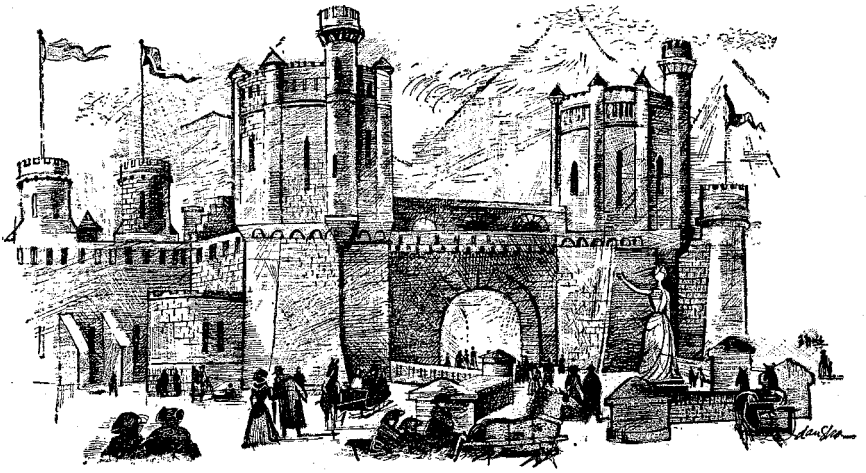

The Vanishing Palace

by LAWRENCE ELLIOTT

Leadville had a great dream, but an unseasonal sun came along to spoil it

SPRING CAME TO Leadville, Colorado, early that year, welcomed by no one. Mine owners and merchants made daily pilgrimages to Capitol Hill to assess the damages wrought by the sun, and everyone asked, "Do you think she'll last?"

Sprawling across five acres on the crest of the hill stood the most magnificent structure ever seen west of the Mississippi, a palace whose north towers measured 126 feet around, and whose walls were eight feet thick. By its massive main gate, the carved figure of a woman reached majestically toward the Great Mother Lode in the once-laden silver mines of Leadville. The statue was 19 feet high and mounted on a 12-foot pedestal.

But this palace wasn't made of stone. It was made of ice. From battlements to ballrooms, from statues to skating rinks, it was created from great blocks of ice painfully hewn from nearby lakes and hauled across the mountains to Capitol Hill.

And now, as the sun shone warmer each day, tiny trickles of water poured down from 90-foot octagonal towers into the thawing earth. Almost $60,000 of Leadville's money, tied up in 5,000 artistically arranged tons of ice, was at the mercy of a capricious sun that never before in any man's memory had shone down so intensely in April.

And so, while thousands came and paid 50 cents to watch the dancers in the glittering ballroom of ice, or to eat meats like those frozen in the restaurant walls, investors chewed their lips nervously and answered the unanswerable

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question—"Do you think she'll last?"—with an unspoken prayer: "Let it last until July!"

It had all begun more than a year before, early in 1895. Leadville, once a silver boom town, was in the grip of a harrowing depression that grew tighter and tighter as the price of the precious white metal tumbled lower and lower on world markets.

Then someone suggested that a gala winter carnival might stimulate business and win back some of the miners who had moved on to better diggings. Soon, 150 eminent citizens gathered to discuss plans. One, who had seen the ice palaces of Montreal and Toronto, suggested that the carnival be capped by a giant edifice of ice in which people could dance, skate and eat.

Immediately an excited babble of conversation swept across the meeting room.

"Why not?" others agreed. "Our winter lasts until July."

"We'll build an ice palace that'll put Leadville on the map."

Almost at once, $20,000 was raised to finance the project. The Leadville water company was commissioned to furnish the ice. Crews of 250 to 350 men fanned out over the surrounding countryside, cutting great blocks from frozen lakes and dragging them by sleigh to Capitol Hill. When nearby sources were exhausted, trains puffed overland to the top of the Continental Divide, and choppers swarmed over Palmer Lake, 70 miles to the south.

Meanwhile, back on Capitol Hill, stonecutters set to work shaping the blocks and building the great towers of ice. Soon it was apparent that they were working entirely too slowly and a band of Canadian woodchoppers was called in for the job.

In the last weeks of the year, tense excitement ran through the city. When the original capitalization of $20,000 was exhausted, new subscribers helped match it, and match it again. There were few who doubted that fortune, at last, was preparing to smile once more on Leadville.

Block by block the palace grew. Toward the end, those who trudged up Capitol Hill to watch the progress came away awestruck at the beauty and the majestic dimensions of the construction.

JANUARY 1, 1896, dawned bright and brisk. A huge throng gathered on the Hill, for it was Dedication Day and Tingley S. Wood, director general of Leadville's Crystal Palace, was to open its doors to the public.

"This superb edifice cost the good citizens of the Cloud City $60,000," said Wood, and the crowd gasped. "But it will be long remembered as the most magnificent structure of its kind ever erected in these United States," he added, and the crowd cheered wildly.

Of Norman design, the mammoth building was graced with all the buttresses and battlements of a medieval fortress. Just inside the huge main entrance, the aura of regality was heightened by a ballroom 80 feet long and 50 feet wide. Beyond was a skating rink more than twice as large. Restaurant, curio shops, peep shows and lounges paled anything ever before seen by the open-mouthed crowd.

Ice sculptures stood everywhere —a grizzled old prospector astride

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his burro, a tableau of a miner and his pickaxe. Huge cuts of beef were frozen into the walls to attract diners to the restaurant. Just outside, a toboggan chute, more than five blocks long, sent adventure-seekers whizzing into the heart of the city and back again.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten sight. For three months, there was no night in Leadville. Crowds pushed into the high-domed ballroom and the great skating rink, and returns piled higher and higher. With good luck—meaning cold weather—investors felt they might double their outlay.

And then on the bleak afternoon of the Ides of March a warm sun suddenly broke through the clouds. A few merchants noted it nervously, but no one else paid much attention. Next day the sun was out again, warmer. Soon, some of the acutely angled arches of the Crystal Palace began to lose their clean, hard shape.

Clearer and brighter rose the sun each day, a springtime phenomenon unknown even to long-time Colorado settlers. Faster and faster the painfully molded ice melted and slid down the sides of the fabulous palace.

An emergency investors' meeting was called. Tingley S. Wood faced the anxious crowd: "There is no question that we shall all lose heavily if the Crystal Palace goes now. We had expected it to stand for another three months."

There was a buzz of angry sound. Wood raised his arm for quiet.

"But we have invested well, my friends. We have given Leadville a memory that neither sun nor heat can destroy. Never again in the lifetime of any man here will our Crystal Palace be duplicated."

One last ball was held in the palace. The dancing lasted until the sun itself dimmed the brilliance of the great batteries of electric lights. Then the great gate was closed forever.

Some days, the curious strolled up to Capitol Hill to see the sun's ravages, but on the day that the castle collapsed in a mountain of slush and water, no one was there. Perhaps it was fitting. One week more and not a single trace remained of the Crystal Palace.

It was only a short while later that someone discovered gold in the Little Johnny lode east of town, and Leadville started booming again. Some said the palace had brought good luck to the Cloud City after all, and even those who had lost heavily knew, in the end, that they had "invested well."

Classic Tribute

A CERTAIN OLD Louisville hostelry, so the story goes, traditionally named one of its rooms for the winner of the Kentucky Derby. There was a Zev Room, a Gallant Fox Room, a Whirlaway Room, etc. After the 1946 Derby, however, the management was reluctantly compelled to abandon the idea. Winner of the fabulous Derby race that year was Assault.

—BENNETT CERF, *Good for a Laugh* (Hanover House)

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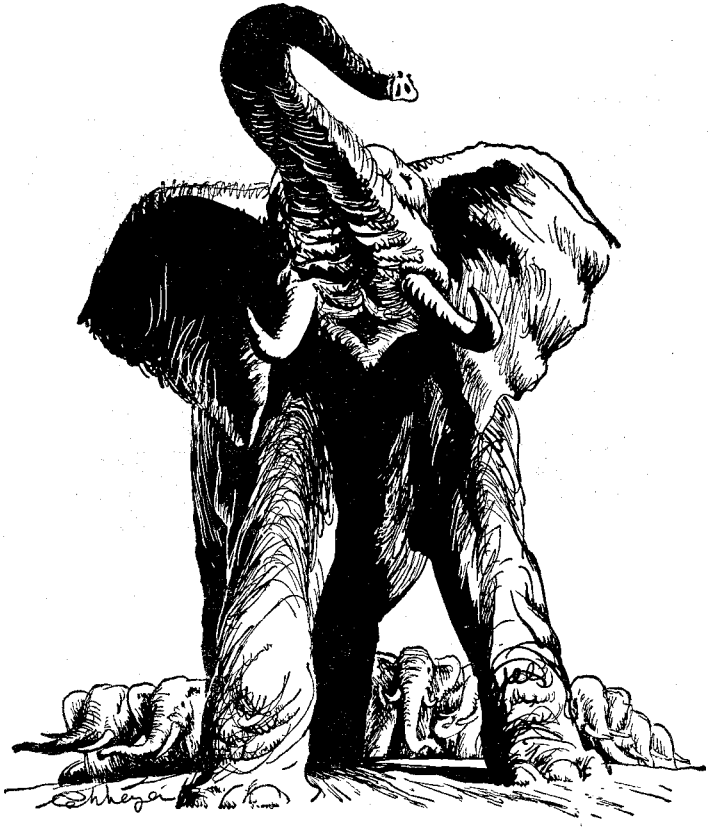
Book Condensation

KOMOON!

From the new book by Heinrich Oberjohann



"The most amazing story of African elephants I have ever read. This vivid account of a collector's sojourn among the elephants at Lake Chad gives a remarkable insight into the passions and the intimate daily life of the most romantic creature of the African jungle."— George G. Goodwin, American Museum of Natural History

From *Komoon! Capturing the Chad Elephant*, by Heinrich Oberjohann, translated from the German by Rhoda De Terra. Copyright 1952, by the publisher, Pantheon Books Inc., New York

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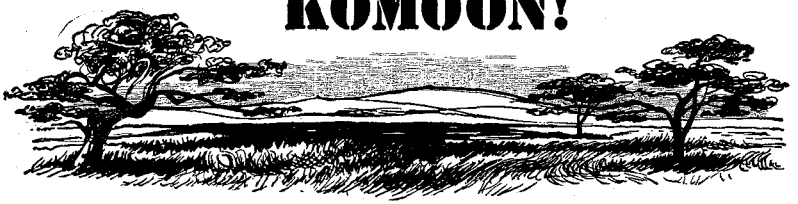
KOMOON!



INDIA AND AFRICA, with their immense and partly unexplored regions, are the home of the last of the great land mammals—the elephant. There, large herds of those gray giants continue to tramp through the dense jungles and over the vast plains—no one knows since when and for how much longer.

I began working with elephants when I was 19, but it was not until I met up with those giants in the wilderness that I really got to know them. In captivity, elephants assume the hypocrisy of man and their instincts are dulled. But in their own free world, I became captivated by these majestic creatures, and no amount of hunger, illness or exhaustion seemed too high a price for what I saw and experienced during my four years among the elephants of Africa's Lake Chad.

As far back as the 1800's, scientists began to explore Chad, and many of them lost their lives in the attempt. All of them chose the difficult and disastrous desert route. Above them blazed the desert sun, underfoot lay nothing but the burning sand, and before their eyes there shimmered and glittered a wide, opaque mass of hot air. Dreaming of water, their throats parched, many collapsed to die in the wilderness of sand.

Chad has many hundreds of satellite lakes grouped around it in a defensive girdle. They all lie treacherously hidden in the lake's enveloping outer garment, an ocean of undulating reeds which the human eye cannot span. These innumerable lakes are full of dangers. Their deceptively smooth surface tempts one to risk a leap, whereupon one sinks into treacherous mud.

Others are completely covered with aquatic plants—vast expanses of innocent-looking white flowers which hide a similar threat: disappearance into the swamp. An untrained eye may even miss the crocodile, with its eyes and nose barely distinguishable from the huge leaves of the swamp growths.

When the small lakes have dried out to a depth of about a foot, they suddenly begin to crawl with strange life. The mudfish begin to travel over the land in search of the deeper lakes which hold their water the year round. In a line several hundred yards long, one behind the other, the fish propel themselves forward by a lightning-quick thrashing of their tail fins.

At this time, all the animals living in the lake region are in desperate straits. The elephants are forced

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to withdraw entirely from the northern sector and are soon followed by most of the antelopes, the wild boars and millions of mosquitoes. The southern region is a great labyrinth of lakes of all sizes, and even with the best native guide it is difficult to pick one's way through it.

ON MY SECOND MORNING at Lake Chad, my native boys were up before I was. Through the still dark morning there came the deep, jerky, screaming laugh of the hippopotamuses. They were very close to us.

After a short, gray dawn, the red ball of the sun glowed in the east, giving notice of a hot day. I could just make out a few, still-shadowy animal forms—hyena, delayed by some late kill—hurrying homeward in the dawn. Hopping up to get their bearings above the high grass, their squat, ugly heads rose for a moment, then disappeared.

As we left camp, we ran into a perfect maze of elephant tracks. Completely under the spell of the great beasts, I saw, smelled and heard them. The air was oppressive, suffocating, laden with elephant. A terrifying scream, different from anything I had ever heard before, crashed through the air and jolted my senses with indescribable force.

All my ideas of human superiority were shattered by this one scream coming from a living flesh-and-blood being. At such times, man becomes very small indeed. He needs time to gather his wits and to tell himself: that is only the cry of an animal, and I—I am a man.

My inability to judge our distance from the herd played havoc with my nerves and nagged so tormentingly at my senses that I decided to turn back.

The element of deception in judging the distance to a herd is so great that even at 200 yards, you feel as though you are right in the midst of the elephants. Also, there is the depressing fact that you are standing in five feet of reeds and water, so that you can't even see three feet ahead of you. Under these conditions, the two most important senses, sight and hearing, are useless. But, where eye and ear fail, your sense of smell takes over.

What happened next to Bukhari and me was like the end of the world. It probably lasted only a few terrible moments, but at the time it seemed an eternity. All our faculties froze in horror.

An old bull, acting as sentinel for the herd and completely hidden by the high reeds and deep water, suddenly charged us with a horrible, ear-splitting cry. Six tons of elephant driven by the will to destroy hurled himself at us, and we had nothing but our bare hands with which to defend ourselves.

It is impossible to say exactly what happened next. The mind doesn't react clearly in moments of crisis. Somehow, I instinctively did the right thing at the right moment: I threw myself to one side and dived under the water.

When I finally got to my feet, I could hardly walk. My knees trembled as if I were just struggling to take my first steps. It was no help to tell myself, "Remember, you're 45 years old." I tried, but it did no good; my legs continued to shake in a humiliating way.

Until then the air had been filled with thunderous trumpetings. Now

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it was suddenly empty, as if life itself was holding its breath. This death in the air lasted only a few seconds.

Neither of us had recovered from fright when our ears were again deafened by a howling commotion. The whole herd was moving away at a quick pace. We sat there, in the midst of the uproar, showered by water churned up by the beasts, not daring to breathe or to take a single step. As a matter of fact, where could we go? There were elephants all around us.

Finally I could no longer resign myself to this terrible waiting. I had to act. "*Taffi*"—"Go!" That was meant for Bukhari, and it was the first word I had spoken to him since the elephant had charged us. But Bukhari would not budge. Instead, he pushed me away with his two hands and his terrified lips formed the one word. "*Komoon*"—"elephant."

So I left Bukhari behind and went on by myself. I had hardly walked 30 feet when I came to a great river. The elephants must have made their way along it only a moment before, trampling down the reeds and leaving a wide stretch of open water. This meant that they had gone, and the danger with them.

But my senses were tricking me once more. I still felt as if I were in the midst of the elephants. The crashing uproar made by the breaking of the reeds, together with the enormous water displacement produced by 200 elephants moving off at the double-quick, still rang in my ears and seemed to come at me from all sides. And very close to me I seemed to hear fearful trumpetings which were repeated at regular intervals.

A few minutes later, Bukhari, partly recovered from his fright, came after me. "*Tata komoon*" ("little elephant"), he whispered, and pointed. It took me a while, however, to see what he was pointing at, because the water was cluttered with broken reeds, which floated on the surface in a confused mass.

Then out of the midst of this chaos protruded a small elephant trunk, lifting itself like a rearing snake and remaining above water only long enough to cry. As I could not see the baby elephant's body, it was difficult to spot him.

Up to that moment I had no idea that an elephant baby could scream so loudly but, once Bukhari had pointed him out to me, nothing could hold me back. Quickly grabbing the rope that Bukhari had brought with him, I stood up to my neck in the water and, pushing the islands of tangled debris away from my face, worked my way toward the little animal, despite Bukhari's violent protests.

I must have covered about 20 feet when, for the second time that morning, I landed in an elephant hell. But this time I could see the giant beast clearly, as she was not hidden by the reeds. We stood face to face!

For four years I have worked in close contact with wild elephants and I must have survived more than 100 encounters, many of them far more dangerous than this one, but

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The Elephants Stage a Vanishing Trick

One incident which puzzled me was explained during my second year at Lake Chad. On previous occasions, having reached the vicinity of a herd, I ordered my boys to set up camp. When I went to look for the elephants, however, I could not find them, although I knew they could not be more than only a few hundred yards away.

A thing like that is enough to drive a man crazy. There, only a minute ago, were 200 elephants: and now they had all vanished. No matter how often I circled the place, I could not find a single track leading away. It was as if I had been tricked by my own senses.

Sometime later, I found myself traveling 100 yards from a herd that was still at the shore of Lake Chad. Freezing, I sat on my horse's back, telling myself, "You're not going to go into that cold water today." So I rode by and let the elephants be. My boys shook their heads in astonishment, and Bukhari climbed a tree in order to look out over the dune.

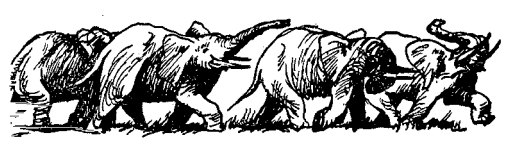
Soon he began signaling me and I returned at a gallop. Halfway up the dune I stopped, and there I caught my elephants at their vanishing trick.

The herd had left its resting place and, turning around, was negotiating the last 60 yards by walking backwards into Lake Chad! Even the elephant children were forced by their mothers into this backward march. Quietly I saluted the animals for this prank, which was a masterpiece of intelligence.

none of them remains so clearly in my memory.

During this second attack I was in complete control of myself and, although my behavior was spontaneous, I knew exactly what I was doing, probably because this time I could see my attacker. But in spite of this, my efforts would have availed me little if Bukhari had not cried out at the right moment.

Even today I can still hear Bukhari's cry of terror ringing in my ears. This scream which saved me almost cost him his life. In coming years I was to hear that same cry from Bukhari and from the other boys, that one awe-inspiring word, "*komoon*," screamed at me in tones of mortal fear.



The elephant cow was standing at the edge of the high reed barrier, only 25 feet away. When I had waded into the open water, she saw me and at once prepared to charge. With her gigantic ears fanning out at right angles and stiff as boards, her trunk held high and pointing straight upward ready to deal the decisive blow, she rushed toward me at a gallop, churning up the water like a whirlwind.

In the midst of this came Bukhari's warning cry. The cow stopped short 12 feet from me; there was a terrifying second-long silence—then she slowly turned her head and, holding her trunk in the direction of the sound, she was off again, a wild, dark gray mountain of rage and destruction, charging straight

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at poor Bukhari, whose head I had seen only a second ago but which had now disappeared.

Bukhari, also, got away with a good scare. He ducked under water to escape the cow and she rushed past him. Moved by curiosity, I had raised my head above water to watch the enraged animal, so she discovered me for the second time. However, in those few seconds, I had learned a lot.

I dove under water and swam out of range. When I rose to the surface for air, the angry cow was no longer in sight.

Through the sudden morning silence came the pitiful crying of the baby elephant, calling at regular intervals for his mother. I looked for the rope, which I had lost during the attack, and when I found it, I waded over to the little elephant, peering around cautiously to make sure that the mother really had gone away. Bukhari was now his old self again, and he quickly followed me, so that both of us arrived at the little elephant's side at almost the same moment.

The baby welcomed me joyfully, and I had a lot of trouble staying on my feet. He followed me willingly, nuzzling at my back with his trunk and sticking so close to my heels that strips of skin were torn off by his horny toes. But in my joy at having caught my first Lake Chad elephant, I didn't notice it.

ELEPHANT CHILDREN are like other animal children. Helpless and ignorant, they cling to the first living creature that comes their way, and for this reason our homeward march presented no difficulties. I had only one fear now and that nagged constantly at my nerves: where was that cow? Any minute I expected her to attack us, for I knew enough about elephants to be sure she would fight for her child with her life.

I immediately gave orders to break camp and to set up our night's headquarters in a more open spot. I ordered no fires to be lighted because I did not wish to be blinded by a bright fire. But that did not seem to bother my men. I have never been able to figure out whether natives see, hear, or smell the approach of danger, but I know from experience that all of them can sense trouble sneaking up on them much earlier than a white man can.

I was sure of one thing: the cow never would give up her child so easily. I was, however, completely in the dark as to when and how the attack would come. Meanwhile, I tied the baby elephant to a tree and climbed a giant acacia about 150 feet away. This was not to protect myself from attack, but in order to have a better view of the camp. I do not recommend tree climbing to anyone who is trying to hide from an angry elephant.

Hour after hour passed in nerve-racking suspense, but not a thing happened. Huddled inside their cloaks, my boys squatted on the ground, freezing and grumbling. It must have been long past midnight. The baby elephant had cried himself hoarse and now his plaintive wails were growing weaker and more despairing. The young animal could not bear to be alone; he was still a baby crying for his mother,

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for some living being to whom he could cling for assurance.

In spite of his pitiful wailing, I was forced to harden my heart. I had to use my reason instead of my emotions, and my reason told me that I must not risk a man's life to stop the elephant baby's crying. I dared not allow any of my boys to watch beside him, for the darkness of the night would have made it impossible to see the mother in time should she decide on sudden attack.

Two o'clock came. Would the cow appear? "Things can't go on like this," I said to myself. "In two hours we must set off and I will have to let the boys light fires to thaw out their frozen bodies."

I whistled. Ibrahim had just answered me with the high, shrill, hyena-like call which was customary hereabouts, when suddenly the night turned into a roaring, crashing hell. The tree in which I was sitting, blissfully unaware, crashed down with me. I was hurled through the air into some thorn bushes.

Without taking inventory of my limbs, I knew I had landed safely, for I could still run, run for my life through the thorn bushes which stripped the leather clothes from my body. Although the thorns tore big wounds in my flesh, I didn't even notice it at the time.

It was not until later that I noticed the wounds and felt any pain. At the time, I was anesthetized by fear. It is no exaggeration to say that this maddened elephant mother shook the ground like a minor earthquake. A six-ton mass of wild, rampaging flesh, she tore down 14 tough acacia giants, each two feet thick, and trampled them to small stumps practically level with the ground, not to mention another 50 trees of assorted sizes.

When this hellish commotion was over, I found myself hiding in the bushes, my body trembling, my heart pounding.

One after another my boys, who had scattered, found their way back. It was a funny feeling not to be able to recognize any of them by their voices. I had to look closely at each to see who was talking to me, for their voices had become thin and frightened. And through the silence there still came the weakened, hoarse wails of the lonely baby elephant, calling for his mother.

I ORDERED Bukhari to take my stallion and ride to the next village as quickly as possible and drive back two cows for us. After Bukhari had left, we set off with the baby elephant. I walked at the end of the line, 100 yards behind the others, for I expected the elephant mother's next attack to come from the rear, since we were always marching against the wind.

I worried terribly about a suspicious, fresh single track which we kept crossing from time to time. I knew it must belong to the cow, but I didn't know how to explain the fact that the tracks were in front of us. Under these conditions it would be impossible for the cow to smell us or to hear the slightest sound, as we were walking in the soft sand.

She must certainly be close to us, and her presence was no accident! She must know that we were marching with her child. What sense enabled that cow to discover her child's whereabouts if she could not smell or hear us? We crossed the tracks again. I could not stand it

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Outsmarting the Natives at Their Own Game

For generations the natives have known of the seasonal migrations of the elephants. The great animals may not always appear at exactly the same day, but they always stop at approximately the same places.

When word of an imminent migration comes to a village, the mayor and ministers go at once to the palaver hall and discuss how to safeguard their ripening crops. After a long talk, they come to agreement and set the time for harvesting.

The elephants, however, are also holding important meetings; they, too, must decide on harvest time. The oldest members of the herd are "palavering"; some want one crop, some want another. But who will be the first to get the crops?

The elephant knows that if he were to stop at the same places at the same time each year, he would find the feeding grounds bare. So, each year the herd visits a certain region at approximately the same date. But, for several days in succession, it will suddenly leave the resting place and go to another region for harvesting—a maneuver possible because of the herd's speed.

This game of wits between natives and elephants has been played for many years, and almost always the elephant, with his animal cunning, comes out victor.

any longer, waiting like this to be trampled to death, especially as we were now walking through grass nine feet high.

The drama of the previous day, in its setting of reeds and water, followed by the night of horror and 24 hours without a single minute's sleep, had shattered my nerves. And still the end was not in sight. My body was trembling and chilled with shock. The desire to lie down and sleep was so intense that I had to summon all my will power to fight against it. Somehow, the situation must resolve itself. I decided to follow the tracks.

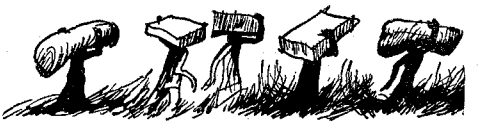
I ran slowly through the high grass, keeping to the elephant track as if it were a path. It led me toward the thick, spreading forest. Then I reached the first trees. In their shade the grass began to be shorter.

Suddenly, I stood beside a dark gray rock, twelve feet high. I could not explain its presence; it seemed unearthly, as if it had been conjured up by magic. But it was no hallucination. It was the cow, the mother of the child!

She stood like a statue, frozen to stone. Not even her eyes betrayed life. I wondered whether a man had ever stood like this before, face to face in the wilderness with a mother elephant.

Her eyes were uncanny, fixed and empty, completely white and devoid of life, as if their gaze were turned inward. The elephant mother had actually been driven mad by her boundless sorrow at losing her child.

She did not even know that the man who had kidnapped him was standing before her. She need only have lifted her mighty trunk and let



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it swoop downward and the kidnapping of her baby would have been avenged.

I prodded her trunk lightly with my bamboo staff. Like two barn doors, her flapping ears stood out at right angles to her body. Slowly she raised her trunk and lifted it toward my advancing men. Then, with a few deep, sorrowful sounds, she turned, as slowly as before, and moved away.

The rest of the day was uneventful. The elephant child ran about freely among us as we rested, wandering from one to the other. Shaking his body angrily, as if he wanted to rid himself of annoying insects, and growling deeply, he ran through a strip of light which slanted down between the trees. Often he lacked the courage to run through and then he would turn back, grumbling some more.

Soon my boys noticed the baby's phobia. Young elephants have the unpleasant habit of climbing up on you and trampling around on your body, so, in order not to be molested by the heavy calf, my boys selected their resting places in such a way that a broad patch of sunlight always lay between them and the playful young elephant.

We milked one of the cows brought up from the village and fed the baby the milk in a gourd. He drank about two quarts at intervals of two or three hours, welcoming his "bottle" eagerly.

After a two-hour rest, I was awakened by terrified screams of "*Ko-moon!*" Below us, the hamlet emptied in an instant; not a soul remained. From the distance came the terrified wailing of men, women and children and the frenzied barking of dogs.

Keeping close watch, I went slowly down to the hamlet. The dry, wooden frameworks which supported the straw thatching of the huts were breaking. I could hear it plainly. A giant, dark gray shape was racing through the village. The whole rampage lasted only 30 seconds, then the people and the dogs returned.

But, in spite of the fact that I paid them twice what the huts were worth, the natives did not stop their wailing and complaining. The white man had brought misfortune upon them, he had taken the elephant mother's child, now she would come and kill everybody.

She haunted the village for another four nights, then the elephant mother never came again. There was no loss of life; she did not revenge herself on the human species.

THE ELEPHANT is the most difficult of all mammals to observe, especially as regards his herd life. By this, I don't mean following in their tracks until you are exhausted, but remaining with the herd and traveling with it in such a way that the elephants are never out of your sight. I do not believe that anyone has succeeded in doing this. Nor do I believe that this will ever be possible in the full sense of the words.

I, myself, succeeded only for a period of four consecutive days and nights, at the most. Many riddles remain to be solved and some of them, I feel, will never be. At times,

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for instance, an elephant herd is only a phantom, while at other times it is real. This may sound unbelievable and yet it is the absolute truth. I will explain what I mean by this so that no one will get the idea that I believe in ghosts.

One day a big elephant herd was standing only 150 yards away from me. I couldn't see them, probably because they were in the high grass or deep water. But the whole atmosphere was terrifying and oppressive, charged with the trumpeting and screaming of elephants. I was not satisfied just to hear them. I needed to know how far away they were from me, for the human ear can deceive you very easily.

In order to see farther, I climbed a tree. Suddenly, the air went dead. It was uncanny; I hardly dared to breathe. The whole of life seemed like one giant tomb. Cautiously, I went on climbing. At last I could survey the wide spaces ahead of me. There was not an elephant to be seen. Some 200 giant elephants had disappeared as if they were ghosts!

The herd wanders restlessly hither and thither, seemingly without a definite goal, with no set purpose. For the pursuer, this is irritating in the extreme. Time after time, he follows the big tracks, spurred on by the tantalizing smell of elephants in his nostrils. He believes that, at last —in just a minute—he will catch up with the herd. Although all the signs seemed to point to the presence of a herd, it is only fantasy. At night, he sinks down exhausted.

"Tomorrow I will catch up with the herd," he tells himself.

But neither the next day, nor the next, brings him the fulfillment of his dreams. Sometimes weeks pass with only a fleeting vision. The hunter has not found the herd; it is the other way round: the herd has found him. And then, quickly, surprisingly, the elephants appear again, only to disappear once more, like ghosts.

The elephant is by no means a nervous animal. Might we suspect that behind this seemingly aimless wandering there lies a definite purpose? Is the elephant by this device trying to trick and exhaust his only enemy, man?

As a defense measure, the herd can keep up a ten-mile pace for 30 to 90 miles. Their rests are short, and even during these respites the elephants stand with strained, flapping ears, trunks raised high in the air like receiving antennae, alert to any smell of man in the atmosphere. At this time there is a quiet whispering, a droning consultation which you can only hear if you are nearby. Then they move off again at the double-quick, often in a totally different direction.

But an elephant's life is not all war; he also has his quiet hours. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the papyrus swamp comes to life. Two great, sleepy giants plow slowly through the narrow entrances into the adjacent sea of reeds. Other elephants follow. Often it takes an hour before the whole herd has gathered.

Until now the sentries, completely hidden in the deep, reed-covered water, have been patrolling in wide circles on the outskirts of the herd, protecting the huge family from surprise attacks during their two-hour siesta. Now they go off in all directions, encircling the herd, all the time patrolling both in front and behind the moving animals.

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Sometimes there are as many as six sentries on duty at a time.

The herd saunters but it stays close together. In the afternoon hours, you hear no quarreling among the various families; the elephants browse as they range. With their trunks, they probe the bottom of the water, tearing up big bundles of reeds, root and all. They are after the succulent reed-marrow, which is more tender the closer it is to the ground.

Moving slowly ahead, the elephants make many detours as they head for the shore, but they never lose sight of the feeding grounds which are their ultimate goal. If necessary, they will swim through the larger lakes. It is a wonderful sight to see 200 elephants, old and young, diving and swimming with great elegance, only the tops of their big heads showing above the water.

It is hard to get used to the deafening noise made by the breaking and crushing of great masses of tough reeds and the rush of masses of water displaced by 200 elephants. Nowhere else have I ever felt such an oppressive sensation of fear, neither on the veld nor in the dense forest. My senses were whipped to a high pitch by this diabolical elephant orchestra, and in this state of feverish excitement I could travel with the herd for days at a stretch without tiring.

Only very seldom, in the afternoon, when the herd saunters back toward the shore, do you hear the trumpeting of a single elephant. At that time of day, it can mean only one thing: a young bull, enticed by some infatuated female, has made a mistake in the hour. No sooner has he embraced his lady love tenderly than an old bull catches him at his brazen, daytime love-making. For a wild elephant seldom makes love during the day, and such behavior is considered shameless by the herd. After such a lapse, a thunderous scream of reprobation can be heard for miles around.

With nightfall, the family life of the elephant really begins. The herd meets in council. There is a choice of two, three or even four feeding grounds and a decision must be reached on the night's objective. Groups separate from the main herd, scattering near and far. The air is filled with the drone of their trumpeting. Some of the elephants want to go where the sweet corn is to be found, others prefer a nearby pumpkin field, while still others long for beans or thick, red millet.

One night I had camped on a dunelike elevation near a hamlet which was right in the middle of the elephant country. This spot was so located that the elephants had to pass it, whether they came from north or south.

I had recently come back to camp with a new baby elephant, and after a fortnight, the baby died. On this night it seemed to me, as I awoke, that all the elephant mothers in the world had gathered around my bed with the sole purpose of revenging themselves on me. But this was no vision, no ghost conjured up by my overwrought nerves—this was real!

A herd of 120 elephants, split into two columns as if on parade, filed past me at a distance of six feet from either side of my bed, then marched

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through the narrow lanes of the village, which had been promptly evacuated by its inhabitants.

USUALLY elephants follow a definite routine which varies little from night to night. The big event of the early night hours is the council, when the herd goes into a huddle to make their plans. From time to time the consultation is interrupted by the crying of a baby who wants to be nursed. But the elders have empty stomachs themselves, and the mothers turn a deaf ear to the infant wailing.

By this time it is 10 or 11 o'clock and the elephants have still not come to an agreement. A few groups have left the council, and you can hear their trumpetings from far and near.

Suddenly, there is peace: a decision has been reached. Now there is only one sound to be heard, the deep stomach tones of the Lake Chad elephant orchestra, mingling with the loud snapping of the last reeds. As the elephants step on land, you hear the soft rushing of water. Now and then a cow stops to nurse her calf and the nurslings are quiet at last. The great, shadowy avalanche rolls past at a marching speed of four miles an hour.

The herd moves on with no set formation, a picture of confusion. Like giant ghosts, the gray mountains travel across the moonlit veld. Around 2 A.M., they may stop again to take in a field of corn, a dessert that is delicious to these gourmets. Their trunks hug big bundles of cobs, letting most of them fall back onto the ground. They like to chew on a cob that is especially sweet.

After 20 minutes the whole field has been reduced to a few stumps, but the loss is not too great. In any case the natives have been spared some work: the elephants have relieved them of the trouble of cutting down the hard stalks, and all that needs to be done now is to remove the stumps.

The gray avalanche moves majestically through the dark night, pushing forward restlessly. The herd is now heading for Lake Chad. As they enter the forest, their dark gray contours melt so deceptively into the dark tree columns that unless you knew an elephant herd was approaching, you would think it was the forest itself.

By now it is almost 3 o'clock. This is a time for redoubled vigilance, for when elephants have fed and have had an hour's walk to stimulate their digestion, the herd enters on a new phase of life. Up to this time, the night silence has been broken only by the crying of calves, but now a thunderous rolling trumpeting can be heard.

When I hear that cry, which seems to shatter the air, I know that the drive for existence, the very sense and meaning of life, is about to fulfill itself among the elephants. The time for procreation has come.

There in the faint moonlight which shines down through a clump of widely spaced trees stand a pair of lovers, lost to the world. It is a grandiose sight. This is no hasty mating, over and done with in a minute or two; this is ardent love-making, preceded by a long court-

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Why Elephant Cemeteries Can't Be Plundered

Every animal has a lair to which it can retreat from danger. Originally the elephant, because of his great strength and peaceful character, was an exception to this rule. But when man made war on him, he either had to find a sanctuary or be destroyed. It was then that he discovered the swamps.

Here, even if he had neither a pleasant life nor good feeding, he was at least safe from his pursuer. In this refuge he could rest, die and be buried.

It is to these hide-outs that the elephant goes when he is about to die. If a sick animal has been shot (*i.e.*, if it is sick as well as wounded), it will no longer continue with the herd but will leave its companions to stagger off alone toward its burial ground. And if there are comrades helping it, they will support the dying animal and lead it off to the cemetery to die.

If anyone imagines that he can plunder one of these elephant cemeteries, he is mistaken. You must remember that a single burial ground often covers hundreds of miles, and also that whole lake and river regions, with immense outskirts of swampland, form one huge elephant sanctuary.

Finally, I should like to remind the reader that no human being has ever seen a wild elephant die a natural death.

ship. Like human beings, these great beasts kiss and embrace tenderly.

With their powerful trunks, which they use like human arms, they embrace one another fondly, their huge bulky heads pressed close together as their mouths search and find each other to be joined at last in a long, yearning kiss. Again and again, they embrace, touching each other gently with their padded tongues, kissing each other in an ecstasy of love.

This idyll is interrupted by a loud crashing noise. Branches and trees are broken. An elderly male—I see him only dimly and am just able to get out of his way—lurches madly through the forest, screaming with rage. Rejected by his lady love, he hurls himself against a tree and reduces it to a stump in a frantic effort to recover his inner equilibrium. On every side you hear twigs and branches snap, for there are also feeding animals about.

This commotion does not disturb the lovers. In the intoxication of their senses, they give a touching performance forgetful of all else. Time passes quickly.

The coming of the young day warns them that they must part, and, sobered, they run at a trot to join the herd, which has meanwhile collected itself. In long columns, they plunge into the reeds. Once more the Lake Chad orchestra strikes up. There is the same old music, the furor and the trumpeting, the breaking of the hard reeds, the rushing of water, all the many sounds that are unforgettable to a man who has heard them once.

At the first stretch of open water

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the elephants pause to refresh themselves with the first delicious drink of the morning. Then they are off again, sauntering at a leisurely pace, wandering up and down among the reeds. They graze here, too, mostly on reed-marrow and quick-grass, swimming through deep water whenever that seems necessary. Only the cows and the smallest calves stay behind; they go off by themselves, hiding so successfully in the high reeds that they cannot be seen by the human eye. Every herd has two to four cows with small calves.

Once more the elephants have arrived at their goal, and now they push forward into the papyrus swamp, settling down among its quiet inlets to rest and recuperate. On the outskirts of the herd, the sentinels are once more on duty, patrolling faithfully.

I WONDER if there is anyone in the world who has never heard of the aggressive rogue elephant and who has not been told how dangerous these animals are? I do not believe that there is another animal who has been the victim of so many fantastic and irresponsible tales.

Before I had met my first wild elephants in their natural setting, I was much impressed by the tall yarns told by a variety of elephant hunters. I now deeply regret that, for some time, I shot every lone elephant I met, thinking that I was dealing with a rogue.

I began to have qualms when, after I had killed off eight lone elephants out of a herd of 100, the solitary elephants kept right on appearing. Even a stupid person must realize that no herd of 100 elephants can possess so many rogues.

I was horrified when, a year later, I encountered the same herd and discovered the real rogues living all by themselves in a sort of Old Men's Home. Another year was to pass, however, before I had conclusive proof that I had been shooting the herd sentries who had been patrolling.

It took a long time to solve the riddle of why these old gents formed separate groups. I found the solution by accident. I had left Bukhari to watch the Old Men's Home while I stayed nearby, trying to kidnap a baby antelope only a few days old from a family of kobs. Late that afternoon, Bukhari appeared with the news that an *Ubaba-Giva* (elephant grandfather) had run away, and he showed me the tracks.

I started off, joggling along in the old elephant's tracks, and caught up with him while it was still daylight. The rest of my pursuit was aided by the brilliance of the moon, which lit up the veld as brightly as if it were day. The old elephant reached the herd before midnight, roving back and forth and making wide circles around what had been his family group. Late the next evening he was again back with the other old men.

For two months I took advantage of the nights of brilliant moonlight to travel back and forth with the old elephants. And in the end I got a good picture of what was going on.

The number of old elephants forming a group apart varied, but there were never more than 11 or less than six. I made a point of memorizing the face of each animal. The easiest way to do this is to

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observe the tusks, which are markedly different on each animal.

I soon found that there was one group of elders who stayed together and never commuted between their quarters and the gathering place of the main herd; these were always the same animals. But there were five other animals who commuted back and forth to the herd; they went at irregular intervals, each one by himself. There was no rule as to the length of time they would stay near their former families, circling around the herd at a distance of as much as 300 yards.

Watching these old elephants, I always had the feeling that they were like old men who are gripped with a deep, irresistible urge to see their grandchildren just once more, even if only for a single hour. Again and again, this yearning takes hold of them and they undertake the strenuous trip, regardless of its hardships. Then at last the day comes when the last reserve of spiritual and physical activity is drained from them and they are too old to go visiting any longer.

Out of this ancient, intractable, dark gray mass of flesh, the "experts" have created that most dangerous of elephants, the rogue. Actually, these old elephants can be provoked into battle only with difficulty; if they fight at all, it is without zest. Not one of them enters wholeheartedly into an attack or carries it through to a conclusive end, as is the custom among all active herd animals.

With their trunks held just a little above nose level, and their ears stiff and cocked at right angles, as always in times of danger, they will amble off at a quick gait, and I always got the impression that they were relieved to have escaped so easily.

One of the most remarkable phenomena observable among elephants is their power to communicate with each other by what I can only call telepathy. By this word I mean the capacity to transmit messages and the secret, unfailing knowledge of the whereabouts of each individual animal at distances up to 125 miles. Again and again I have been flabbergasted by mysterious occurrences of the kind I shall now describe.

The elephants emerge at a saunter from a thick forest; they are moving in haphazard confusion, singly and in groups, exactly as if there were no order or arrangement in the herd. They come to a gigantic water hole which is still full of water. All the elephants enter the water hole, but they are scattered over a distance of about a mile.

Slowly, I approach a cow who has remained with her calf at the edge of the forest. My intention is to take her by surprise and I suddenly move into range of her scent so that, in the first impact of her terror, she will flee, giving me a few valuable seconds in which to hobble the child. As I come within her range, I cover the last stretch on the run and, although usually I am absolutely quiet, I now imitate an elephant, screaming at the top of my lungs.

As soon as I enter into her range of scent, the whole herd is in a state of alarm. Even those animals who are a mile away from me, unable to hear my voice, standing or lying down or rolling in the mud, are on their feet in a moment and, as if

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heeding a command, dash off at the double-quick.

During this crisis, all noise has stopped as if by magic. Whereas until now the air was oppressively laden with the deep ventriloquist grumblings of the elephants, now there is a sinister silence.

A cow always knows exactly the whereabouts of her child. She never follows directly in its tracks after it has been kidnapped, yet she steers straight where her calf is standing. Is it possible that even a baby elephant is able to "telegraph"?

The elephant also has an amazingly acute sense of hearing. I can testify that a herd of elephants heard the passage of a single small bird that flitted past at a distance of a good 30 yards. It was the softest, quietest flight possible, and yet it was heard by the elephants. And, most important of all, they were able to interpret its meaning.

No natural sound escapes the elephant, but if you are able to imitate the sounds of Nature, you can make a lot of noise as you approach a herd, and the elephants will think nothing of it. I soon discovered that the animals were not alarmed even if I broke the reeds and splashed through the water, but, on the other hand, if I took my bamboo club and hit at the reeds with it, then hell broke loose, for this was a sound outside of Nature's scheme.

There were other occasions that convinced me of the existence of a sensitive apparatus in elephants for sending and receiving messages. If a herd is grazing in groups separated from each other by anywhere from one to three miles (which is often the case at night), even at such distances it takes only a split second for a warning to reach all of the scattered groups and single animals.

Whenever I observed anything of this kind, I always asked myself whether the first animal who noticed the approach of danger "telegraphed" a warning to the rest of the herd, or whether it emitted a sound heard by the elephants but inaudible to the human ear.

Soon I was to discover that the warning command which the lead animal telegraphs not only carries over a distance of three miles, but is effective even at a distance of 125 miles. If, for instance, I had an encounter with a company who were then some 90 miles away from the herd, the herd received the news at once. In such cases, it was futile to wait for the herd to appear.

When I got back to my boys, who had remained with the herd, they reported to me that at such and such an hour (they gave the exact time according to the sun), the herd had suddenly run off in a certain direction. And the time of its flight coincided exactly with the moment of my clash!

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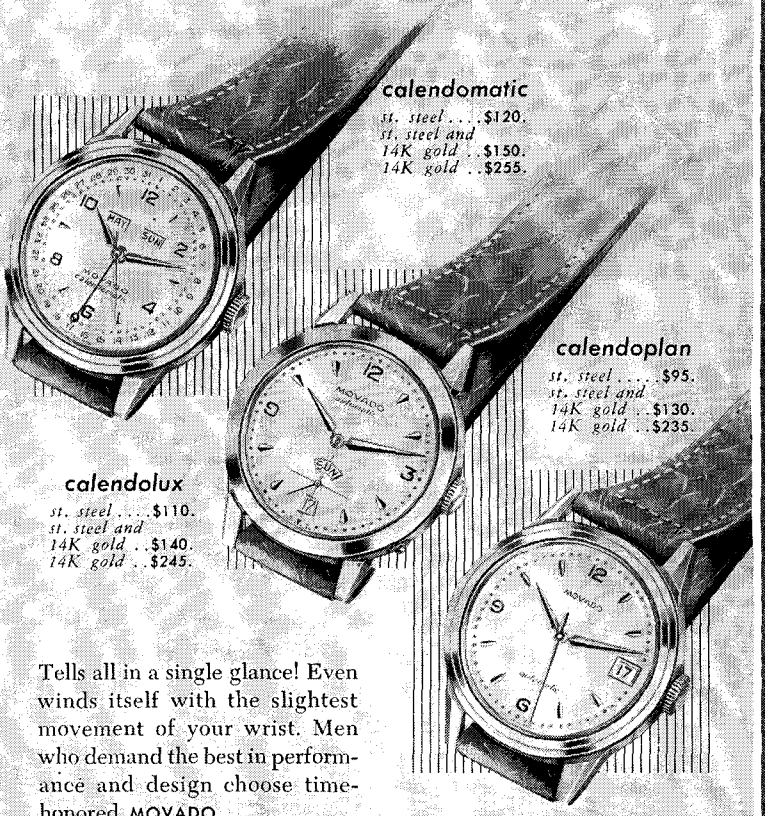

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CASTLES IN THE AIR

by GARRY MOORE

I HAVE OFTEN FELT that the luckiest folks on earth are those who have such a great love of life that they are able to transform the prosaic into the sublime, the ugly into the beautiful.

Unfortunately, there are all too few such people, but one of them was Dudley Field Malone, the legendary American lawyer who died several years ago. While I never had the good fortune to meet him personally, I have heard many, many stories about his rare ability to make life more colorful and exciting for those around him. Here is one of them:

One summer, Malone played host to the famed British writer, Rebecca West, at his summer home in Sussex, England. His home, she wrote, was a "glorious red brick place . . . most lovely . . . with something of the feeling of a Renaissance palace. There were lots of rooms and a colonnaded front. All very opulent and luscious looking."

Sometime later, Miss West happened to be in Sussex again, and this time took a friend to see the Malone home. As they neared the village, she located the familiar hillside, but couldn't see the house.

"I can't understand," she pondered, "why it isn't right in front of us. It stood on this hillside, with a garden that fell in terraces."

Miss West approached two shepherds nearby and asked them where the manor house was. They pointed to the same hillside. Bewildered, Miss West and her companion continued up the slope. Before them they could discern only a small, undistinguished, brick edifice, with spindly columns and a lawn that was not terraced at all.

The writer was puzzled. Then, suddenly, she understood.

"When Dudley walked in the garden," she explained apologetically, "he indicated the colonnade with a gesture so perfect that it made one think the columns also were perfect. When he went through the door, it seemed as if he must have gone into a vast tapestried room, wide enough to be a stage.

"His rich voice so persuaded one that everything in the world was stately and suited to the presentation of grand opera, that one saw terraces that were in truth not there."

That explained it all. She had seen the place first in the presence of a man whose vivid personality permeated everything he touched, and she had found it magnificent.

I have often thought about Miss West's story and how much life is enhanced by the Malones of this world. By their own genius for living, they magnify our lives, coloring them with more meaning than they possibly could have in our own hands.

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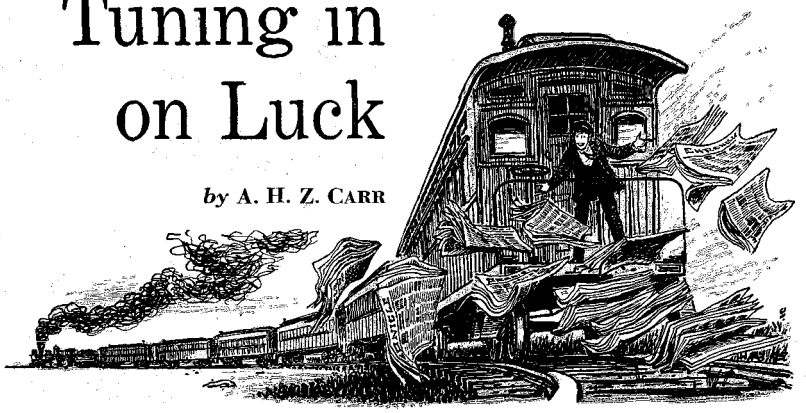
Tuning in on Luck

by A. H. Z. CARR



LIKE AN INVISIBLE television antenna, the quality of alertness reaches up for the wave of chance and catches it as it passes. Before the clear image can show on the screen of our fortunes, however, many another part in the set must come into play. Essential among them is the factor of self-knowledge.

Out of hundreds of stories of good and bad luck told by veracious men and women, this unmistakable inference emerges: the man who knows what he wants out of life and what he is willing to risk for it has a far better chance of being lucky than those who are confused about their desires and ambitions.

When Thomas Alva Edison was a boy of 14, he was earning a few dollars a week for his impoverished family by selling newspapers and other reading material on trains. Calling his wares one day, he saw a well-dressed gentleman accompanied by a colored servant.

"Paper, sir?" said Edison.

The traveler examined Edison from head to toe and said with a sleepy Southern drawl, "Tell me, boy, how many papers you carrying there?"

Edison, a little bewildered, counted his newspapers and said, "Forty, sir."

"All right," said the Southerner. "Throw them out of the window, and then maybe we'll have some quiet around here. I'd sure like to take a nap."

Startled as he was, Tom's young mind instantly began to assess the strange chance that had befallen him. He was an ambitious boy. More than anything else, he craved education, particularly in the fascinating realm of science. But education meant books, and he could not buy the books he wanted without a lump sum which he had never been able to save from his meager earnings.

Edison did not think of all this at the time, of course, but he knew just what he wanted. It flashed through his mind that here was a once-in-a-lifetime chance to get it. He hesitated only a moment before fling-

From *How to Attract Good Luck and Make the Most of It in Your Daily Life*, by A. H. Z. Carr. Copyright, 1952, by the author, and published by Simon and Schuster, Inc., New York.
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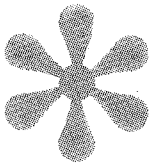

*

You use it . . . but you don't see it!
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ing his papers, with a flourish, out of the moving train.

The sleepy Southerner nodded approvingly and said to his servant, "Pay the boy for his papers."

Pocketing a dollar, Edison hurried back to the car where his stock was stored. Soon he was going through the train again. As he approached the Southerner's seat, he raised his voice: "Magazines! All the latest magazines!"

The man looked at him with heavy eyes and asked, "Boy, how much are those magazines worth?"

"Six dollars," said Edison promptly.

"Throw them out of the window!" He watched Edison obey, and told the servant to pay him.

The third time Edison came through the car, he carried the most expensive part of his stock—adventure stories and novels. Again the weary Southerner ordered him to throw them out and saw that he was paid.

"Let's see," the open-handed gentleman said then. "You got any more stuff out there?"

"All I've got left is an empty suitcase," Tom confessed.

"Well," the man commanded, "bring that and throw it out, too."

According to Edison, the money he made through that stroke of luck enabled him to buy the books which launched him on serious study of electrical science. Though only a boy, Edison had known what he wanted, and grabbed his chance.

The point of interest to us here is this: Edison's mind was ready to recognize the chance because he understood his own requirements. When chance offered him an opportunity to fulfill the most urgent of these, he seized it quickly.

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

The Arthur Godfrey You Never See, by William J. Slocum

A revealing and intimate close-up of America's No. 1 radio and TV entertainer. Here, for the first time, you will learn about Godfrey as a person, as a businessman, as a musician, as an aviation enthusiast, as a friend of the great and the not-so-great, and about the great love of his life—the United States of America.

Teach Your Wife to Be a Widow, by Donald I. Rogers

Too many husbands overlook one of their greatest responsibilities—preparing for a day when they may not still be present to care for their families. In this condensation of a new book, an expert gives some rules for every man who wants to be sure of his wife's future security and happiness.

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Hollywood Wins Its Polio Fight

by GRADY JOHNSON

AT 3 O'CLOCK on the morning of August 25, 1948, Mima Hartman awoke with a pain in her neck. Going at once to her parents' bedroom, the 17-year-old girl complained that she couldn't seem to move her head forward. By daybreak, the lively and pretty youngster was paralyzed.

The family doctor broke the shocking news—polio. Mima's father, Don Hartman, Hollywood film producer and director, thought only of the best private hospital, the best medicine that money could buy.

The doctor shook his head. "The County Hospital," he said, helping to put the slender, dark-haired girl in an ambulance. "No other hospital in Los Angeles will accept polio cases."

What Don Hartman saw at Los Angeles County Hospital surprised him. Instead of being admitted to the huge, modern buildings of which Los Angelenos were justifiably proud, he was directed to a small, brick building on the grounds. As he escorted the girl past beds being sunned outside, he wondered about the hundred-odd somber-faced people who moved aside to make a path.

Inside, he made his way along crowded corridors, past wards filled with patients in iron lungs. Now he understood. There wasn't room enough for all the polio patients who needed attention. Here was a side of Los Angeles he had never seen before.

The city, for all its size and wealth, had no communicable diseases hospital properly equipped to care for the 3,000 persons stricken with polio and the 1,000 others examined in that year of 1948. Because polio might be contagious, its victims were supposed to be confined to the Communicable Disease Hospital, under the same roof with patients suffering from other infectious diseases.

Hartman took the pen which the reception nurse handed him and signed a paper. His signing took Mima out of the family doctor's care. However competent the hospital doctors might be, giving

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That a Child May Learn to Laugh...

A CITY STREET ... dirty, empty, lonely. Two little boys clad in threadba overalls sit patiently, warily on a curb. Tousled heads, unwashed faces, and a loo no child should ever have — a troubled, bewildered look, with no trace of the hapj laughter of childhood. These are children from the streets of Vienna, but they cou be from one of many European cities. Children like these have *never* known su things as a real bed with warm blankets, new clothing, three meals of nourishi food in a day, or even a toy of their own.

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strangers permission to treat her as they saw fit made him feel helpless. Then he followed other distraught persons down the crowded corridors to wait outside.

Sometime in the next two hours, barring complications, he would be permitted to come in and see her for five minutes; he must stay three feet away from her; he was to bring nothing in nor take anything out.

THOSE FIRST HOURS of waiting were torture, yet everyone, Hartman noticed, was quietly brave. No hysteria, sobbing or screaming. Silently, new patients came and old patients went. Some of those leaving were in wheel chairs.

Looking around, Hartman saw a woman in the doorway wipe tears from her eyes before facing the anxious crowd, lest she undermine its morale with her own terrible sorrow. Close behind came a man, smiling. "Charley's going to get well," he announced to strangers as though they knew and loved Charley, too.

Some men, impatient with waiting, attempted to peek into windows, hoping for a glimpse of loved ones. At ground level, a woman opened a large jug and passed coffee to the crowd, many of whom had kept vigil off and on for days. Slowly the minutes went by.

Three hours later, the Hartmans were permitted to see their daughter. She would live, the doctors thought. Then, their five minutes up, they hurried outside to carry vicarious cheer to the others, and to sit on the steps and await their next chance to see Mima.

But what they had seen and heard in those five minutes had opened their eyes. Los Angeles was battling desperately against its worst polio epidemic, and most of the battle was being fought at its single Communicable Disease Hospital. Around him Hartman had seen scores of patients in iron lungs, nurses who had been on duty for long, hard hours, stricken children crying for their parents, and worried parents trying to console their frightened children.

Sitting next to Hartman was James Simmons, former newspaperman handling publicity for an air line. His wife, Barbara, daughter of silent screen star Reginald Denny, had just been put in an iron lung, one of many flown to Los Angeles for the emergency by the Army or Navy Air Forces. Two patients in the room with her had died, causing her to lose hope for her own recovery.

Simmons mentioned that the consulting hospital engineer had recently developed a delicate regulator which assisted the respirator in feeding air faster or slower as needed, thus saving the patient vital energy. It cost $800, but he had managed to get one for his wife, the second one ever made anywhere and the only one available.

"Let's get them for everybody," Hartman suggested. "We'll call people and get them."

"I can get the newspapers to help," said Simmons.

They went to the hospital director, Leroy R. Bruce, with their plan. He told them that the County Board of Supervisors was straining its resources to cope with the emergency, but agreed that what was really needed was a new and larger hospital. Hartman and Simmons,

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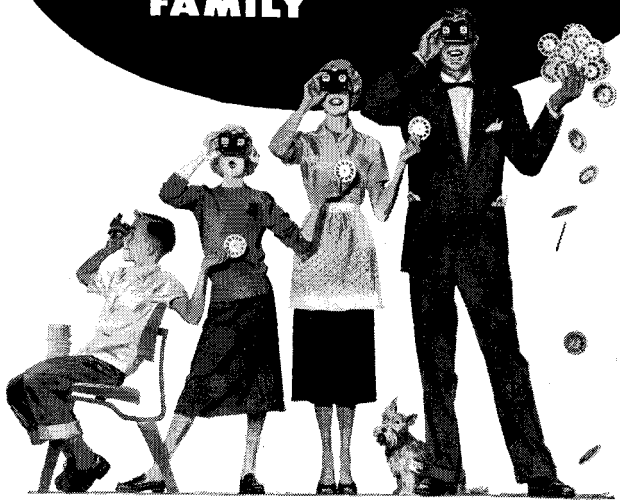

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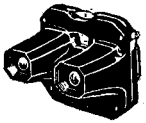

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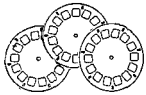

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greenhorns at civic affairs, felt that if they huffed and puffed hard enough, they might blow the existing building down and get a new and better one.

The doctors felt the same way. They, too, wanted a new hospital with the latest anti-polio equipment, but meantime there was an epidemic and they had to manage the best way they could with what they had.

For weeks past, under direction of Dr. Albert G. Bower, brilliant head of the Communicable Disease Hospital, they had been working round the clock to handle the rush of cases. He and his humanitarian staff had become marvelously adept in devising and applying methods that made their recovery records nothing short of amazing.

HARTMAN AND SIMMONS had no quarrel with the weary doctors, who had performed heroically under trying conditions. In a near-epidemic in 1934, 350 doctors, nurses and other hospital employees themselves had contracted the disease, including Dr. Bower. Under his direction, the doctors had perfected many life-saving techniques, giving Los Angeles the lowest mortality rate in the nation—slightly over four per cent.

Hartman and Simmons freely conceded all this. But if the hospital could do so well with so little, could it not do better with more? Picking their way through the civic woods, the men were counseled by Arthur J. Will, then Superintendent of Charities, who wasn't satisfied with the old hospital either. They obtained an audience before the Board of Supervisors and publicly criticized the hospital's inadequate facilities.

A supervisor accused Hartman of overdramatizing the situation. "You're a rich movie man and don't think the hospital is good enough for your daughter!" he said.

The film man put forward other speakers—men in shabby clothes and ginghamed women with babies. They agreed with him about the hospital.

But the Board countered the demands for a new building. Instead, it suggested renovating and adding to the old one. Hartman and Simmons held out for a new one, and consulted architects Paul Williams and Adrian Wilson. After many conferences at Hartman's home with hospital doctors, county officials, nurses and former patients, it was estimated that the "dream hospital" would cost $5,000,000.

The Supervisors suggested a bond issue. "But it'll probably take ten years to put it across," one added, pointing out that voters traditionally reject bond issues.

Hartman and an interested businessman, Edwin Stanton—whose son had once been stricken and who was serving an internship at the hospital—got on the phone. People had to be aroused. In 20 minutes, $10,000 was raised to start a hard-hitting publicity campaign.

Meantime, Simmons' wife died and Hartman's daughter was released to undergo further treatment. While their personal emergencies had ended, they were in this fight to the finish now, spurred by their own grief and determination to right a wrong.

They organized a citizens' committee of influential people in the

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Often Have a Certain Odor!

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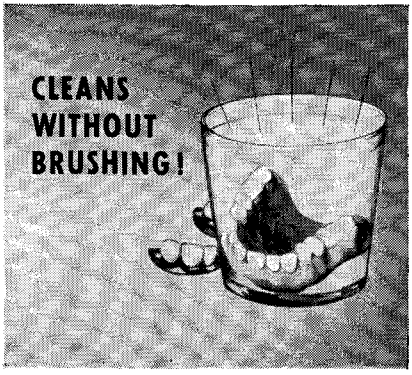
2 When you laugh, the odor of Denture Breath is not so funny to those around you!



3 Soak plates daily, 15 minutes or more, in a fresh solution of Polident and water.

4 Smile and know you can't offend. No Denture Breath—thanks to Polident.

Without harmful brushing, Polident cleans your false teeth—as no soap or toothpaste can. Polident is guaranteed to be the safest, quickest, easiest way to keep plates naturally white, fresh and odor-free or *your money back.* Get Polident today.

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county—doctors, bankers, lawyers, clubwomen, school authorities, the PTA, film people, labor leaders, clergymen and heads of various organizations. The motion-picture industry, which Hartman represented, had pioneered in polio fund raising. Production Head Joseph M. Schenck and publicity man Harry Brand and Wendell M. (Doc) Bishop of 20th Century-Fox had originated the idea of collecting dimes and had popularized the March of Dimes slogan coined by Eddie Cantor.

While the National Infantile Paralysis Foundation was doing fine work, the movie colony itself was lagging. The old Communicable Disease hospital—built in 1923 when the county population was only 1,255,000, and trying now to serve a population of 4,125,000 in an emergency—was not the kind of institution in which the film folk envisioned spending the millions they would raise.

AFTER A FULL YEAR of debate, the Supervisors had not yet put the issue on the ballot and time before election was growing short. Twenty-four meetings of the Citizens Committee had produced little but talk and debate.

"What do we do now—give up?" Hartman said to Miss Grace S. Stoermer, prominent clubwoman.

"Certainly not," she said. "We meet as usual next Thursday."

It was at this low ebb in the campaign that Hartman learned the civic value of women's clubs. "I had always thought they just played bridge and sold tickets to things," he said. "Why, those women have a telephone network which can turn out 50,000 fighters in minutes!"

They had occasion to do exactly this when only one member of the Board of Supervisors showed up for a meeting to hear the hospital committee. Miss Stoermer leaned toward the mild-mannered, middle-aged Hartman and said: "Stand up and get mad, Mr. Hartman. You're best when you are mad."

He did. He told the supervisor: "All we want to know is why the supervisors, our elected representatives, didn't come to this meeting when children are dying and being crippled."

After the meeting, Miss Stoermer alerted clubwomen to harass each member of the board by phone. Then, when the supervisors' patience was exhausted, she phoned each of them herself, saying Hartman was calling a press conference to attack them for not coming to the meeting. Shortly afterward the proposition was put on the ballot.

Because experienced electioneers warned that a heavy turnout of voters was the hospital's only chance, there followed the most intensive campaign the county had seen in years. "Fight Polio at the Polls" was the battle cry. Doorbells were rung. Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and schoolchildren harangued their parents and passed out handbills, while the supervisors joined in support of the proposition. Motion-picture stars either took the speaking stump or lent their time to other publicity.

Hartman, now head of production at Paramount Pictures and a member of the executive committee of the Los Angeles chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile

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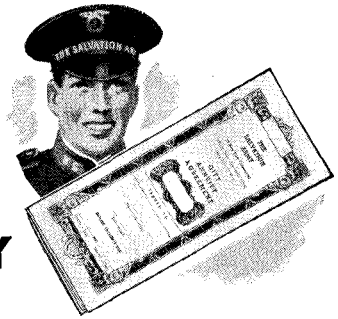
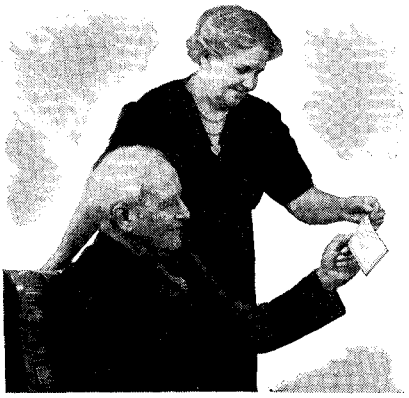


AID to the unfortunate has always been the aim of the Salvation Army. Perhaps in the past you have furthered that cause.

Now an Annuity Plan makes possible a guaranteed life income for *you* and, at the same time, help for others.

If you desire to be helpful to others with your money but need the income, a Salvation Army Annuity is an ideal solution. This way you can eliminate fear of decreasing income and add satisfaction in the knowledge that distressed individuals will find sympathetic succor in time of need. All this with income larger than you might receive otherwise and with certain income tax benefits. These Salvation Army Annuities are guaranteed by the integrity of this great institution and are also under the supervision of the New York State Department of Insurance.



In accordance with legal requirements, your money is held by The Salvation Army for your protection during your life time in a legally segregated Reserve and Surplus Fund. You have no risks for a definite income is guaranteed you, from 2½ to 7% depending upon age; the older you are the more you get!

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Gentlemen:

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Paralysis, wrote a film short which Cary Grant acted in and narrated, describing the overcrowded conditions at the hospital. Dore Schary at M-G-M donated production facilities for it, Eastman Kodak contributed the raw film, M-G-M's Frank Whitbeck his know-how in making it, and National Screen Service and Charles P. Skouras offered wide-scale distribution facilities to theaters.

And on November 8, 1949, an aroused citizenry voted overwhelmingly for the $5,000,000 bond issue —at a cost of only six cents per person per year.

The Korean war delayed building of the "dream hospital," but ground has been cleared and construction should be finished in 1954. And because the project was not set in motion immediately after the bond issue, rising costs cut the contemplated 400 beds to only 258. But additional beds are being provided by enlargement of another county hospital, Rancho Los Amigos, to take care of polio convalescents after the acute stage.

Thus, in Los Angeles, the worst is over, though the fight against polio itself has yet to be won. The people of the city, sparked by a group of crusaders, have set in motion a highly worth-while project. Soon, Dr. Bower and his heroic band of assistants, nurses and technicians will have the kind of institution they dreamed of.

While its proponents concede that their battle was made easier by the all-out cooperation of the motion-picture industry, they feel that the Los Angeles Communicable Disease Hospital is a striking example of civic reform brought about through concerted action. The people of Los Angeles, awakened to a need, took matters in their own hands and worked until they corrected it. And based on their success, they know that other towns can do the same.

Last Word

SPEAKING PERHAPS truer than he knew, a patient at a mental institution told the new superintendent:

"We like you lots better than we did the last superintendent. You are more like one of us."

—*Twaddle*

"A LETTER came today for you, marked 'Personal'," said the wife to her husband as he returned home from the office.

"What did it say?" the husband asked eagerly.

—PAUL STEINER

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"GOOD MORNING!"

Sure as sunrise, radio performs a fresh set of miracles every morning, in nearly 45,000,000 homes like yours. With its matchless bounty of music and news and fun, radio gets you up on the right side of bed, and starts you off on the PLUS side of living. And the best of these miracles is yours at the nearest MUTUAL station, with neighborly, local-interest shows for the whole family through breakfast and delightful highlights-for-the-housewife the rest of the morning... all to make your mornings *good*.

"IT'S MUTUAL!"

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LADIES' FAIR

Mondays through Fridays

11:00 to 11:25 a.m. EST

(See local listings for time on your MBS station)

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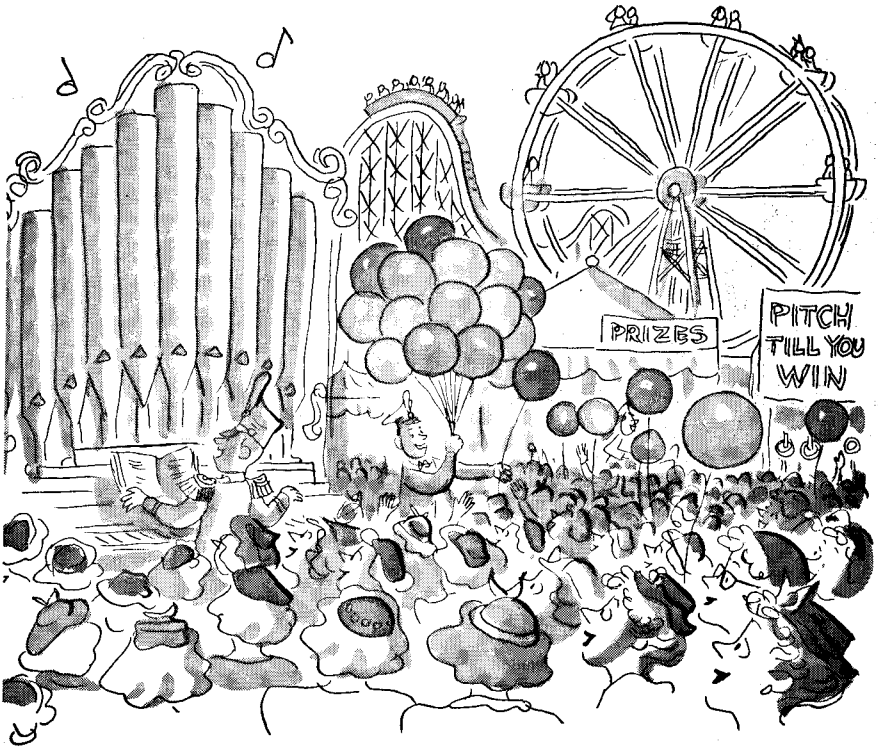

Midway in your busy morning at home, genial Tom Moore makes it a *good* morning with the midway atmosphere of carnival time on *"Ladies' Fair."* An endless variety of quiz games, prizes, sparkling repartee brings you a tonic blend of hilarity and relaxation, when needed most.

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Queen for a Day

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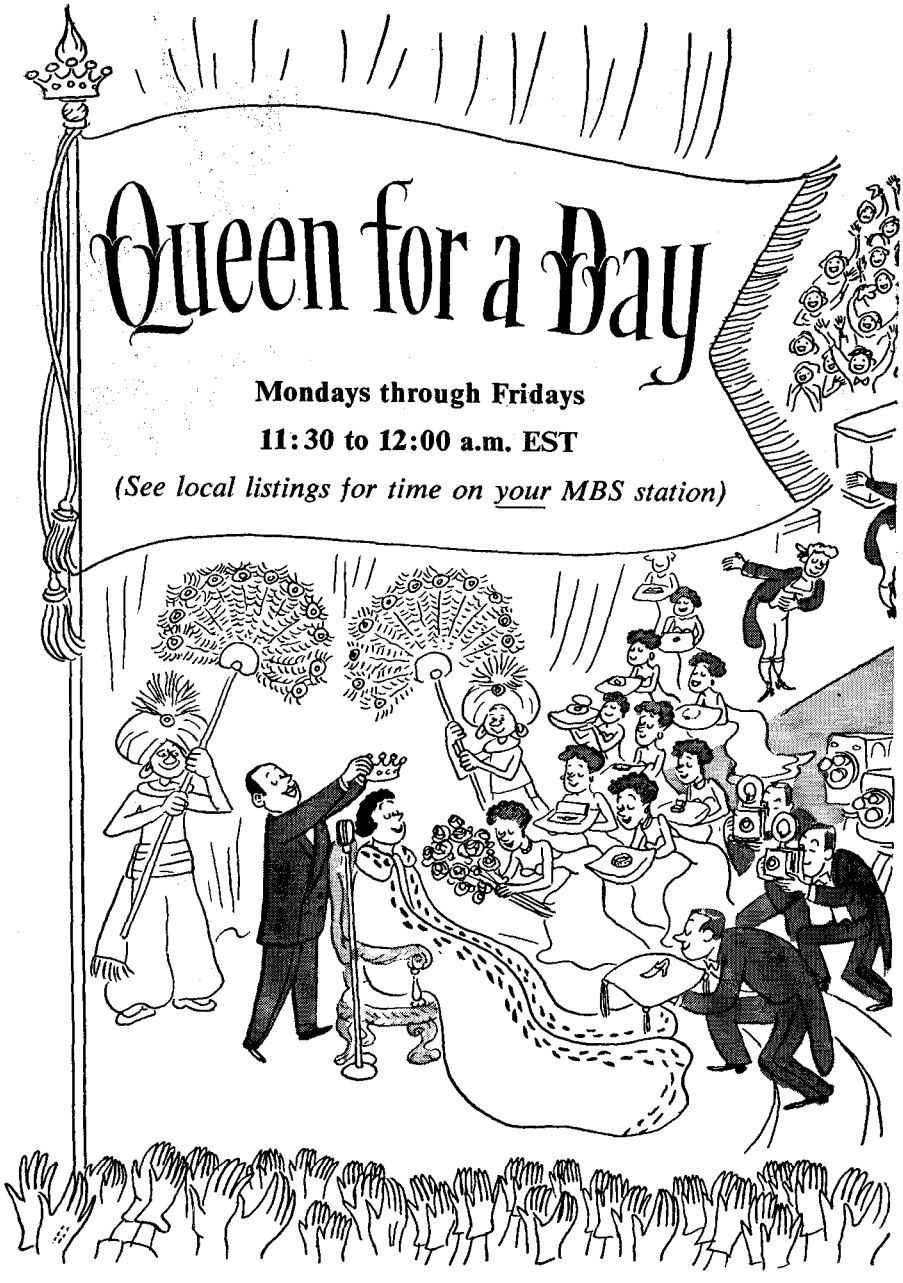

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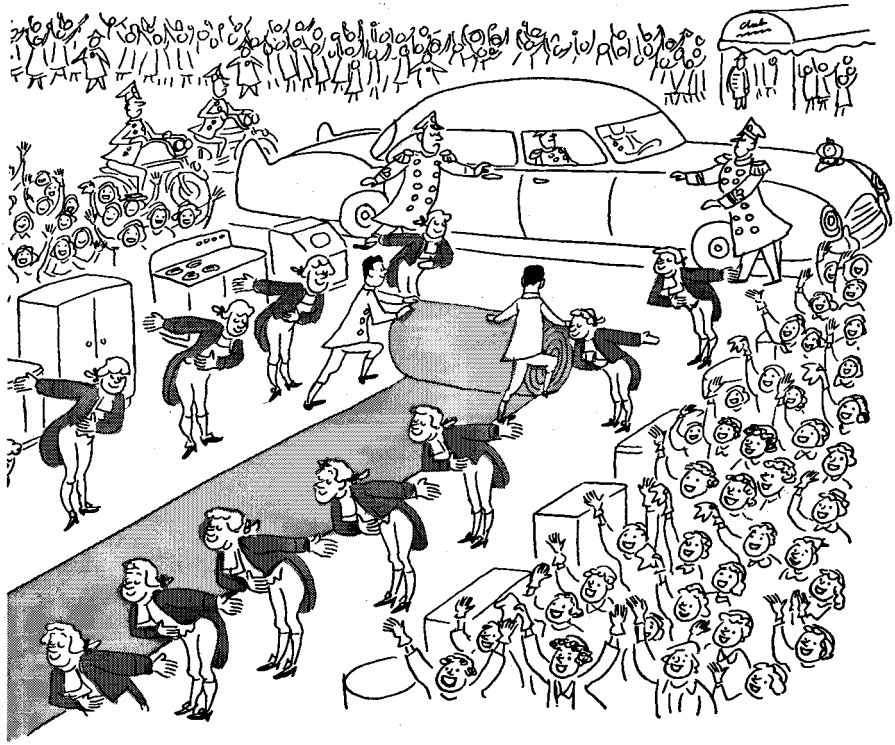

Crowning climax to your good morning (Mutual-style) is this royal coronation (all-American-style). Hear the great Jack Bailey interview the candidates and start a new Queen on her all-day reign of gifts and glamour—while radio's unique stardust lights *your* reign at home.

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. . . AND GOOD NEWS, ALL DAY LONG!

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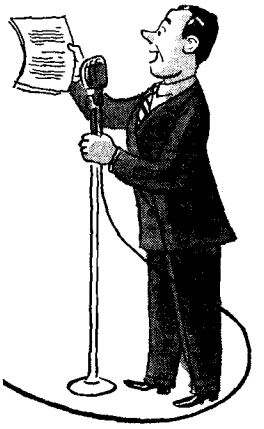

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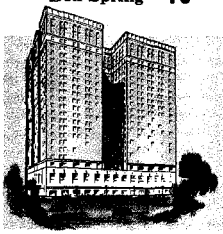

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